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L.T. GUILFORD



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THE STORY  
OF  
A CLEVELAND SCHOOL.



THE STORY  
OF  
A CLEVELAND SCHOOL,

FROM 1848 TO 1881.

*Written for its Pupils,*

By MISS L. T. GUILFORD.

CAMBRIDGE:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON.  
*University Press.*  
1890.

*Copyright, 1889,*  
**BY L. T. GUILFORD.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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A FAMILY RECORD can be of no great worth to those outside its circle, nor can these pages need any introduction to the band of once school-girls and school-boys whom they commemorate. Since they were completed, you have given unequivocal proof of your feeling of interest and ownership in them.

As a part of the educational history of our city, the facts here recorded may have some value. They could probably have been collected in no other way.

It is intended that as perfect a list of all pupils of the school in its various phases as can now be made shall accompany each copy of this book.

L. T. G.

CLEVELAND, November, 1889.



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THE STORY  
OF A  
CLEVELAND SCHOOL.

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CHAPTER I.

A BEGINNING.

SOUTH HADLEY, Aug. 29, 1848.

MY DEAR Miss GUILFORD :

. . . I have regarded Mr. Morris as pursuing a wrong course in establishing a school in Cleveland, after taking so prominent a part about Willoughby, and after having so greatly magnified that object before the public. I think he must have inferred that I should not consider it my duty to supply him with teachers, should he apply to me. If I am asked to add my aid in any way, I must decline. . . . "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "As ye would that others should do unto you," etc., are to me broad commands, and have peculiar power and sacredness in all efforts to do good. . . . I know this letter will try you, and I assure you of my sympathy and of my prayers that God would give you wisdom and grace, humility and submission to the Divine will. I can truly say, my dear friend, that I do not grieve you willingly.

Affectionately yours,

MARY LYON.

Had this letter reached its destination before a month had passed, the ensuing history of many lives had been changed. It came to the hands of the young teacher, engaged all unwittingly for the new enterprise, too late for any change of plan.

Forty years have tested much. The small and feeble Mount Holyoke school at Willoughby, for which Miss Lyon's fostering sympathy was so evoked, has become the Lake Erie Seminary at Painesville, planted for this and coming generations. The school at Cleveland—a then possible rival, as she thought, owing its existence to the accident of her delayed letter—ran its course as a local institution, and the last of its successive abiding places knows it no more. But to many in our beloved Forest City it had a life mission and value; for them this story is written.

In the summer of 1848 the hotel at present known as the Prospect House, at the corner of Ontario and Prospect streets, had been for a time vacant under the name of the Temperance Pavilion. This hotel was now leased by the Rev. Darius Morris, with the project displayed in a card, published in the *Herald* of August 28th:—

A new Female Seminary is to be organized in this city, and opened for the reception of young ladies October 16th. The Board of Instructors is to consist of eight teachers,—Eastern graduates. We would invite all interested to become acquainted with its system of education and government, which is designed to combine all the modern improvements of similar seminaries. . . . The

seminary building is conveniently arranged and elegantly furnished, with accommodations for one hundred and twenty boarders. School and recitation rooms will afford unequalled attractions for day-scholars.

Board and tuition, per quarter, \$20.

Languages and ornamental branches, \$3.

**D. MORRIS.**

On a dismal, rainy morning, October 14th, the prospective principal landed from the Buffalo boat, and having met Mr. Morris at what seemed the very stylish parlor of the Weddell House, walked through the spread-out, bustling place to the outskirts and the "Pavilion." Reading now for the first time this pretentious announcement, the one Eastern graduate in the corps of three could only feel a keener regret at the warning words from the venerated hand which had signed her diploma one year before. Already she was forecasting the failure of the boastfully, and perhaps unrighteously, begun Seminary. But to go back was impossible ; and within forty-eight hours of leaving the steamer, on the appointed morning, a dozen girls gathered in the empty parlor that was to be the school-room. A half-worn carpet with a good deal of straw under it had been stretched over the floor. A large oval table, a desk, two chairs, and two settees, completed the furniture. It was expected the tuition, paid in advance, would supply funds for the necessary additions. Three or four plainly appointed lodging-rooms were the only ones occupied. The guests of the remainder were untidy desolation

and pitiful hints that they were "to let." In a few days arrived Miss R. Starkweather, of Northampton, and Miss F. Merrick, of Wilbraham,—the last as a music teacher.

Cleveland had at that time but three wards, and presented very little the aspect of a city. It was a large village of fifteen thousand people, approached only by stages and by summer steamboats. "A beautiful place," the teacher thought, with "its white houses almost buried in trees and shrubbery." The "Pavilion" stood appropriately removed from the business centre; the long avenues which now stretch from it in every direction were then only roads, and soon paths under native forest-trees, turning brown and yellow those October days. A light railing around the public square guarded the saplings recently set in it, and the white brick courthouse stood then, and long afterward, in the middle of the southwestern quarter. Far out of town the Erie Street cemetery had just been enclosed, and a powder-magazine was judiciously located in its near corner. On moonless nights oil lamps (not kerosene) illumined the streets, as yet unvexed by telegraph post or wire, and they were lighted with precision according to astronomy, without reference to intervening clouds. But the citizens were far from benighted in educational matters. Thirty-seven years before, when the place had not seventy inhabitants, one fourth of them had belonged to a "Library Association." In 1848 that association had been incorporated, having been at intervals all that time both a

sign and source of intellectual progress in the community. Already the public schools had felt the enlightened, conscientious influence of Andrew Freese, destined to be felt till now. Twenty teachers were employed, at an expenditure of eight thousand dollars a year. In the basement of the Universalist Church — now the Homœopathic Dispensary — the High School was in its second year, though its legal right to existence was still in dispute. A young ladies' boarding and day school, commenced in the spring of 1848 on Superior Street, near the present Bond, under Mr. and Mrs. E. Hosmer, was training a goodly number of Cleveland's future matrons, and Mr. W. D. Beattie, a cultivated college man, afterward prominent in leading business enterprises, was teaching a select school in his own house.

Stirred into Ohio patriotism, the ferment of the Taylor and Fillmore presidential campaign was working violently; yet whether Whig or Loco Foco should gain the victory, was hardly of such moment as the question how long navigation would remain open, — for the lake once frozen over, there was only a daily stage to Buffalo or anywhere else. Three railroads were imaged in the near future, but few realized the stupendous effects coming in their train. Among these excitements and projects, little minding any of them, still less being minded, the twenty pupils of the future Cleveland Academy came together. Baldwin, Stanley, Hills, Scranton, Davis, Cutter, Doan, Morgan, Jones, Miller, Wood, Newton, Lockwood, Streetor, Hennel, Walworth, are among the

names of these young girls, many of them to be the stanch friends of succeeding years. Doubtless all who came after owed something to that first group which struck, as it were, the key-note of a high sense of responsibility,— long a characteristic of the school.

The boarding department had its peculiar features. It consisted from first to last of one pupil,— a good girl we were a little sorry for at the time. In a corner of the spacious dining-room the table was set for her, the three teachers, the housekeeper with her little daughter, and the unmarried head of the establishment. As the “ample accommodations” allured no other young lady to the seminary, a number of boarders were taken from outside. Several young men made a part of that company in an episode of their lives not afterward repeated. One brought his newly-wedded bride from her New England home, having opened the first “Boys’ Classical School” in the city; another met often at this table the gentle woman who was to be his loved companion, early lost. The first became an iron manufacturer in Buffalo, where he died, an honored citizen; the second has been for a quarter of a century a chief pillar of every good cause in our midst. Both were then incorrigible wags and punsters. Two brothers just beginning their career were for a few weeks members of the circle. One of them was long a judge in San Francisco; the other became the editor of our Republican journal. It was well there was jolly talk at the meals, for circumstances were

depressing. Receipts from three music pupils could not pay for the hired piano, and the income from twenty-three others, at six dollars a quarter, fell far short of meeting the rent of the building. A relic of the winter remains in a doggerel "Lament," dated "Lonetown, December 27th." In it the two assistant teachers chronicle their coming to Ohio and their homesick disappointment, ending with sad realism:

"Alas, alas ! with grief we cried,  
And for our homes we deeply sighed ;  
But all in vain our bitter moan,—  
The lake is closed ; we can't go home."

In fact, the entire funds of the "corps" would not have taken them to Erie. Christmas holidays, now so gay, passed with no general recognition, unmarked save by services in Trinity Church, on the corner of Seneca Street. School kept on right through them, though the New England trained teacher received then the first Christmas present of her life. A volume of Southey's Poems is the cherished token of that era,— the first outpouring of generous and affectionate hearts in a series unbroken from that day to this. Something about the school from the first made it a fascinating place of work. Arithmetic, mental and written, the reasons for every process brought out; reading, so as to grasp ideas; drill in spelling, and writing definitions; exercises in composition and grammar; topics in United States history,— these filled the time and taxed the energies of instructors and pupils. One small class recited in

chemistry. The teacher knew enough to be conscious of her ignorance ; and it was the only attempt to get a smattering of science into the work for several years. These girls were daughters of parents who had the good sense to see that the fundamentals came first. Day after day through the winter that group of eager learners gathered with bright, responsive faces in the room their presence made cheerful, and took into receptive minds and hearts every truth brought before them. Here began the Monday morning Bible-lessons that were never omitted to the last week the school had a being ; here was first knit that peculiar tie to each other and to their teacher which has been felt ever since. To be the guide of such loyal and sincere natures was indeed, as Miss Lyon had said, "a privilege which an angel might covet." In December Miss Mary Metcalf, of Hudson (Mrs. Rev. E. Chester), a graduate of Mount Holyoke, came as assistant teacher, bringing as a pupil her sister Emily, afterward for many years the principal of a young ladies' school in that town. Though the day scholars were increasing in numbers, embarrassments thickened around the projector, and a financial crash was plainly imminent. Miss Guilford received a favorable proposition from Mobile, Ala., and expected to conclude an agreement to go there when the ice broke up. Outside events darkened the opening year. In March came tidings of the sudden death of Miss Lyon, — a blow that wrung hearts in every clime, in almost every land. It called out from the chastened teacher at

the Pavilion a tribute to her which was printed in the "True Democrat," and was the only notice of the loss in the Cleveland press. "I shall never forget that day," said one to the teacher a short time since,— "how sad you were, and how you gave up all school exercises and told us of her life and labors. We had never heard of her before." In April the Misses Metcalf were called home to bury a beloved sister, the wife of the Rev. James Shaw. She had died in a distant city, leaving an infant son. He grew up to go as a missionary to China; and there, in the prime of early manhood, he laid down his life.

Before May, the boarders scattered in various parts of the building, had left, and the hotel was reclaimed by the owner. The unfortunate projector paid his teachers a part of their dues, and gave his notes for the balance. One of them is still as good as ever. The grand "Seminary" had collapsed, but not without a public day, when a crowd of visitors listened to the exercises. Among them was a "valedictory," — an honor given by vote among the larger girls, and the true inwardness of which must have been a universal good-by to the Pavilion and to the school, then, as was supposed, about to terminate. One recitation, — Mrs. Hemans' "Welcome to Spring," — was incomplete. The lines, —

"Ye are changed, ye are changed; and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the vanished year,"

were too much for the recently bereaved daughter who had learned the poem for that occasion.

It was a question what to do. At the South was an assured position, — here the teachers and the little school would soon be homeless ; but it had grown very dear. A word of encouragement from the outside community — the first which had been offered — turned the scale. It came in a note from a gentleman whose daughter was a member of Mr. Hosmer's school.

I hope you will by no means abandon the enterprise and leave the city just as your efforts are becoming known.

T. P. HANDY.

Miss Guilford decided to take the day-school on her own responsibility, the owner of the hotel allowing the infant institution to remain there through the quarter. Newton, Blackmar, Barber, Hoyt, and Wick were names which had been added to the roll already given. The music department was extinguished. Miss Starkweather consented to share the dubious experiment ; and twenty-two pupils, earnest, enthusiastic, loyal, made it, in spite of the uncertain outlook, a happy term. Well indeed have many of them justified love and hope.

The gross income was \$127.42 ; the expenses \$112. At the end of July the Pavilion was restored to the travelling public, without having acquired the least trace of a scholastic air by this episode of its history. Where was there a place for us ?

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE GROVE.

LIKE many another visionary, Mr. Morris was never at the end of his airy resources. He now proposed to put up a building on a leased lot for the yearling school; and this he absolutely did on credit, — it may be hoped not quite perpetual. The vacant ground which stretched from the present Club House over the site of the Public Library and the adjacent block of dwellings was then covered by a grove of tall forest-trees. In the midst of this, by arrangement with the young Dr. Delamater, the new Seminary was erected in a spot shady and sequestered beyond what one can now conceive. It was a wooden structure sixty-five feet in length, of one story, over a basement, was painted white, furnished with green window-blinds, and stood with its end to Euclid Street. A plain parapet ran from front to rear on the roof over the two eaves. Just inside the door was a passage-way between two rooms to the right and left. One of these was called the reception-room; in the other, bonnets and shawls were hung. From this hall one entered the main room, having a platform at the farther end. On each side of it were large folding-doors, leading to the two recitation-rooms behind. The basement, unfinished

except a floor, was used partly as a play and exercise room, and partly as a wood-cellar. Carpets and desks were brought from the Pavilion. It is impossible to tell how the outline maps of geography on the walls were obtained. These and two wooden movable blackboards were the sole apparatus. But little protection from the cold was afforded by the thin siding.

It is the recollection of a prominent citizen of the county that he made the fires that winter. The principal swept and dusted the rooms till enlarged income enabled her to pay seventy-five cents a week for having it done. Tuition-bills were six and seven dollars a quarter, and single weeks of absence were deducted. Board was two and one half dollars a week. The teachers were furnished this and paid two hundred dollars a year. The principal was content to keep out of debt. It appears that one quarter's expenditure for wood was fourteen dollars, and the bill for advertising, one dollar and seventy-five cents. To finish these items, the piano rent was twelve dollars a quarter, and rent for the premises three hundred and twenty dollars a year.

While this house was going up, the city was watching with anxious vigilance against the dread cholera, which was smiting town and country over wide sections with terror and death. August 18 was appointed by President Taylor as a day of national fasting and prayer that the scourge might be abated. Comparatively few cases were developed here. On the grassy slope of the hillside that rose, a verdant landscape, on the other side of the Cuya-

hoga, stood a brick cottage shaded by trees. It was the home of Joel Scranton and his large-minded wife. There, looking out on the bright winding river, the teacher found the first, but not by many the last, warm welcome to a Cleveland home; and the smoke of all the foundries and oil refineries of the "Flats" can never dim its memory.

Sept. 5, 1849, the school opened, though the carpenters were at their work for three weeks after. All the faces of the Pavilion were there, with many new ones; and never did a happier, a more interesting set of girls throng in a school yard than filled that one in the Grove till April, 1851. Breathing in with the air of their native State the spirit of buoyant life and endeavor, tempered and purified by the high principles of rectitude inherited from New England ancestry, these children, of good Puritan stock, of the best blood that has made our city great and respected, were united in a common enthusiasm to make the most of every opportunity. How quaint and old-fashioned were the school exercises; the forenoon and afternoon sessions; the dinner eaten under the trees, the grassy tufts at their roots for seats; the compositions read with trembling on the platform!

The talks from the desk were about China, maybe, for the teacher had been reading "The Middle Kingdom;" or Ireland, for it was the year of the great famine; or the story of Travels in Iceland; or of Judson in India; and there were half-hours when every mind was on the alert over long ques-

tions in Colburn's Arithmetic, or in finding cities and rivers on the wall outline-maps. Miss Anna Dwight, a winning and accomplished teacher from South Hadley, Miss Mary Metcalf, and afterward Miss Emily, gave the best of instruction in every class, — a fact the after reputation of these ladies would certify.

As yet few "ologies" were encouraged ; but one of the three studies allowed at a time was Latin, whenever the parents would consent, — which was not always. The week's lessons were reviewed on Friday, and other reviews were frequent. Miss Lyon had taught us how to gather information by topics and give it clearly, as also to write abstracts of what we were studying ; and our pupils were trained in the same way. The South Hadley method of government by self-reporting was carried out with what seems, at this remove, a rash confidence in human nature ; but the absolute self-control gained in that school-room by its "no communication" discipline, time has proved to be one of the most valuable acquisitions made there. A different inheritance from Mount Holyoke was a form of exercise called "calisthenics." It consisted in singing to various movements of the arms and body, corresponding to modern gymnastics, and in executing many evolutions by a gliding side-step, skipping backward or forward, marching or wreathing in a circle. The performance was nicknamed by some irreverent youth "Presbyterian dancing." It was a pretty sight when gracefully done ; and now the antiquated strains, "I See

Them on Their Winding Way," "Lightly Row," "What Fairy-Like Music," bring vividly before us the slender, waving figures in their simple dress, and the sound of girlish voices in song. But as we listen, the voices float away in the unfathomable distance that separates the living from the dead. Many of that circle now stand apart clothed in garments of light; many who remain are crowned with grey hairs in the charmed circle of children's children. Among the early features of daily work that were never entirely lost was the reading by the whole school, usually from McGuffey, when words were talked over, allusions explained, and any means invented to make it interesting. Selected passages from the newspapers often furnished the lesson, and items from them were recited. Probably the only part of the weekly composition work that was ever delightful was the symposium every Wednesday afternoon, when each enjoyed hearing the efforts of the rest, the pleasure only dashed by reading her own. Very precious is the memory of the hushed quarter hour of the morning, when words of Holy Writ were dwelt upon for instruction, and prayer dedicated all the day. Special to that time is deeply kept in the heart of many a one the prayer-meetings, led by some older girl, in those recitation-rooms, where nearly all would gather of their own accord after school. These tender communings that bound heart to heart in bands so strong were lost after the days of two sessions.

For the Thursday afternoon lecture every fortnight of these early years were written many sketches, some of which will be given as a part of this history. Those for whom alone they are recalled will overlook their blemishes for the sake of old times. The first and last of these which "fell into rhyme" was read one still hour of that autumn,—only read because it was true. Years afterward it was repeated to another equally beloved group, with an added introduction and close.

'Neath a grove of clustering oak-trees in their autumn beauty dight,  
Quiet from the noise of passing, stood a school-house low and white.  
Many a brow of thoughtful sweetness, many a form of maiden grace,  
With their beaming and their flitting, daily haunted all the place.  
But this glowing autumn evening not a footstep, not a tone,  
Save the teacher, pensive, walking through the shadows all alone.  
As the sunset fires were fading, and the round moon rose up slow,  
Came from that deserted school-room song and prayer commingled low.

"I am thinking of you, my dearest ones,  
As I'm sitting here alone  
In the room that looks so desolate  
When your bustling life is gone.

“ I am thinking of your kind ‘ good-night,’  
 And, listening, seem to hear  
 Your glancing footsteps among the leaves  
 That rustle brown and sere.

“ But no ! ‘t is the wind, the mysterious wind,  
 That is playing among them now ;  
 It whispers low as it gambols on,  
 ‘ You are but a forsaken bough.’

“ I have watched you oft with an inward sigh  
 As you tossed them in your glee,  
 And thought how like to those withered leaves  
 Your spring-time hopes might be.

“ I am thinking of you, my dearest ones,  
 At many a twilight hour ;  
 For the heart hastes home in the gloaming time,  
 As a bird to its chosen bower.

“ I think how fleeting these happy times,  
 How some of this bright band  
 Will soon be scattered in far-off ways,  
 And some in the Silent Land.

“ In the gayest scenes, in the crowded mart,  
 Mid the hurried throngs of men,  
 I pass with a prayer upon my lip,  
 For I’m thinking of you then.

“ I am thinking of you ; often ‘t is  
 At the chime of the midnight bell,  
 When the streets are silent, and in my room  
 I can hear its chiming well.

“ Then the bygone hours smile softly back  
Over sunny moments sped,  
Or a shade may darken when idle words  
Our careless lips have said.

“ If any unfaithful thought or deed  
Has left them tears to keep,  
‘Our Father,’ I pray, ‘forgive us, each ;’  
And I bless you ere I sleep.

“ I am thinking of you when I go  
To the holy house of prayer :  
In the music of its choral hymns  
Your names have sweetest share.

“ I am thinking of you every hour  
Of every livelong day, —  
A high, a precious, sacred trust  
Is on my heart alway.”

Years agone that group was scattered, in the wide world’s  
paths to rove.

Changed are all the childish voices, gone the school-house  
in the grove :

Eyes of clearest brightness shadowed by the many tears  
they ’ve hid ;

Foreheads of sweet, thoughtful whiteness covered by the  
coffin-lid.

Never more on earth that meeting, — will it be on Heavenly  
Hill?

For that teacher she is thinking, thinking ever of them  
still.

To make a summary of the year's events was a common task set for the literary exercises in December. In the "Herald" of Jan. 1, 1850, appeared such a retrospect, written for the scholars in the Grove in a somewhat stilted rhetoric, which very likely both teacher and pupils then thought quite fine. Little did the writer comprehend the political significance of much which is alluded to; but there is no misstatement of facts, save that Sir John Franklin's ships had been abandoned in 1848.

## THE PAST YEAR.

In the Hall of the Mighty Past were congregating the Spirits of the Ages. Night was on the land and sea,—the last night of the Year; and heaven and earth kept silence in the presence of fifty centuries. No structure reared by man was their place of assembly, but based upon the everlasting hills, its cloud-piled walls went up to the dome of heaven, and its lamps were the burning suns hung there at the dawn of creation. Majestic was the silent tread of these glorious departed as they assembled to await the midnight hour, and shining ones alighted on the battlements far above, and, folding their wings, bent their spirit gaze upon the scene below. From the years that saw the Pyramids slowly rising upon the plains of Egypt to those that marked the deeds of Hannibal and Cæsar; from those that beheld the barque of Columbus and the birth of the printing-press to the witnesses of Washington's victories and Napoleon's conquests,—all were there, awaiting the coming of one to be numbered henceforth forever among them.

Suddenly the chime of bells came up through the moonlit air, and, like the wind in the tree-tops of winter, the voice of Old Time was heard as he summoned Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Nine to the irrevocable past. With a proud step, but a brow unutterably sad, and wearing a badge of grief, came the departed Year to take his place among the illustrious multitude. “Tell us what thou hast seen,”

said the hoary monarch; and the recording angel drew near to listen to the reply.

“I have seen the Pestilence walk the earth; I have seen Liberty fettered by her own altar; I have seen that the God of the earth is gold. But proudly I come to you, O mighty Dead! for I have learned that the soul may be high as heaven, and stronger than death. In my youth were revelling glorious, visionary hopes: I have attained the calmness that waits for the time of the Infinite. My prayer to the Angel of Death was vain, and the space-spread wings of the Plague have shadowed two hemispheres. It has stricken down the statesman in the circles of Paris, the missionary on the plains of Ceylon, the emigrant in the wilds of America. It has silenced the voice of eloquence in the house of God, and the song of the blasphemer in the haunts of the wicked. It glided through the streets of cities, and they became silent; it entered the cell of the convict, and set the prisoner free. The exile upon a strange shore has seen its finger laid upon one by one of his little flock, till the last loving eyes were closed, and he lay down in death at their side, to be buried in the same deep grave.

“I have seen the king lay by his crown in the palace-chamber, and the Grim Messenger drew the curtains of eternal repose at his bedside. I marked the same Mighty One as he stilled the hearts of the brave adventurers amid the icebergs of the Polar Sea. Mingled with all, the wail of starving thousands has gone up from Erin’s Isle,—a never-to-be-

forgotten cry! In the Islands of the Pacific, too, I have heard the voice of Christianity bewailing her children because 'they were not.'

"When I bade farewell to the homes that rejoiced at my coming, they told me of shining tresses hid in the dark coffin, of a mother's hands folded forever over her breast, of a little one snatched away like a dew-drop in the morning sun, of a father borne out for the last time over the threshold, of a son dead in a foreign land. I whispered in my adieu, 'For you also may be waiting a grave;' but they answered, 'We shall live to mourn.' The tides of the living have closed over the place where the dead went down; and on, on, mankind are hurrying over the deep where their millions lie gathered.

"But not for this, O my brothers! is this mourning robe around me in your august presence. Mine eyes have witnessed a struggle, the most glorious and the most mournful the world ever saw. I heard the clarion note of freedom sound forth from the mountains of Hungary, reverberate along the banks of the Rhine, over the plains of Poland, and awake an echo among the broken arches of the Imperial City. I have seen the mother arming her son in the hut of the Magyar, and brother pledge life-blood to brother in the recesses of the Tyrol. I have seen a nation, surrounded with mighty thrones, stand up on the soil it had tilled for centuries in poverty and wrong, and swear that upon it they would be free, or die.

"Then the giant of despotism arose in his wrath, and stretched out the heavy, blood-dyed hands of

two empires over that devoted people. Bravely they struggled, in mountain fastnesses and in pestilence-wasted towns,— nobly; for they knew the Great Heart of the Divine One was throbbing for them, that their children would remember their deeds in far-coming generations. But they were crushed, the iron heel went down on the last quivering heart; and Liberty wept by her broken altar over the name of a traitor. Yet the Lion of England rose not from his lair, the American Eagle soared not from his eyrie. I have seen Rome arise from the dust where she has long knelt in bondage. The spirits of Cincinnatus and the Gracchi have come forth from their tombs of centuries, and walked beneath the shadow of the Coliseum. I heard her plead for justice at the gate of the Vatican, and saw the triple crown shake in the retirement of Gaeta; but when she strove to rend her chain, lo! from the land where the song of Liberty and Fraternity is borne upon every breeze there came a strong arm of power to bend again her uplifted brow, and rivet anew the chains she had almost broken. It is upon her now; and there are burning hearts in Italy, some under the open sky, covered by silent lips, and some in the cells of the Inquisition.

“ O France ! thou hast offered strange fire on the altar of Freedom; thy priests, ministering by it, have ‘ pierced her with many sorrows.’

“ In the land where the Star-Spangled Banner is waving over thousands of temples to science and religion and family love, the clanking of fetters, the

cry of the slave, goes up to the ear of Justice on high. But oh ! I have heard there the song of the exile from the vine-clad hills of Madeira,—a song of thanksgiving that under the folds of that banner they might worship their God in peace. In the valley of the Sacramento I have seen her sons toiling for gold, going out from their homes with the blessing of prayer and a holy, farewell hymn.

“Proudly do I come to you, O mighty dead ! for I have been witness of deeds that kindled the eyes of angels, the breathing of lofty spirits as they prayed for humanity ; and I have traced one name on high in the shelter of eternity.<sup>1</sup> In the silence of many a chamber have I seen soul-conquests unknown to the closest friend ; at many a bed of suffering, deeds of self-devotion and patient love unwritten of in books of men. By the high-souled chieftains of fallen Hungary, by the homeless wanderers of a tropic isle, by the undaunted heart of many a child of toil, by the brave, true love of many a mother in a home of poverty, I have learned how sublime a thing it is to ‘suffer and be strong.’ ”

He ceased. Slowly, silently that grand assemblage departed, the clouds rolled away in the gray light of morning, and a mortal was left alone. To him from the far sky came these words of monition : “Fold thy robe peacefully over thy mourning heart, for the weary and sorrowing are about thee every day, and forget, in the gladness of those that rejoice, the suffering of this bygone year.”

Jan. 1, 1850.

<sup>1</sup> Kossuth.

To make variety in the composition classes, we had a school paper, first issued in the Grove. "The Forest City Gem," Vol. I, No. 1., is written out in eighteen columns, on three sheets of large cap, and dated January, 1850 (a mistake for 1851). According to the head-line, it is "devoted to science, literature, and the fine arts," and had H. Elizabeth Hicox as editress. That name recalls a slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl of fourteen, whose expressive face and bright sallies of wit made her a charming centre among her mates. We see her now as she stood in a plain print dress and black silk apron, to read this paper, a small silk cord around her neck, the guard of her gold pencil-case. Many a year she has been sleeping in Woodland Cemetery, father, brother, sisters all beside her; but the sense of loss over the early going out of so promising a life is living yet. Copied all in her small, clear handwriting, the paper has not a mistake in the whole. Her editorial complains that "on account of the great numbers that have emigrated to California, it is impossible to obtain competent workmen; and having but one person to set type, we ourself are obliged to soil our hands with all varieties of work; and to be compelled to leave the 'case' and take the unsullied sheet into variegated fingers, is derogatory to our dignity." The "Foreign Correspondence" is from Jerusalem and from Rome. The latter is "sent by private conveyance," for fear of a visit to the Inquisition. The editress writes up enthusiastically the concert of Jenny Lind at Kelley's Hall, January 13.

“ Such melody ! You would hardly believe it to be a human voice ; your very soul was filled with it ! ” The “ Swedish Nightingale ” was “ robed in a white Swiss mull of finest texture, trimmed with blue satin. On her neck were strings of pearls.” Undoubtedly the editress was not at the concert ; but she describes Jenny’s dinner and tea, her hair and her hands, in the true modern reporter style, lapsing into fiction, however, at the end. “ The orchestra consisted of one hundred instruments, and was led on the piano by Miss C. Cushing, while Miss E. S. Williams and Miss Hicox ” (the two non-singers in the school) “ assisted Miss Lind with the voice.” Here appears “ The Prospectus of a North American Female Seminary,” to be established in the unknown regions “ corner of Erie and Pittsburgh streets.” “ A good two-storied house is wanted within five minutes’ walk of Ohio City,” and Miss E. Lathrop is said to have “ returned from Doan’s Corners with a choice stock of millinery.” With all the rest, the editress furnishes a “ so-called poem ” on “ The Freaks of the Wind,” in which the manners and mishaps of her mates in a high gale are hit off in rhymes to their names. A short fragment will recall to the subjects of it the fun of the rest:—

“ All this long day, whichever way  
The wind did blow, it blew me so  
I was scared to death, and lost my breath.  
As I turned the corner, Elvira Warner  
Came puffing along, and this was her song :

‘The wind does blow.’ ‘Who told you so?’  
 ‘I found it out.’ ‘Yes, without doubt.’  
 With my clothes in a whirl, I met a girl;  
 Said I, ‘Louise.’ She replied with a sneeze.  
 Here flew Cousin ’Liza. ‘The wind blows,’ she cries a;  
 ‘These obstinate curls, the wind sets in whirls.  
 Though I will or nill, they won’t keep still.’  
 Good Carrie Drake, what haste she did make, the lost  
 time to o’ertake.”

“The Evergreen Garland” was a paper prepared at the same time by the younger children of ten or eleven. These sheets must have taxed the little heads and fingers. All could appreciate the situation in this:—

“Composing poetry line after line  
 Is not so easy to make it rhyme  
 As you or I might wish to think;  
 But from it now I cannot shrink.”

Still another displays self-knowledge, though young:—

“Nature made me not a poet,  
 She never intended I should rhyme.  
 Do you doubt? Read on, and you will know it  
 Ere you conclude these lines sublime.”

But she is a philosopher.

“Contented then with humble gifts,  
 Since this is far beyond my power,  
 And using one of Reynard’s lifts,  
 I am convinced the grapes are sour.”

This was the childish work of one who afterward developed abilities of no common order. Here is a description of New York, "the largest city in the world," beginning: "It has a university;" and ending: "At Stewart's you can get a dress made in two or three hours." The first great, coming World's Exhibition building is described, and the admission fees are given. Under "Religious" we learn that "the Cleveland Presbytery will hold an adjourned meeting in the North Church on Cedar Street," that "it will continue in session three days, the last five of which will be devoted to the consideration of the Fugitive Slave Law," — an utterly unconscious sarcasm. In the "City Items" it appears that "the New St. Paul's Church has no organ; they use a seraphine." No allusion is made to railroads; the first train came into Cleveland a month after its date. Some of these little writers were graduates of Miss Sarah E. Fitch's primary school, kept first in the small house whose remains stand leaning in the alley back of Dr. Herrick's residence; afterward on the site of the Brick Academy. The region was then all an open grove. Among Miss Fitch's blessed work for this city, let not that school be forgotten.

An event around which clustered much excitement was the public examination and evening literary exercises of February, 1850. It was an occasion which drew quite a crowd of visitors, — before the days of written tests, on which so much is made to depend, but which would be a weariness to outsiders. Chairs and desks were moved, leaving a broad open

space in the school-room, and the folding-doors were thrown open. All about the walls hung wreaths of evergreen, twined by the children's hands, and a large green anchor was over the platform, the explanatory word "Hope" beneath it. Classes in algebra, geometry, and natural history made their appearance, in addition to the arithmetic, grammar, geography, and Watts "On the Mind." This last has probably never since been used in the Western world. As nothing was done for show, every girl might be called up to take chalk or pointer at the blackboard and demonstrate any example or proposition the class had learned, or be asked any topic or question all over the book they had studied; and no other preparation was ever made than the regular general review. This may be a good place to confess that the principal had never read Cæsar, and prepared to teach a class in it by studying out of school hours; that the same was true of trigonometry; that she read "Hamlet" and "Lear" for the first time that winter, and made her first inroads on the mysteries of German. Such were the attainments of one Eastern graduate at that period; how greatly out-ranked now by any alumna of her grand old Alma Mater! Those public examinations were trials indeed to teachers and pupils, but when honestly conducted, furnished a powerful stimulus to thoroughness. Till the change in 1854 they were held at the end of every quarter, and a written report of each pupil's recitation and standing was then made out. For the evening entertainment the room was "brilliantly

lighted by several astral lamps, and looked beautiful," according to an old letter. Miss Carrie Tomlinson was giving regular lessons in singing, so that we were not without music,—though it was necessary to hire an instrument for the occasion ; and a jingling affair it was. Two or three piano solos threatened to protract the exercises too much, and the last one was peremptorily stopped in the middle, with a conspicuous want of tact, since the suppression could not but mortally offend the player's mother. The calisthenic class, dressed in white, with green wreaths on their heads, made a lovely spectacle as they marched in "varied columns," or glided to and fro in the "wreath." An original dialogue spoken that evening, in which the "little fishes talked like whales," was the first of a long series of such contributions to the unique programme, where it was carefully arranged that every pupil should have some part. A second like entertainment took place in February, 1851, when the "papers" were read. It so happened that no other was given in the evening for twenty-seven years. The school attendance varied from forty to sixty.

Among the group on whose young heads fell the leafy shadows of those vanished trees were a number who in early life passed beyond our ken. Lydia and Anna Bradburn, Jennie Walworth, Sarah and Caroline Streetor, Emily Scranton, Adeline McIlrath, with others named elsewhere, bade life farewell when its dew was on ; they were first enrolled among the immortals of those happy days.

The school was destined soon to pass this idyllic period of its history, for as the spring of 1851 approached, it appeared that the building could no longer stand on its site. A sad human error, which blighted an opening professional career, occasioned our dislodgment after one year and a half, in the Grove. An opportunity was offered the principal to take a position in the new seminary at Willoughby, and it was resolved to abandon the field. At this time the "Board of National Popular Education," under the presidency of Governor Slade of Vermont, was gathering teachers from the East and sending them to various destitute localities in these Western States as lay-missionaries. A class of these ladies was collected in Cleveland in March and April, 1851; and pending other engagements, Miss Guilford was invited to take charge of their preparatory instruction. One beloved pupil from the Grove School joined them; and from the wilds of Indiana, where she was sent, wrote a sketch of her daily work which throws light on the Far West of those days.

"My school numbers about forty. I have classes in the Fifth, Fourth, Third, Second, and First readers, a class of little ones in words of three letters, and two in the alphabet. These take every moment till recess. There are twenty in writing; many of them cannot read their copies. While teaching the writing, I hear the small children spell, and the grammar lesson is recited; then the rest of the spelling till noon. In the afternoon have two classes in written

and one in mental arithmetic, and one in geography to hear ; the Third, Second, and First readers again ; the little ones have all their spelling ; and we close at half-past four. Two or three are complaining because I do not hear the scholars read and spell four times a day, which they say has always been done. Many in the district were opposed to having a 'patent teacher,' as they call us, and some threaten to take their children out if I do not give them more attention. What shall I, what can I do ? "

That teacher has been for many years presiding in one of the most lovely and cultured homes of the State.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FIRST SCHOOL AT "THE POINT."

WHILE the Western teacher's class was in training, the generous hearts of three patrons were opened to provide a home for the school, now on the point of extinction. Mr. E. P. Morgan, Mr. W. D. Beattie, and Dr. E. Cushing purchased the lot and brick dwelling-house on "The Flatiron," between Prospect and Huron streets, and became the founders of the "Academy." A clump of forest shaded the east part of the premises, a chestnut-tree stood in front, of which the stump remains. Two dwellings now occupy the place. The house had two rooms in the basement, and two with a hall entrance on the first floor. Partitions were removed from the upper story, which became the school-room; the open stairway leading to it from the hall below was protected by a low, solid casing.

In this room a pretty, new carpet was laid, and new desks were provided. On a wall-shelf facing the head of the stairs stood a small wooden clock; under it a piano; and then the platform just large enough for three chairs and a table. All pecuniary responsibility was assumed by the three gentlemen named, who paid the principal the liberal salary of four (after-

ward five) hundred dollars a year. It is pleasant to record that the income from the school met its expenses, though the tuition bills ranged from six to ten dollars per quarter, with no extras ; and some wretch, unpunished to this day, entered from the street in broad daylight the teachers' room in a private house, and stole most of a quarter's earnings, left in a locked drawer. The "Seminary" in the Grove was cut in two and moved away. One part, greatly transformed, made a portion of the residence afterward occupied by James A. Briggs, Esq.; the other was till lately a tenement in Oak Place. At the west end of the new school-house hung blazoned a sign, "Female Academy," which stretched nearly across it,—somewhat *mal-apropos* in after years. A hot-air furnace was placed in the basement, and the first janitor employed was a typical escaped Southern slave, with a bunch of children. It was not uncommon to find of mornings a row of pickaninnies sitting on the front steps stuffing out their black cheeks with bread and molasses. Their father has long been a useful preacher of the Gospel.

On the first of May, 1851, the joyful band of the Grove, with many additions, gathered in the cheerful, comfortable rooms that made our home for three years. The Misses Metcalf were assistants the first term ; afterward Miss E. Cook, of Homer, N. Y. (Mrs. Dr. A. N. Read, of Norwalk), and Miss Mary E. Whittlesey, daughter of Judge Whittlesey, entered most ably and heartily into the work and spirit of the school. Mr. Folsom, well known in

our Cleveland business colleges, gave lessons in penmanship ; Mr. Jehu Brainard, one course at least in perspective drawing ; and Mr. Charles Clark, now of Cuyahoga Falls, taught vocal music to the school as a whole. Classes in the advanced studies of a high school course were gradually formed ; the elementaries, Latin, and the Bible, making the bulk of recitations. United States history and natural history were always in the term's work. The essays, the poetry and prose recitations, and the newspaper items of Wednesday afternoon were more and more interesting ; all efforts were united to wake up mind and create a thirst for knowing.

Results of this quiet, gradual unfolding appeared in the fresh enthusiasm and keen zest of their study, the steady advance in the power of mental grasp, and the growing harmony of character and conscience which marked the large majority of the more than two hundred girls, pupils of those three years.

In the "Annals of the Pioneers' Association," Mr. Cowles has given a long list of our prominent early citizens. Reading it has confirmed the belief, born of experience with their children, that Cleveland had among its pioneer settlers an extraordinary number of men and women far above the average in ability and sterling traits of character. That was a time when new and powerful forces were stirring in the community. While increase of population was leaping into thousands a year, and society shifting into conventional phases, every influence of the

Academy, so far as it could go, was cast solidly for thorough Christian training.

Central among the clusters that star the horizon of memory were the daughters of the households to whom the school owed its continuance. The Beattie sisters,—Elizabeth, with her strong and sincere nature, the gentle Julia, and Cornelia, then a blossom half unblown, were all, in sweet unconsciousness, fitting for the company to which in their young maidenhood they went one after another. The deep gray eyes and pure brow of Cornelia Cushing beam back from the other shore, a most precious possession. Others have lived to be the founders of happy homes, of wide-reaching Christian influence these many years. Mingled with them in loving companionship, alike in simple-hearted enthusiasm over each other and their precious school, were a great number who, after having striven through longer or shorter lives toward the ideal of their girlhood, have now fallen asleep. Susan Taintor (Peckham), in Brooklyn; Eliza Williams (Porter), in Hartford; Kitty Lyon (Kellogg), in California; Mary Duty (Spencer), Sarah Ross (Chittenden), Mary Foote, here in Cleveland, were among them. Many have walked through deep waters, and yet have not been swept away from their faith, and it has been the joy of a third of a century to find them in Sabbath-schools, in Missionary societies, and all good works, in lovely and peaceful homes, the mothers of strong men and women, grandmothers whose silvering locks are diadems of love

and honor. Most vivid and tender are now the pictures of those maidens of fifteen, with the good-morning of childish love in their eyes as they came up the open stairs to that school-room, the bright hair plaited in two hanging braids, the unadorned frock and white apron, the ingenuous talk over the "hard" examples, the gushing congratulations when the "composition was done." Far away was the spirit of caste or suspicion of social distinctions; a hearty entering in to the daily life and duty of every girl there, was a trait which after experience proved to be as rare as it was genuine.

One was beckoned by the angels from our midst very soon. Just before the Christmas holidays came a note: "Mary can live but a short time; can you come?" The child lay dying of membranous croup; but she met the King of Terrors with a sweet resignation which remained in our memories a winning gleam of the better land. Little Mary Clark was the first of three among our pupils who died in actual attendance; the second, after an interval of thirteen years; the third, twelve years later.

The "Forest City Gem" appeared duly, tied with blue ribbon, in March, 1852 and 1853. The editors of No. 2 were Kate May, Elizabeth Lathrop, and Laura Williams. There is courage in the editorial:—

"We feel confident that, as heretofore, we shall meet with the warmest sympathy and reap the rich reward of our efforts. Even now, as on three-legged stool we sit, with eye fixed firmly on the bright star of our destiny

gleaming in such resplendent beauty mid the constellations that gem the sky of the future, we shall go on actuated by one common impulse to wave aloft the unsullied flag that bears our motto, ‘Excelsior!’”

Happy editors! but had you not prematurely grasped the scissors? A sensational tale, founded on a false accusation of murder, holds the place of honor. “Reminiscences of Handel” are given, without suspicion of the misleading title. The writer truly remarks that “music is not only being more generally diffused, but is becoming more elevated in character.” A letter from Palermo, Sicily, is much taken up with the journey there “over land;” but the traveller wanders at will over the island, thinking of the workshop of Vulcan at the foot of Mount Etna, and being “reminded of Archimedes and the Sicilian Vespers” at Syracuse. A wild but affectionate brother writes from Paris to his sister, giving an account of the assassination of Louis Napoleon, “from whom the world has now nothing more to fear.” This pleasing invention was half expected. The California correspondent went round Cape Horn and encountered “terrific thunderstorms;” thought, on arrival, “if ever there was a place that needed the genial influence of the Gospel, it is surely this.” The telegraph announces that “the Steamer ‘Otto Goldschmidt’ brings intelligence of the discovery of a new mine near Gold Creek. The Chinese and Sandwich Islanders both claim to be discoverers, and strong words have passed between them. The Chinese threaten hostilities,”

— a childish vagary not more improbable than what has literally come to pass. By the "Europa," news is brought that "Lord Derby had resigned the premiership in consequence of being accused in Parliament by Lord Russell of not adopting vigorous measures to suppress the Irish rebellion ;" and later "a battle has occurred near Dublin, in which the Irish came off victorious." The sapient young editor adds, "There seems to be some prospect of their gaining independence."

The honorable mayor and common council are petitioned as to damages to Cleveland Female Academy by the grade of Prospect Street, "which has caused the foundation-stones to stand out conspicuous, and almost killed the shade-trees." A like document prays the Ohio Senate that "an asylum for idiots be founded in this city," and humbly beseeches that it be "put under the control of judicious and amiable individuals." Headley's biography of John Jacob Astor is reviewed, — "a life so eventful as that of the Croesus of our country is a theme worthy of the pen of genius." Webster's "Address before the Historical Society of New York" and "A Translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*" by Helen Morgan, are alike vigorously puffed. Not the least interesting of the essays is signed "Stella," and closes with characteristic lines, "My only wish is so to live that, when the loved ones of earth fall around me, I can look up with confidence, feeling that there is one Support to which I can cling, and ready at all times to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Not a year had passed ere Fannie Binkley was beyond all losing and all praying. The contemporary, "Evergreen Garland," was edited by Ellen Canfield (Cole) and Sarah Taintor (Boardman), from what they call "Point Pleasant Academy." Long editorial notice is given to a "Fairies' Festival," which had just been held. In it had figured "a charming little shepherdess," Mary Cutter; hidden from us forever in early married days were the dark, mischievous eyes and witching smile. "The king, Ed. Day," says the report, "presided with grace and dignity, sang once, and took his seat amid tumults of applause,"—a triumph probably not since repeated by that gentleman. Jacob Abbott's works have a review: "the very many anecdotes he has thrown in here and there cannot fail to make them interesting to young and old,"—which kind of literary criticism might pass muster now. As for the Muse, she has become both objective and melancholy. "A child of scarce four years is wandering by a stream, and sees a dove arrested by a thoughtless, cruel thorn."

"In her eagerness to rescue it,  
She gave a sudden leap,  
And, ere she was aware of it,  
Was plunged into the deep.

"She was borne rapidly along  
Over the gravelly floor;  
And ere a moment had elapsed,  
The rose-bud was no more."

Before the next number, the children had resolved on no more of this. Fiction is represented by the story of a good little Eva who grew up and married a worthy minister, with the intention of going as a missionary to Africa; but the death of her mother prevented. Her resignation to this disappointment is the *dénouement*. Another child imagines a "Moonlight Adventure," which consists in being led by "a lady in black, and her face very pale," to a cottage, where she saw an old couple reading the Bible, and was told "that was the way to be happy."

"Hurrah! hurrah! our paper's done;  
We hope it's afforded you lots of fun,"

shout the undignified editors at the end.

Gifted, early dead, after a nobly borne discipline, Ellen Canfield left a memory like a vanished star. Number three of the "Garland," with Kitty Lyon and Louise Jillson at the head, has political preferences. It "hopes that Providence may so direct the present Administration that it may conduct itself as honestly as it is possible for a Democratic Administration to do; and when the 4th of March, 1857, shall arrive, young America shall have a candidate elected by true-hearted, educated Whigs." After this, with magnanimity unknown in these days, it permits a correspondent to "hurrah for Pierce and King." "Only think what a President we would of [*sic*] had, had the other side conquered!" Great Scott, what grammar!

Lucy Cleveland, in the "Gem" editorial of 1853,

after making a tender allusion to the lost jewels of the year gone by, deprecates the disdain of the higher powers. "Proud and mighty brother of the London 'Times' or the 'Tribune' of New York, we entreat you not to look down upon us with scorn. Above all, do not mock us in your columns; for it is only by the union of the Press than any good can be accomplished."

"Table-talk" discusses the question, "How shall we keep up with the literature, the *isms*, the calorics, the revolutions of our day?" The girls little dreamed how preposterous such an attempt would be, long before they were fifty. Kate Stanley gives an enthusiastic description of a place which is easily recognized as Cuyahoga Falls, where the maps on the hotel-wall remind her of the geography half-hour at school. Another reports Dr. Aiken's sermon, of the week before, on "Friends." Under the head of "Legal" is "An ordinance to provide for the establishment of certain offices and the election of certain officers," such officers being, as appears after a lengthy preamble, one "to close the orifice in the fence," and one to "keep the cup out of the well;" both "to be elected by the qualified voters of the Academy" (Lodema Hutchinson, clerk; E. F. Dunham, senior alderman).

Nine teachers and one hundred and twenty-six different pupils were stated to have been in school during the year preceding. Only two marriages are recorded,—Amelia Clark (Patterson) in Cleveland, and Elizabeth Smith (Sayers); the last event located

somewhat indefinitely in Kentucky. Loving obituaries of the two who had died,—Fannie Binkley and Rosalind Robinson,—have a prominent place, and next is "A Visit to a Village Burial-Place," by one of the editors. It closes with the thought, "These white stones have never since spoken alone that solemn language, 'Thou too must die,' but have added, 'Thou too mayst live.'"

Sarah Whitman died a year afterward, a victim to teaching in an unwholesome public school-room. Her name appears in the notice of "new publications" as the authoress of a geology "surpassing all others of similar dimensions in the English tongue,"—her schoolmates' whimsical tribute to her scholarship. That same column announces that Lemen & Dodge have just brought out "'The Trials of a Missionary Life,' by Mary Scranton, who has long labored among the Kickapoo Indians. The present work, for pathos and elegance of diction, excels all her previous writings." Those who have experienced the benefactions of Mrs. Bradford,—and they are many,—would hardly accept this as history.

Among the "city improvements" is the large wood-yard on Prospect Street; and ironic admiration is dealt out to the plans of the new court-house, which has for thirty years adorned the north side of the square.

In April, 1854, appeared the last "Garland," as verdant as ever. Of the three editors, one, the wife of a physician, has long been prominent in East End social, literary, and benevolent circles. One, Ella

Hoyt, a fair-haired, radiant maiden, passed the next November beyond mortal sight, an unforgotten darling of our hearts. "Women's Rights," "Fanny Fern," "Younger Days," make the captions of other articles. "With politics," says the editorial, "we will not meddle, but we must say something about the outrageous Nebraska bill;" and that was all they did say. A letter from Marquette, dated January 4th, and true in its details, is put naturally enough under the Foreign Correspondence. "We have not heard," says Mary Outhwaite, "from Detroit or Cleveland once this winter. When we get the great railroad, this trouble will be done away with. It has been quite lively, for we have had three or four dancing parties and a donation visit to our only minister. The Indians are without whisky, which is forbidden to come, as we are trying to put the Maine liquor law in force here." Peculiar interest belongs to one record of a school-mate who had passed away the summer before,—Jennie Wallworth, aged twelve. "At one time she said, 'I wonder if father will know me in heaven?' and when she was almost gone, she whispered, 'I am passing through the river.'" So early, the large, liquid black eyes were closed to earth, and the rose-bud mouth and shining ringlets of the sweet child who wrote this account of her cousin's last hours were, after a few years, laid away under the sod. It is signed "C. B."

Practice in expression with the pen was made frequent by various devices. Sometimes the pupils

would be asked to arrange in connected sentences a number of given words, and do it within ten minutes; or to make a description of a school-mate that could be recognized; or to write a story in eight lines that could not be true; or to compose a letter to some dignitary, as the President, asking a favor. On Monday morning another regular school exercise was not without its design and benefit. "Who can remember anything of the sermon yesterday?" was the first question asked, and a dozen hands would be raised; one after another would give the text, subject, and outline of the discourse she had heard. Often this was done so fully that the half hour would be gone before all had the coveted chance to tell what their minister said. Dr. Aiken and Dr. Canfield, and the Rectors of St. Paul's and Trinity, had more attentive little hearers in those days than they knew of. Such sermon abstracts gathered into soul-caskets many jewels from their lips, while the discipline of listening to trains of thought so as to reproduce them was of a high order. A little old-fashioned teaching in French, introducing the pupils to "Télémaque" and "Corinne," comprised our "ornamentals," the "natural" method not being yet invented. The course of English studies came to include by degrees the whole curriculum at South Hadley; but the desire and resolution to take it through was a new thing, with which matrimonial bewitchments, as well as ignorance of its value, quite interfered. Besides the quarterly report to be taken home, each pupil kept for herself, in a little book,

an account of her lessons, study time, and conduct, which was examined by the teacher every Friday. From nine to twelve, from one till four, were the solid hours of work,—sometimes drawn out till half-past four when any exercise of interest was going on, and nobody felt aggrieved thereat. Times have changed.

When the books were all put away and the desk-lids closed, the westering sun making a glory in the background, there would be a little hush, then the words, "If you have succeeded in not communicating to-day, you may rise." Many would do so. "If you have not whispered." Nearly all would be standing. And then row after row went downstairs, breaking into merriment as soon as they reached the last step. Those who were left came to the table and explained their failure, and there would be a confidential little talk and the pleasant "good-night." So the weeks and months sped by.

Constant drill in composition and declamation made it possible to prepare for literary exercises without much extra trouble. The colloquy, always written for them, was frequently on some study of the term, or it took the form of a scientific club, of which the girls never seemed to tire. In one was discussed nothing less than zoölogy, ornithology, ichthyology, and entomology. The president, Dora Woolsey, explained by request the hard words, and the children launched into story-telling of the animal kingdom, varied and instructive, if not dramatic. Camels and beavers, salamanders and spiders, had each warm

partisans. If they were not little girls, they would like to be birds or fishes,—or best, nautiluses sailing about in their own tiny boats wherever they pleased. The flow of anecdote was interrupted by the entrance of the Blue-Stocking Club, one of whom had a book of her own to sell ; another a collection of insects on exhibition,—“admittance twenty-five cents.” Children’s books on natural history were not then written, and the dialogue served its purpose of awakening interest in that subject. One thrilling recitation of those days, Poe’s “Raven,” made a long-remembered impression on teachers and pupils. Into the small room but few spectators could be admitted, and printed reports or notices of the school during its three years on “The Point” there were none ; but its thorough fundamental work commanded the respect of the leading public school educators, and this probably aided in keeping its numbers full. Unfortunately the list of its pupils was lost, and cannot be perfectly restored. Its one graduate finished the course, and received her written diploma without plaudits or bouquets, and in a dress she had made herself. She is now the official head of the trustees of the School of Art. In the very foreground of this long-vanished picture was a group of little ones, who sat in the front seats or in low desks by the side of the platform. How shy and unconscious they were in their pinafores as they romped at recess under the trees, and how careful not to whisper, sitting close on the small benches ! It would be a fascinating task to trace the lot of each. One at least graces

her sphere of duty in a New England home ; one, a little blue-eyed Jewess, the pet of us all, is the queen of a household on the shores of the Pacific ; the others are scattered all the way between.

Teachers and pupils appear to have been young and romantic together ; for among the fragments of lectures is “A Vision in a Desereted School-room,” read in 1852, of which this is a specimen : —

“ The green grass, no longer bent by the pressure of many a footstep, was waving tall under the old trees. The brick walls stood roofless and crumbling, and from its nest in the cornice the owl spread its silent wings and flitted away in the midnight. The staircase creaked as I ascended ; and when I entered the room where had so often flashed the happy eyes, and rang out the merry laugh, there was only the still sky above, and beneath the broken floor. A few dilapidated seats were all that remained of the old familiar objects. They were covered with mould, and spiders’ webs had long fastened the broken parts together.”

The “Vision” went on to relate the supposed future history of various members of the school, — a narrative for the most part tearful and boding, which has been about as exactly realized as the “ruins,” the “owl,” and the “spiders” of the building. Probably it had for the girls the awed fascination of a true ghost story. Not often were the words from the desk so unpractical. That household ministration

was woman's sweet duty ; that it was the pupils' absolute character in the long future to which even the smallest school regulation had reference ; that for every moment of existence they were responsible to Him who had bought them with a great price,—these and allied principles were the warp and woof of many a talk in the still, bright room, full of sunshine and enthusiastic girlhood.

None among these hours were more enjoyed than the accounts of journeys here and there,—apt in those days to be quite sentimental. "A Trip to the Upper Lakes," in 1852, preserved, in this way, some long-vanished phases of travel.

"It was the sunset of a summer evening ; twilight's little clouds were just vanishing, and tiny stars peeping out to see where they had gone, when two steamers glided out of the Cleveland harbor. One was bending her course to the east, bearing on her extended decks and in her magnificent saloons a crowd of young men going to celebrate the victory of their hero-candidate at Lundy's Lane. Songs, huzzas, and martial music floated out behind her and died away in the distance. On the deck of the other, started in its long northward course, were gathered little groups watching, mostly in silence, the receding shore. Leaving much that we loved on the dim line fading into the horizon, we might not come back to it again ; and so gathered close to each other in low talk, looking out over the dark water till the moon and stars were far away and cold. The

sweet morning dawned clear from the heavens, and with it passed the panorama of the beautiful Detroit River, laving its smooth, green banks, — the city, its blocks of stores and hotels, and fringe of vessels. Unclouded to its close, the day gave place to a lustrous night. At dusk we were stretching away into the marvellous transparent waters of Lake Huron, watching the red beacon of a signal-fire kindled on the shore, and the hues of a gorgeous sunset, till daylight had gone. Upon the broad band of moonlight that lay along the resplendent bosom of the lake we were floating as in a sea of gold. A gentle wind was whispering of the waves over which it had travelled ; a voice was singing softly, 'Ave Maria ! 'T is Nightfall on the Sea.' The hours stole away in mingled revery and worship under the solemn and majestic spaces that stretched above, around, and beneath us, — hours to be ever remembered for the spell of beauty and sublimity they had laid upon our souls. In the morning, far out of sight of land, a little object was fluttering near the steamer — a robin which had followed us since dawn, and perhaps long before. Now soaring far above, and then skimming down, touching the water, almost within reach, as if determined to alight, and then darting away, it seemed that its little tired wings must droop. At last it rested an instant on the stern, but only to take flight at the first sign of approach ; and not till its last strength was spent did the tiny wanderer suffer itself to be captured, when it lay as if dead in the sailor's palm. How like an unquiet spirit on life's troubled waves, having no

place of rest, yet afraid to commit itself to Infinite Love! A third morning found us at the entrance of St. Mary's River, its surface smooth as polished silver, only wrinkled by the steamer's waves sweeping away in graceful, even curves to the shore. We were among the islands,—near, and far in the distance, and all around, definite lines of purple on the horizon, green tufts, each double, springing close at hand: cushions upon a mirror. Curving among their oval outlines, new ones every moment appearing, we readily believed two thousand two hundred have been surveyed between Huron and Superior. Once, in the green vistas winding to the horizon, we saw a canoe, and a motionless Indian sitting upright within it, glide swiftly around a projecting point and disappear. He might be the last of his race in this deserted region. Let us observe the passengers, now all on deck, enjoying the scene of glorious loveliness under the morning sun. There sits an elderly woman in a peculiar old-fashioned bonnet with a work-bag hanging on her arm. She keeps, with her husband, a lighthouse on an island in Lake Superior. They have two children; the youngest has never seen any white person except her parents and brother. Their solitary home is twelve miles from any habitation; around them is the water, in summer bright and beautiful, the rest of the year covered with far-reaching sheets of ice, or lashed into black waves by the winter wind. They have no milk, for the barren island affords no pasturage,—no fruits either; and their last butter failed them five months ago. She

has been to Detroit to buy their year's supplies, and the boat goes out of its course to take her home. They keep the Sabbath, she says, and read the Bible, and teach their children verses that day. 'Are you happy?' 'Oh, yes! Only if my husband should be lost in the little boat, or my children be sick and no doctor, I don't know what I should do.' God keep you, brave mother and the little ones in the lonely lighthouse watching for your return! Another lady in a silk dress, chatting gayly with the gentlemen, has left her children with a nursemaid to be cared for at a port below. 'It is so tiresome travelling with children.' There stands a little man with a yellow mop of beard and whiskers, a wide turn-over collar *à la* Hutchinson, and a hat very much on the back side of his head. He tells strange stories of what he has seen and heard, so very entertaining, you forgive him for making them up. A tall, grave man, looking out forward, bears the marks of hardship; but his manner is dignified, and his face, when he speaks, lights up with a smile. That is a missionary. 'Twenty-one years ago,' he says, 'I coasted along these shores in an open boat, with only wild Indians for guides, and made my home in the wilderness.' All these years he has been bearing the Gospel message to the poor red men, toiling in obscurity and privation. He has been two weeks down among civilization for rest, and is going back now with cheerful heart and unabated love for his work. He has told us more about the Indians than piles of books could have done. Another group is in the

stern,—a father holding a little girl of ten in his arms, while the mother sits by, seeing nothing but her. How thin and white the child's face, all but two bright red spots. As we take the hot, wasted hand, our thoughts go forward to the great mysteries she will soon know, sailing into that sea where each must go alone.

"But now the boat is near the shore, and on the banks are a number of birch-bark wigwams, looking like so many big bowls turned bottom upward. Each has a canoe in front, fastened to a couple of forked sticks. A woman and three children, their heads thatched with tangled black hair, are sitting side by side upon a log. 'That,' says a voice, 'must be the family seat.' The speaker is a large-framed, blond-haired Vermonter of twenty-three, full of 'quips and cranks' and boyish, Yankee 'cuteness. [Within a year he was superintending the construction of the first canal around the rapids.] On and on, hour after hour, till in the distance is seen the foam of the Falls: we have reached the Sault Ste. Marie. Then there was wandering about the old whitewashed Fort, and a trip on the horse-railroad built to carry freight around the tumbling slide of water, and at the end of it our only sight of Lake Superior. How we longed to sail over its mighty expanse! But the passenger boats could go no farther. It was most exciting to watch the little canoes shivering and darting with their dusky guides down that tossing, dangerous declivity of the Sault, and curious to study the crowd of stolid aborigines lounging about. One

day a bargain was attempted with an Indian woman for her papoose, strapped to a board which she set up against a barrel as if it were a little mummy ; but the contract fell through. Fishing, too, was a failure. Our lines were dropped into eddying pools, in whose crystal retreats were whole communities of speckled trout, and pulled out again, — empty ; but the air had come down from the upper heavens, and brought heaven's fragrance with it ; all the whirl and hum of business was far away, and we were children once more."

Another lecture described the picturesque cliffs and romantic dells, the spicy woods, harebells, and wild-roses of lovely Mackinac when it had a real fort, where smooth, round cannon-balls were piled in pyramids, and sentinels marched night and day. There we had seen the old man who piloted over the five hundred British captors of the garrison of twenty-two in the War of 1812. The talk ended with a picture of Chicago at the time it was a maze of pitfalls, for every house in it was being lifted to the new laid-out streets. Small suspicion had we of the grand drama at whose uncouth opening spectacle we had "assisted."

But an end was coming to those Wednesday compositions and Thursday lectures ; to the quiet hours when the scholars heard the clock tick as they sat at their study, while the recitations were going on downstairs ; to the prayer-meetings in the east room ; to the affectionate intercourse which bound teachers and pupils together as one.

Away out on Woodland Avenue had arisen the walls of an extensive building, worthy to be named "The Cleveland Female Seminary." An expectant community was looking to it for advanced facilities in education, and it was plain the school at the "Point" would be no longer needed. Its principal, a large majority of its pupils, its very desks, were to be transferred to the new institution, and there, in fact, it was merged for five years. Even now the sadness of those last days in the little school-room can be vividly recalled,— just the sound of the gentle voices in their last composition exercises; the last loving interview as the dear forms sat grouped on the platform till the dark fell, bringing up to each other happy memories of the place, or tender thoughts of our loved and lost ones,— for we had just stood by the grave of Libbie Beattie; the fond "good-byes" till the teacher was left alone: these have been kept in the heart through all the years that have intervened. Most precious relics of those days are the many folded, childish notes, now yellow with age, filled with loyal affection, with pathetic self-reproach over some slight failure in duty, with sacred confessions of longing for a higher life. One after another, those young girls took their places in the church; many of them have borne burdens of great responsibility. Long since, they have measured by the advanced standards of a new age their own school training; but never have they ceased to say, "What happy, happy days we had in the old school-house on 'The Point!'"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CLEVELAND FEMALE SEMINARY.

CONSPICUOUS among those who in 1850 saw the need and opportunity of a young ladies' school of high character in this city, was the Rev. E. N. Sawtell. In the service of the Evangelical Alliance abroad, he had acquired a strong conviction of the importance of a Protestant education for American women, and especially at this point, where a convent had been recently founded. Being a man of sympathetic eloquence and ardent zeal, he drew a number of the best citizens to his views, and induced them to co-operate in the establishment of a large, it was expected a permanent, Seminary. A stock company was formed, and subscriptions were soon forthcoming to the amount of its capital. Well known to a wide circle of benevolent people in New England, Mr. Sawtell enlisted them as far as possible in his project, and donations from them of some hundreds, in one instance of a thousand, dollars were added to the subscriptions from this city. Articles of bedding were contributed by certain ladies' sewing-circles in the East. Seven acres of land, on what was then Kinsman Street, were virtually given by Mr. Sawtell

himself. Within it was the old homestead (two and one eighth miles from the Public Square) of Moses Kelley, of the law firm of Bolton & Kelley. On this retired and rural spot, mostly native forest, was erected by these combined gifts a three-story brick building, one hundred and sixty feet long, seventy-two feet deep at the main part, and forty-five at the two ends, where, according to the plan, wings were to be added. The first Board of Directors, all of whom were stockholders, was constituted as follows: Joseph Perkins, Esq., President; W. D. Beattie, Esq., Hon. H. V. Willson, Stillman Witt, Esq., Leonard Case, Jr., Horace P. Weddell, Esq., Oliver H. Perry, Esq., Truman P. Handy, Esq.; James M. Hoyt, Esq., Secretary. Their united choice for the head of the school fell upon Prof. Samuel St. John, LL.D., who had been since 1840 connected with the Western Reserve College, and was then residing in Cleveland. He was a cultivated scholar, a geologist of some reputation, and a most courteous gentleman, highly popular with the young men whom he had taught. His wife, Amelia Peabody, of Boston, was admirably fitted for any educational work. Previous to her marriage she had conducted, with her mother and sister, a large boarding-school, first in Boston, and then in New York. Dr. St. John had brought her a bride to Hudson, and she was not the least talented in the remarkable social circle which had its centre in the early Faculty of Western Reserve College. After some hesitation Dr. St. John accepted the new position. His idea was to apply the method of man-

aging a college to the Female Seminary. The lady assistants were to have equal responsibility and equal pay, five hundred dollars a year, with board. To the principal music teacher was paid a thousand. The first Faculty included Rev. E. N. Sawtell as chaplain ; Professors Cassels, Delamater, Rüger, and Vaillant, in botany, physiology, and ancient and modern languages; seven lady teachers in the English branches, and two in Latin ; Professor Brainard, assisted by one gentleman and one lady, in drawing and painting ; two ladies in music, and two gentlemen in penmanship, — twenty in all. Two of the ladies had never taught. That comfort might be insured in the boarding department, it was placed under the charge of Mr. Robert Cathar. He was to be paid \$2.50 per week by boarders, and 50 cents per dozen for washing, the Seminary supplying the table linen, silver, and most of the bedding. This arrangement was continued with his successors. The terms were placed at \$250 per annum for boarders ; at \$40 to \$50 for day-pupils. Music lessons were \$12 per quarter ; tuition in French or German \$5. These prices were entirely inadequate to meet expenses where such salaries were paid ; but they at once put the school out of the reach of a large class whom a portion of the Eastern benefactors hoped to aid. Without much preliminary flourish, the Seminary opened May 3d, 1854. About one hundred and sixty young ladies and misses from the city, and over seventy from other towns, were in attendance during the first year and a quarter. Of the Cleve-

land girls, sixty-four had been pupils at "The Point," among them the three members of the first graduating class, Cornelia Cushing, Eliza Williams, and Julia Whittlesey. All ages were received, and there could be little attempt at entrance examinations.

Arranging the thousand details for the studies and recitations of these two hundred and thirty girls so imperfectly classified, was foreign to Dr. St. John's tastes and habits. They could not be settled by vote in a Faculty meeting, and the duty of organizing fell upon that one of the teachers who had the most experience and the largest acquaintance with the young people gathered there. For a time chaos reigned, probably not so evidently to the pupils as to the teachers. Those scholars who had been trained to obedience and habits of study in the Academy greatly helped by their influence to bring about at length a degree of regularity and quiet. Many features of the dear old school reappeared. Examinations in arithmetic were generally required if the girls did not wish to study it. Of course the pressure of pupils, however ill prepared, to take up advanced studies, was great. Compositions were required each week. On Monday the Bible-lessons were recited, each lady teacher taking a class; and after a little, the sermon abstracts were made very interesting by the skill the girls acquired in giving them. Many of the family arrangements were quite in the Mount Holyoke spirit, though only one of the teachers had ever come under the influence of that institution. At first the government was by a sys-

tem of "credits and marks" like that common in colleges then; but self-reporting on the home rules was soon established, and met with favor. Discipline was not severe. One blue-eyed girl, a dawning light in the literary world, has described her trembling emotions when ushered with her frightened associates into the presence of the dignified professor for reproof. They had committed a natural boarding-school pecadillo, which, if frequent, would have dismayed the housekeeper. "When he had us before him, and the door closed, he did nothing but laugh." The summer rising-bell was at five o'clock. From half-past six to seven in the morning was a study hour, as from eight to nine in the evening; and after a time a silent fifteen minutes throughout the house before breakfast gave an invitation and opportunity to dedicate the day to God.

By the cradle of the infant institution, however, appeared the evil genius, which had not been absent at its birth. Serious embarrassments caused by its location were felt from the first, for the distance of over two miles was not so easily traversed then as now. Often rain, mud, or snow made the road almost impassable. Mr. Stevens established a line of omnibuses, calling for the girls at their homes, and coming for them at two o'clock, the hour of closing. Early day-pupils of the Seminary must have kept in memory those morning omnibus rides, cold and jolting, the hurried breakfast, often finished in the vehicle. Notwithstanding the frolicsome chatter which commonly played over the whole route, by and by this

only means of transportation became a dread and a nuisance. The first term also made evident the faulty construction of the building. Access to the upper floor or to the kitchen could only be had by the stairs in the front hall. An immense drawing-room stretched from front to rear of the main part, and was a constant thoroughfare. The stylish brussels carpet of an immense crimson pattern, the silver water-service on a marble-topped stand, the red-silk covered furniture, placed at wide intervals along the walls, in contrast with the bareness of the library, indicated an unequal distribution of funds. Winter emphasized more serious defects. The only warmth in the rooms was supplied from the spacious halls, where outlets of supposed hot air were sparsely scattered. Shivers and chilblains were the lot of those whose apartment doors were not near the registers. Singularly cold and cheerless was the two-storied blank-walled chapel, with its long, stiff-backed pews.

Enthusiasm for the new school, supported by Dr. St. John's character and reputation, and the generally excellent grade of the teaching, caused discomforts to be at first overlooked; but by the beginning of the second year they told heavily, and the catalogue of 1855-1856 showed a falling off of 125, leaving 119 as the total enrolment. It was the more determined and earnest pupils who remained, and the scholarship constantly improved. The twelve or thirteen graduates of the period between 1854 and 1860, and many others of the pupils, have since proved themselves to be thoroughly furnished for

life's work ; the course of study being rigidly pursued and considerably in advance of that required in any girls' school of the region.

It must not be omitted that out of doors had its charm. Very few houses were in sight. Grand trees, scarcely yet entirely cut away, spread their graceful, umbrageous branches over the grounds in front ; and a romantic grove in the rear was the nestling place of a multitude of wild-flowers. There too was a copious spring, making a purling brook out of the overplus from the hydraulic ram, which clicked in its little nook day and night, sending water to the building. Many a sweet confidence, many an earnest talk of these young girl students, was held in that grove, where herb and shrub yet breathed out sweet fragrance, and tall tree trunks made secluded vistas. Within, changes soon began. In three months the steward left, and an even-tempered house-keeper came to make her unfailing kindness under all inconveniences a distinct remembrance. A niece of Dr. St. John, Miss Caroline Smith, left during the second year, sinking into a fatal decline ; and her sister, Miss Hannah B. Smith, came and filled the position.

A Mr. Humphrey was at the beginning the teacher of drawing and "Grecian painting," — whatever that was. The task set to one of his pupils was the copying in fine pencil-marks of a large steel engraving. Patiently she toiled at it a whole term. This gentleman kept the accounts till September, 1855, when an accumulating debt began to show itself, and Mrs.

St. John assumed charge of the books, which she found in great confusion.

During the vacation Dr. and Mrs. St. John removed to Mr. Sawtell's cottage near by, that family having returned to reside in France; this left the thirty or more boarders entirely under the charge of the ladies at the Seminary. Mrs. St. John gave the instruction in French, and her husband devoted himself to hearing recitations. It was an eagerly sought privilege and delight to belong to his classes, and frequently a study was repudiated if it was to be under any other teacher.

Scarcely four months had passed, when, after three days of unconsciousness, the wife and mother was done with earth and all its cares. On Sabbath morning, December 23d, it was told the awe-struck members of the school, who had scattered for the holidays, that Mrs. St. John was dead. So startling a loss would at any time have been an injury; it now practically ended Dr. St. John's management of the Seminary. He begged to resign; but at the urgent request of the Trustees his name remained at the head of the institution till February, 1858. Through the rest of the school year he heard some classes and lectured several times; but went abroad in the summer of 1856, and on his return accepted a professorship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. During a visit of a few weeks in 1857 he gave a short but most delightful course of scientific lectures, the last of his labors for the school. Other notable advantages of the kind were enjoyed

in these years. Chemistry and botany were illustrated in lectures by Professor Cassels, and Dr. Bittinger, in a series of talks on "Reading," furnished seed-thoughts in the abundance habitual to him. This absence of the principal made it necessary that some temporary head should be provided, and by a resolution of the Board of Directors, October, 1856, "the entire charge of the family" was placed upon Mrs. Faith C. Hosmer, who had been added to the corps in September, 1855; and Miss L. T. Guilford was "to be held responsible for the control of pupils during school-hours, for the classification, examination, and order of the school, and for all its public exercises." Dr. St. John's plan of entire equality of salary was still adhered to.

A literary association, under the name of "The Euphrasian Society," was early formed. Its badge was a small gold circle enclosing the letter "E," and bearing the somewhat ambiguous legend *E tenebris lux*. This society was most active in providing for public exercises at the close of the term. One of these included the representation of the leading nations by young ladies, dressed in appropriate costumes, bearing the national flag, and heralded on the stage by the national airs. To personate Russia gave the most trouble,—a country just introduced to the modern civilized world by Alexander II. Each personified Power, summoned by the guardian genius of the earth, recounted her achievements in the past, and promised peculiar boons to men in the future,—the whole forming an effective tableau.

America pledged freedom to her slaves. On another occasion an allegorical drama, entitled, "The Press," was prepared, and a convocation of editors, in session here at the time, was invited to be present; but so stormy was the evening that the omnibus company refused to send out their conveyances, and the expected guests could not come. It was a sore disappointment to the actors, but more to the business manager, who was eagerly looking out for ways to make the Seminary known.

At the opening term of 1856 an accession from Indianapolis contributed to make the year a memorable one. Miss Kate Merrill brought a group of bright girls of her own training to the school, and remained as a teacher. Her rare qualities as a woman, and the acquirements which enabled her afterward to fill the chair of English and German literature in the Indiana University, were never more useful or more highly valued than during her year at the Cleveland Seminary. She became widely known as the author of "The Soldier of Indiana in the War for the Union," and is now a centre of literary influence at the State capital. This group of Indiana young ladies, open-hearted, vivacious, and original, maintained a high grade of scholarship, and were the life of the household. Miss Julia S. Hopkins did her first work as a Cleveland educator at the Seminary this year. Miss E. C. Belcher, the music principal, a relative and pupil of Lowell Mason, was a vocalist of rare sweetness, and enthusiastic in her profession. Mrs. Arabella Willson, of Canandaigua, was a part

of the first year a member of the Faculty. Her "Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," and the oft-quoted squib, "An Apeel to the Sextant," were evidence of her bright versatility. Naturally, the reputation of Dr. St. John, and the varied gifts of the teachers he had chosen, attracted a large number of talented girls the first four years of the institution, and work done in the literary society and the composition classes proved real training, which enabled not a few to assume leadership in "clubs" and "circles" undreamed of at that time. One has gained world-wide reputation,—Constance Fennimore Woolson. To one was given the life-love and companionship of Edward Rowland Sill,—a poet-soul too early snatched away. Lydia Hoyt (Farmer) and Lucy Seaman (Bainbridge) have attained distinction; Alice Allen (Beach) and Kate Arter (Hickman) have written for many readers. As the eye glances over the names in the catalogues of those years, the thoughts are continually arrested at the vicissitudes of fortune which have cast the lives of many in the most unexpected places. One has been a representative of American culture as a "Frau Oberrichter" at Brunswick, Germany; one has shed lustre on her position as the wife of a cabinet minister at Washington; Mary F. Seelye sacrificed her young life as a medical missionary in India. A volume of romance might be written, with the strictest truth, on the personal history of the young girls who filled the Seminary halls and grounds with their maiden frolic, hurried to and fro to chapel or recitation, and dreamed their

dreams of home and the future looking out from those windows. Variety was given to the school-room exercises by the abstracts and the newspaper items each one was expected to furnish. Questions on these brought up the leading events and ideas of the times, the situation of foreign countries, the advance of inventions, the politics of Mr. Buchanan's Administration,—only it would not do publicly to touch upon slavery. Imaginary journeys, taking descriptions for our guide, beguiled many an hour. It is difficult to realize there were no photographs. Our home scenes and occupations have left sunny memories; among them is the Saturday morning room-cleaning, which was attended to with real housekeeping thoroughness, and no less fun. One young lady, whose family name has since been flashed before the world by the electric light, is vividly associated with this brushing up. When she had wrapped her head for the purpose, she would have made a model for Guido. Pleasant evenings were spent in the family parlor when, sewing or knitting in hand, we read aloud from Shakspeare, Irving, Hugh Miller, and others; and once in the chapel was displayed a series of impromptu tableaux no less beautiful than ingenious. How very charming was the tiny, barefooted figure of Spring; and what more effective than the make-up of Winter, in a snow-robe of canton flannel and a coronet of icicles from the chandelier? Deeper still are remembrances of the evening family prayer, the Sabbath afternoon meetings, the sacred confidences of those hours in the

teacher's room, when the dear girls sat together in the moonlight and opened their hearts like night-blooming flowers. Can we not hear the sweet voice that used to sing there to a guitar, and see the faces that have since been transfigured in the light of another world? Were any of those who came alone, or with some loved companion, to linger in the twilight and watch the orb of evening rise over the trees,—came to tell their soul-discouragements and struggles to do right,—helped by that communion to meet what was not long before some of them: disappointment, bereavement, the hour of death?

There could be no doubt that contact with a mind and character like Dr. St. John, standing to his pupils as all that was wise in a man of science, and all that was chivalrous in a Christian gentleman, was most stimulating and elevating to every moral and intellectual power. Out of those scenes a graduate has brought some recollections:—

“ My two years there were of great value, and full of exceptional happiness. The habits of self-reliance and of method gained, the bright companions, the *esprit de corps* of our number, made it a charmed period. Study was a real delight, and every recitation an hour of pleasure. The new magazine is not looked forward to with more delight than we girls anticipated the Wednesday composition class. I can see the large room now, holding a full circle of intent listeners, while the weekly productions are read, and mark the flush of pleasure on Connie's face as her audience break into open applause after one of

her characteristic essays. We had good training. The crossed lines and merciless marking out in our pages when handed back to us showed they had been looked over with faithful and keen criticism. The Bible-lessons, — Old Testament history and prophesy ; New Testament church-founding, — were made intensely interesting by the prepared 'Topics,' which I have never seen equalled, even in these later days of Sunday-school 'Helps.' On Sunday evenings our parlor gatherings were for the purpose of reporting the sermons we had heard. I can feel now my enthusiastic desire that Dr. Bittinger should have due justice. And such sermons as we had besides from the Rev. F. T. Brown, Dr. Goodrich, and Dr. Eells ! Those synopses remain in my memory as altogether not unworthy the sermons reported. During the winter of 1857-1858 the city was moved by the great revival, and it was the privilege of the girls to attend several times the union morning prayer-meetings at the Old Plymouth Church. A number date from that time the beginning of a new life.

"Of course we went into the city by omnibus to church, and to such lectures, concerts, and amusements as were desirable ; and we had an inexhaustible fund of the last at home. The first winter a club of limited membership, the mysterious 'K. R. T.'s,' was organized to read and act Shakspeare. On one occasion we were so far real actors that we fled in a panic when the light was accidentally put out at the moment of the 'knocking' in 'Macbeth,' and were

only brought to our senses by the half reproving look of dear Mrs. Hosmer at the foot of the stairs. Then the fun we had at our impromptu presentation of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' when tabby was the lion, and the other parts were equally felicitous! We shall never forget hearing the Rev. Dr. Ross, of New Orleans, during the General Assembly held in the Second Presbyterian Church, prove the 'Divine Origin of Slavery.' That afternoon in the school-room some forty of us held a 'General Assembly' of our own; and as we waited for the guests who were to be entertained, there was an indignation meeting, which our chosen 'Moderator' did nothing to restrain. Girl after girl 'took the floor,' and speech after speech, entirely off-hand and off-tongue, against Southern sentiment and domination, showed where we stood. I see every one of the bright girl-faces, and hear their voices again as I write.

"Very romantic were our rambles down Lovers' Lane (Kennard Street), by rail-fences and through country flowers, to Euclid Avenue, when there was scarce a house the whole way. Hopes and aspirations were exchanged, and friendships formed that are still unbroken. Our admiration for Dr. St. John, though he was with us but a few weeks, was like that of some mediæval university for a favorite leader. We thought it the privilege of a lifetime to be taught by him in any science. Most rare teachers we had besides. It was a pleasure to read, not long ago, Mrs. President Harrison's acknowledgment of her obligations to the Kate Merrill Literary

Club of Indianapolis. Others were Miss Hopkins and Miss Bastow,—thorough students, and lovely in their kind ways,—and that one who without the title held really the position of vice-principal. Whence was that impulse which inspired the girls who came under its power with a love of study and enthusiastic zeal for knowledge that knew no graduation day? This is not the place for an answer; it may be read between the lines of the written story. Never have we ceased to regard as priceless what the Seminary gave us, or to regret that our Alma Mater is no more."

But while the young ladies were enjoying its manifold advantages, the expenses of the Institution were daily outrunning its income. At the beginning of the third year Mr. C. S. Martindale, formerly connected with the Cleveland Bible Society, was employed by the Trustees as agent. He brought his family to take charge of the boarding department, and they endured, as others had done, the wear and toil imposed by the seriously inconvenient kitchen arrangements. His indefatigable efforts met with little success. The attendance did not increase, the enrolment for 1857-1858 being about seventy. Doubtless the absence of the principal was one cause; others have been already mentioned.

Dr. St. John was continually urging the acceptance of his resignation. The debt had been piling up from the very first. Again and again the Trustees were called upon to advance funds for current

expenses. Mr. Case, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Witt responded generously to these repeated requests, sometimes by gifts, sometimes by loans secured by mortgage on the property. Of the debt due them, they eventually remitted one half. At one time, only a few hours' forewarning prevented the sale of the building on a judgment. In February, 1858, less than four years from its opening, Prof. S. N. Sanford, with Mrs. Sanford, were placed at the head of the Seminary. Mrs. Hosmer had left in July, 1857. Miss Guilford was absent during the year of 1858-1859, returned for a year, and closed her connection with the school in June, 1860. So near utter bankruptcy had the institution come that change of teachers and reduction of expenses were imperative. The Faculty had been reduced from twenty to nine. Mr. Sanford's practical good sense and executive ability soon remedied many of the worst defects of the building. Being an honored member of the Episcopal Church, that denomination lent its special support. Law-suits were, however, pressing, and in 1863 the Directors sold to him, with Mr. Levi Buttles, the Seminary building and grounds, on the sole condition that the purchasers should assume its debts. These amounted to not far from \$17,000. Dr. St. John himself, whose salary was far in arrears, joined the mortgagee Directors in the compromise of their claims.

Henceforth the Seminary was conducted as a private institution. For fifteen years the number of pupils averaged one hundred and ten, an increas-

ing proportion of them from abroad. Maintaining a high standard of Christian education till its close in 1883, the beneficent results of its career have been widespread, and will be lasting. In 1887 the walls were taken down, and the site converted into city lots.

A farewell of the Euphrasian Society to Dr. St. John may recall to some the vernal beauty when life was young. It is the only relic left of that society's performances : —

Earth is full of song and gladness, from the morning's  
purple light  
Till through golden gates of sunset comes the soft and  
starry night.  
Brightest emerald 'neath the footstep, sweetest music in  
the ear :  
'T is the May-time of our life, 't is the May-time of the  
year !

Showers of snowy blossoms falling, bring down dreams of  
heavenly love ;  
Gentlest blue and silver cloudlets float in quietness above.  
Loving thoughts like lovely blossoms in our daily paths  
appear :  
'T is the May-time of our life, 't is the May-time of the  
year !

And the spring-time is the seed-time, when the sower sow-  
eth seed,  
That the autumn may have glory, and the winter not have  
need.  
Precious seeds our hearts are bearing, kindest hands have  
scattered here,  
In this May-time of our life, in this May-time of the year !

He hath sowed who goeth from us with a liberal hand and true,  
And white blossoms of our spring-time fall around him,  
fresh with dew.  
Harvest worthy of the sower, may we joyful live to rear  
From this May-time of our life, this sweet May-time of the  
year.

Dr. St. John died Sept. 9, 1876; Mrs. Hosmer,  
Aug. 30, 1887; Miss E. Bastow, December, 1866.

#### ANOTHER SCHOOL.

During the four years which succeeded that sorrowful good-bye of the girls and their teacher to the building on the Point, it had been the school-home of other Cleveland children, under the principalship of Mr. R. F. Humiston. When he withdrew in 1858 to establish "The Institute" on the south side, Mr. T. G. Valpy, now of Concord, N. H., was engaged in his place, and Miss Guilford became his assistant for that year. Not a trace of the former things remained, except the walls and the brass-sheathed stairs. Pupils, patrons, school-traditions, management, standards of study, were all different; even the place of the platform was changed to the north side of the room. Circumstances afterward intensified the interest clustering round the youth gathered there in 1858-1859. In one class there sat, day by day, with others now prominent in the business world, four boys in their early teens, whose future seemed to hold all that heart could wish. Bright, strong,

rich, uncorrupted, full of irrepressible life, what might they not do and gain? Charles Perkins, not twenty-one, fell a victim to fever in a Virginia camp in 1864, — a costly offering on the altar of his country ; Adelbert Stone found death in the waters of the Connecticut, a student at Yale in 1865 ; Albert Younglove, also the one male heir of his family, died in Egypt in early manhood ; Harry Payne, not many years after, in Mentone, France. But these things were then hidden from our eyes, and the story of that school, except as the members of it afterward blended with its successor, is not to be written here. A number of the girls were the next year pupils at the Seminary, where, under Mr. Sanford, with Miss Guilford as one of the assistants, the strong ties of interest they had already awakened were strengthened into life-long friendship. One of them is now the head of our largest educational institution for girls. Mr. Valpy's school left its name as an inheritance, for "female" had been permanently omitted from the title of the Academy.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SECOND SCHOOL AT "THE POINT."

IN October, 1861, the building was empty, and Miss Guilford, who had returned from fourteen months' travel abroad, decided to open a day-school there again. Well and cistern were cleaned out, fence, gate, windows, roof, blinds, and furnace put in order, rooms papered and painted, a new carpet was laid, new chairs were obtained, as well as a globe, some maps, and a planisphere, — this last by way of apparatus in astronomy. Particularly, the dear old desks were bought back from the Seminary. One whole month the teacher was at the building early and late. Carpenters and masons, yard-cleaners, whitewashers, and paper-hangers, coal-men and carpet-men successively appeared, discharged their functions, with much over-seeing, were paid, and went away. It may be said that for the next twenty years, with three exceptions, a large part, if not the whole, of the time of year called "vacation" was spent in precisely this kind of rest. On November 21, in the renovated and fresh school-room, there gathered eighteen pupils, — a number soon increased to twenty-eight.

It was beginning anew, thirteen years after that landing from the steamboat. All the world had changed. There was no longer a question between Whig and Loco Foco, but between the champions of a bleeding Republic and its mortal foes. The little world within those walls, like that outside, was swayed into joy or grief with each day's bulletins. Even children sprang into maturity before those terrible realities, and it was no ordinary group in which the names of Andrews, Bingham, Ely, Cushing, Hickox, Morgan, Stone, Seaman, Williams, Wright, Holt, Hoyt, Scoville, Corning, Flint, Dodge, Cobb, Otis, Worthington, were represented. Prices of tuition were now from ten to fifteen dollars per quarter, the latter sum including the best teaching that could be had in French and German; for that year of travel and study had aroused for these languages an enthusiasm which appeared in the plans for the school. Professor Vaillant began competent instruction in French; Prof. Carl Rüger in Latin and German, assisted afterward by Madame Naatz Swain. Mr. C. E. Wilbur taught penmanship, Miss Haven, drawing, Miss Kate S. Kellogg assisted in English and presided in the school-room, nearly all the recitations being in the rooms below.

An element new to us appeared with half-a-dozen boys, who fixed the attention of the governing powers in a way which emphasized the difference between the sexes forever after in our minds. As we read their names the manly career of each passes in review, and their bubbling, but for the most

part harmless fun, has yet in memory something of a surprise. Seated facing the girls, the temptation to make them giggle was too much ; and the frolicsome fellows were always interjecting their antics between short spasms of study. Twenty-five were pupils for longer or shorter periods between 1861 and 1865 ; and varied as in all other respects their talents were, they had this ability in common, — to keep the teachers on the stretch of invention and patience. We have now the image of a young mischief who one day, with eyes and face intent on his books, was mimicking the airs of a young lady at the piano, thrumming his desk with pieces of paper stuck on the ends of his fingers. One lately confessed to sending the momentarily loosened shoe of his companion into the middle of the floor before a class of girls, to the interruption of their thoughts. Another laboriously limped around a day or two with a fictitious sprained ankle, by which he was doubtless excused from speaking, or some other school duty. In the city of Cleveland are no more honored or useful Christian citizens than the first two, and the other has become a marked power in leading young men to a higher life. Two brothers of a gifted family by no means hid their social talents under a bushel then. What sparkle of merriment, not yet died out, was always beaming out of their frank, boyish faces !

In January, 1863, Miss Julia S. Hopkins resigned her place in the Cleveland Seminary, and henceforth gave her rare powers as an educator to the Academy.

In class-room instruction she had few superiors. For the next eight years, with some intervals of absence, she was a constant power in the school, contributing in large measure to its special moulding influence.

Former plans were modified. There was a single session, closing at half-past one. Reports were sent home at the end of each five weeks. Monday morning sermon abstracts were limited to giving the text, if it was remembered. The skill of the first pupils rarely appeared again. Especial quarterly literary exercises were curtailed to an annual one at Christmas,—partly because the school had no longer its compact unity, a number of pupils coming in simply to recite; and partly because the boys were not yet trained to do anything on the platform. To drill them into learning a selection for the Wednesday's elocution was a long task, and their weekly compositions required as much persistent pushing as would have run a girls' school a whole term. Daily discipline was necessary; and for a while, the pupils were all assembled four times a week to listen for three minutes to a statement of some historic fact or event, or to the description of a noted building or locality. This they were required to reproduce in writing. The papers were gathered and corrected, and a record kept of their merits. This involved so much labor that eventually it was done only weekly. Scarcely any part of their school exercises was, on the whole, more beneficial.

The distorted and confused impressions which children often receive from what is said, were curiously

shown in these "abstracts," wherein the most ridiculous blunders were common. One supposed to be written by a little girl in a colloquy was scarcely exaggerated. "A year after King Charles's death there was a battle and a war, and the Whites attacked the Indians, and the White people cut off King Philip's head; and afterwards King Philip's wife and child were sold for slaves, and he said, 'Now my heart is broke.' Then there was a tall man with white hair, and he came suddenly out and drove the Indians away, and nobody knew who he was because he da'sen't . . ." Very little light is here thrown on King Philip's War, or the episode of Goffe, the regicide. Reading these mistakes without names before the school had the effect of sharpening attention afterward. But that method of correcting faults was very seldom resorted to. The only instance where it was entirely satisfactory occurred after the reading of a bogus composition, when the teacher produced from the desk the printed pamphlet, and without note or comment read the selection a second time. It was a good while before we had any more plagiarism.

Soon after opening it, the school was crowded, sixty or seventy being on the rolls. Familiar names appear. Stager, Barnett, Chapin, Clark, Childs, Dangler, Hower, Hough, Hanna, Wade, Russel, Hale, Hurlburt, Pierce, Harvey, Tisdale, Hyman, Lyon, as well as others equally prominent, are read here.

The seats were needed for the girls, and the older

boys had for a term an afternoon session to themselves, — an arrangement only agreeable to their fathers ; but it was kept up by the teacher, with the hope of winning them to study by special effort. Among these boys was Alfred T. Goodman, whose early death was regarded as a great loss to the Cleveland Historical Society, of which he became in his teens an enthusiastic working member. One died in youth in the Far West ; others have become merchants, lawyers, or men of business ; one, a good boy then, grew up to give himself and us a long heartache.

Many lecture-hours were spent on the Europe seen in 1861, when diligences and donkeys had not yet been ousted by the railway train ; when there were absolutely solitary spots in Alpine valleys, and uncorrupted German inns where *kein Mensch* spoke English. A real walled city was Regensburg. In the heart of East Saxony but two voices from the distant Western world had penetrated, — a tradition of Washington, and a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Much was there to tell of London, when the Tower-boys wore the costume of Henry VII., and the fudgy and dusty Queen Elizabeth sat in her "armory" upon her prancing wooden horse ; of Paris, when Napoleon III. and Eugénie dashed through the Boulevards heralded by scarlet-clad outriders, when one could still see the Hôtel where Madame de Sévigné wrote her letters, and the little narrow street where Henry IV. was stabbed by Ravaillac.

Other topics, however, often swallowed up all interest in these tales from over sea. Morning and afternoon telegraphic despatches were discussed in the class-room and during the general hour of talk. Experience soon taught us we must wait for the truth, which might be more startling than the wildest rumors. Every department of social life was whirled into activity ; fortunes were being made and lavishly expended ; new names were on all men's lips, while kinsmen and brothers were hid in the smoke of battle or lying in far-off hospitals. Regiments coming and going, with the sound of martial music, would never let us forget that the war-tempest was raging, though we saw it not. Once only did the thunder roll near. In the forenoon of September 2d, 1862, the drum and fife were spreading the news that Cincinnati was in danger from the Rebels raiding in Kentucky. A father called at the school-house door that his son might be enrolled ; and that afternoon the youth was on his way southward, carrying knapsack and gun. The alarm was soon over, and young Brayton returned. There is opposite his record of attendance five a's. For two months in the beginning of 1864 little was talked of but the great Sanitary Fair in its building in the Park, and teachers and pupils passed hours of enchantment in the bewildering beauties of its bazaar,— hours to be dwelt on long after ; while stories of all that the brave soldiers were suffering at the front sank indelibly into memory.

Several expeditions were made by the school in the summer of that year to visit Camp Cleveland,

on the heights, where a number of sick and wounded from Western battle-fields were convalescing. Permission having been gained from the proper officers, an omnibus or two would be chartered, oranges, strawberries, and other delicacies loaded in, and a group of children, with their teacher, would ride over and distribute their gifts under the direction of the surgeons. In no other way could the terrible losses, maimings, and diseases of a military hospital be made to the visitors so real. If they learned little else, the remembrance of particular cases of severely wounded, of individual martyrdom, would be imperishable vouchers of the nation's great deeds when the children in after life should more fully understand the cause for which these things were endured. Many of the school could but share in the general spirit of rash expenditure and luxurious display which pervaded the community, and these hospital visits were a sober corrective. To the soldiers, that short Saturday afternoon diversion and insubstantial treat was too slight for mention.

In 1864 and 1865 school vicissitudes were many. Miss Hopkins's illness and absence occasioned changes in teachers. Mr. A. C. Bacon was for a year an assistant; Mr. Frank M. Hall gave lessons in elocution; Miss Whipple and Miss Nunn did service for short periods in an emergency. Like the nation, we were watching for the end. Speeches called out in Congress and elsewhere were rehearsed by the boys on the platform, on elocution days; week by week all general exercises were full of what was going on.

Underlying the arithmetic, the Latin, the geography and history, the reading and spelling, the writing and Bible-lessons, were continual outlines, grand glimpses of events which the pupils felt belonged to all their future, but which, after all, were not much more real to them than tales of the Crusades. At last, on April 3d, 10 A. M., swept over the wires that short message: "Our forces, under Weitzel, are in Richmond,—taken at 8.15 this morning." The nation broke into jubilee, and in the little school-house on the "Point" there stood a maiden with flashing eyes who voiced our triumph and our joy:—

"‘Richmond is fallen!’ For four years in that proud city have the lovers of oppression defiantly organized armies to rend the nation asunder. They have strengthened it with forts and ramparts, and gathered their legions, determined to resist to the last. North and east of it are more than thirty battle-fields,—Gettysburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and that long line, stretching for fifty miles, from the Rapidan to beyond the Appomattox. In the way to the Rebel capital are a quarter of a million graves. But the end has come of pouring out treasure and shedding precious blood. At last the Star-Spangled Banner floats over the Rebel Senate-house, shouts of ‘Union’ and ‘Liberty’ ring along the streets that have heard only plottings of treason, and bayonets of United States soldiers are flashing round Libby Prison and Belle Isle. Let the bells ring out from the farthest bay

that borders New Brunswick to the Golden Gate of California. Let the sound of artillery roll through every city, over every prairie, and on every hill-top in the land, 'Richmond has fallen!' The weary veterans of Grant will press on anew; the poor negro on the plantation will shout his thanksgiving in tears of joy. Over the graves of our martyrs we will pledge new love to our glorious country. In coming generations these graves will be spots of pilgrimage, and it will be honor enough for us that we bore to the least of them a cup of cold water as he went 'On to Richmond!'"

With all the city, a few days afterward, we were standing in awed silence on the wide Avenue, draped in mourning, as down it a band marched before the funeral car that held the murdered Lincoln. Ever since, the strains of Pleyel's Hymn have brought back that weeping April morning.

When private affairs began to run in their new channels, a question as to the school rose paramount in the mind and heart of the teacher. The building was crowded; many applications were refused in 1864 and 1865. Dreams of what might be done in an amply provided home with a larger corps of teachers were continually hovering in our minds. Why could there not be now a suitable Academy building; a Classical Department; an apparatus for illustrating the natural sciences; a cabinet of minerals; a school where boys could be thoroughly fitted for college,—where girls could take a course of advanced study

and receive a diploma, and at the same time be trained to be Christian women? It was a time when great enterprises were being set on foot everywhere. An inflated currency, the war itself, had made a new distribution of wealth. Then, we thought, was the hour to found in the heart of the city that institution for its youth of both sexes such as Boston, Providence, New York, and many smaller places had long ago,—such as Cleveland has never built to this day. These dreams were never even partially realized, but the remaining story of this school is the story of a struggling attempt to make them real.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BRICK ACADEMY FROM 1866 TO 1871.

IN the early summer of 1865 a number of gentlemen wishing to educate their children at home, and realizing the lack of good private facilities, met to consult in the office of Mr. Joseph Perkins. They were the strong business men of the city ; they had borne, as patriots, great burdens in the contest just ended, and were managing vast interests developing beyond precedent on their hands. It was but a small fraction of time or thought that any one could give to elaborate plans for an educational institution. Two of them had been most active and generous in founding and sustaining the Seminary.

Their experience perhaps suggested the plan finally adopted. A stock company was formed to purchase a lot and erect and furnish a building. These premises were to be rented for five years to Miss Guilford, on condition of her paying over to the stockholders one fifth of the gross income of the school. This condition she accepted and fulfilled. All but three of the owners were parents or guardians of children then, or previously, under training in the Academy at the Point. It would have been a strong wrench that parted teachers and pupils at that time.

Mr. Stillman Witt entered, with characteristic enthusiasm, into the work of raising the subscriptions; and with a look of beaming satisfaction, showed us at the end of two days the completed list of twenty-three subscribers, afterward increased to thirty-one. An Act of Incorporation, under the name of "The Cleveland Academy," was obtained June 23d, 1865.

The original stockholders, with the amounts subscribed by each, were as follows: —

STILLMAN WITT . . . . .	\$1,000	SAMUEL H. KIMBALL . . . . .	\$500
JOSEPH PERKINS . . . . .	1,000	JAMES BARNETT . . . . .	500
A. STONE, JR. . . . .	1,000	AHIRA COBB . . . . .	500
HENRY HARVEY . . . . .	1,000	M. B. CLARK . . . . .	500
H. B. HURLBUT . . . . .	1,000	T. R. SCOWDEN . . . . .	500
SELAH CHAMBERLAIN . . . . .	1,000	WM. BINGHAM . . . . .	500
J. G. HUSSEY . . . . .	1,000	SAMUEL L. MATHER . . . . .	500
T. P. HANDY . . . . .	1,000	A. B. STONE . . . . .	500
L. HALDEMAN . . . . .	1,000	S. EVERETT . . . . .	500
GEORGE WORTHINGTON . . . . .	1,000	WM. COLLINS . . . . .	500
J. H. WADE . . . . .	1,000	PHILO CHAMBERLAIN . . . . .	100
LEVERETT ALCOTT . . . . .	500		

To these were afterward added: —

SOLON BURGESS . . . . .	\$100	JOHN HUTCHINS . . . . .	\$100
WM. CHISHOLM . . . . .	100	S. S. LYON . . . . .	100
WM. HART . . . . .	100	CHAS. A. OTIS . . . . .	100
W. H. HAYWARD . . . . .	100	J. B. SMITH . . . . .	100

making the capital stock \$17,400.

The property was finally sold in 1885 for this amount. Of the first Board of Trustees, Mr. Stillman Witt was elected president and treasurer, and Mr. Joseph Perkins, secretary. Mr. Amasa Stone acted as building committee; he was at that time superintending the erection of the Union Depot.

A lot sixty-seven and two thirds feet front, and one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, was purchased on the south side of Huron Street, near its intersection with Euclid Avenue, for four thousand dollars. Contracts were made with Mr. Henry Blair and Mr. Erastus Freeman, and work was commenced August, 1865. The structure was of brick, with a slate roof, sixty by forty, two stories above a high basement. A heavy foundation and brick partitions made it safe and firm. A solid parallelogram, with regularly placed windows, it was relieved from positive ugliness by a large two-story portico which covered most of the front. The rear was left a plain wall, save a door for exit, from which some wooden steps over the basement entrance descended to the yard. At the very top was a circular window, which soon became a target for the boys of the neighborhood, and it was whole only two weeks of its existence. Stone steps led to the front portico at each end. Through the first story a wide hall ran from front to rear, with three rooms on each side; flights of opposite stairs at the end leading to the one upper school-room. A large platform occupied the space between the two entrance doors. Steps descended to them from the level of the floor,—an arrangement which always made coming in somewhat awkward. One hundred and twenty fixed desks and seats and a number of long settees, with the teacher's table, comprised the furniture.

With the purchase of these, added to the cost of the lot and the building and the payment of the first

year's tax, the subscription funds were exhausted. Whatever else was done must be paid for from the rent. An unfinished basement afforded no place for a resident janitor. There was no sewer connection, no drainage of the water from the roof, no walks, no back fence for six months, no front one for two years, and the yard was for a longer time a sand-heap. Inside, blank walls left discolored in streaks, bare platform and floors, were not cheerful; but one discomfort far outweighed every other. Experiments in heating were then being commonly tried, and the opportunity of our new school building was not neglected. A hot-air chamber twelve feet square and ten high, in the rear of a proportionately large oven, communicated with all the rooms by flues left in the double walls of the brick partitions. Cold air, being freely admitted from outside to the chamber near its base, should, by all laws of physics, drive the hot air out through any way of escape. Ardent good intentions and warmly held belief left us during the remaining winter months of 1866 in an atmosphere ranging from  $50^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$ . In vain did the little German woman who was for a short time the ministering agent of coke (for that was the fuel) heap decades of bushels into that oven. "Jim," who succeeded in office in the spring, also labored in vain. In the autumn the liberal-minded stockholders resolved not to be thus thwarted, and a contract was made to put in a steam heating-apparatus that should be the infallible remedy. This was done in October, while the school was in session. Five radiators were set

on each side of the upper room, and each recitation-room was provided with one. The total expense was \$2,800. It was not a little discouraging to find, with the first severe weather, that this costly improvement would not warm the house. For some weeks there was cold comfort in saying, "When we have once learned how to manage this, there will be no trouble." Each day had some new explanation, as the teacher passed from furnace to platform, over two flights of stairs, a dozen times in the morning. The basement was finished and a janitor moved in, giving most of his life to professional fire-tending. Time went on, and still every cold wave brought days when the more tender of the girls were wrapped in shawls and sent to the warmest places, and now and then the school was dismissed. The discouragements and the disastrous effect on attendance may be imagined. Naturally, the firm who had put in the heating arrangement, and a number of the Trustees, believed the sole want was judgment in the management; but they were willing to try any plausible remedy. The old air chamber was contracted to half its size, and the hot-air furnace run, in addition to the steam; it made not a degree of difference. After a time, a chimney stack was carried up to the height of the building in the rear wall, to help the draught. Excellent care-takers in the basement, twenty-seven or eight tons of anthracite in a season, made us comfortable in ordinary weather; but the conviction was finally forced upon every one that the apparatus was radically wrong somewhere. We

could do nothing but bear the intermittent affliction with what patience or impatience we had in stock. It was not always cold. For eight years we fought the inefficiency ; and when at last an opportunity was given to overhaul the apparatus, it was found that the return-pipes were too small, the long trouble was explained, and in great degree remedied.

Doubtless the case of the school-building was but one of the many uncomfortable experiences entailed by all improvements in their progress to perfection. In two instances parents believed their daughters were injured by exposure ; otherwise it is not known that the health of any pupil was affected,—certainly not that of any teacher. But there was always the dread that some such evil result would follow, added to the discomfort, the worry, and futile toil of every cold morning, when the condensed water could not escape rapidly enough to allow steam to enter the radiators. One expedient after another was resorted to in full faith, destined to be mocked. After three years it occurred to us to stop the half-inch wide cracks in all the rattling windows, for which the weather-strip man asked the modest sum of sixty dollars. Finally, in 1873, two large base-burners were set up in the school-room ; and this plebeian reinforcement, which brought up the rear, was in its way effectual. It is needless to say that these facts, through a course of years, were adverse to the reputation and prosperity of the Academy. Financial consequences of the debt incurred to put in the apparatus were no less so. Every dollar of the rent

not spent in taxes or insurance for some years would be needed to pay it. If the revenue was to be increased, the tuition-bills must be raised from fifty-four dollars a year; and this would have been contrary to the long-cherished desire of the teacher that the school should not be for the exclusive benefit of the wealthy.

Whatever might be the oversights incident to their engrossment by many weighty interests, the Board of Directors were most generous, and in September, 1868, seeing the necessity, they voted that a thousand dollars of the funds in hand should be devoted to making drains, fences, improving the yard, and to the purchase of some simple pieces of apparatus for scientific illustration.

Not till 1871 could the first dividend of five per cent be paid to the stockholders; the second, of four and a half, followed in 1873. By that time a number of these gentlemen had relinquished their justifiable expectations in regard to the Academy, and in the next year there was a considerable change in the Board, with consequences to be mentioned hereafter. What was accomplished, with these drawbacks, is now to be told.

Ninety pupils came together Jan. 29, 1866, in the new building. Crude and cheerless as it was, little did we know how every spot and corner of that great room would be filled with the intensest memories of precious young lives; what silent witnesses to soul-struggles and conquests those very chairs and desks would become; how laid over and over, fathoms deep

in the soul, its interest and love would be! In the very opening came a solemn monition that echoed long in our hearts. Annie Peck, of New Lisbon, N. Y., an only daughter, was just two days among us. Within a fortnight, her lifeless body was borne back to her home. There was something peculiarly mournful in our thoughts of the shy little stranger who had flitted among us for a moment, and then passed to the unknown.

Duties crowded fast in those first weeks of change, of sudden expansion and re-organization. It was soon evident that the school had taken on new characteristics. No boys were in it at first, though eleven were enrolled before the end of the year. For the first time, a transient element of recent residents in the city appeared, and a small number whose elaborate dress indicated that they sought the superficial, and would be disappointed not to find it. On the other hand, the overwhelming majority were the choicest treasures of many cultivated Cleveland homes, girls of uncommon loveliness, force of character, and great mental promise. These it was easy to bring to a high standard of work, and the labor expended on the others was often abundantly rewarded. How stimulating and yet how heavy with responsibility was the feeling that swept over us, standing before those hundred young immortals, and knowing the possibilities of good and evil, to themselves and all they would ever reach, that lay wrapped but living within them!

To learn each child's mind-bent and character was

the first endeavor. "All pupils, on entrance, who do not expect to study either arithmetic, geography, or United States history, will be examined in those branches before being classified." So ran the second sentence in the small two-leaved "circular;" and strict adherence to the rule had more to do with the generally high level of scholarship attained by the members of the Academy than any other regulation. Very few girls of fifteen ever passed these examinations; and they were sure of a thorough drill in all these studies if they remained. This could not suit those ambitious of more high-sounding literary pursuits; and the public schools having now become well graded, the wonder is, on looking back, that the Academy retained for so many years its full numbers.

Latin, French, German were warmly encouraged, the last two being still under the care of Prof. Karl Rüger and Madame Swain. Writing-lessons were given for five years by Mr. A. P. Root. Bible-lessons, reading, spelling, composition, and abstracts were the five inevitables for every pupil. In April, a drawing department was opened in the northeast recitation-room under Miss Leonora L. Fox, a graduate of Cooper Institute, New York; and here began the first systematic teaching in art in this vicinity. It was pioneer work; but Miss Fox was not easily discouraged, and continued in the Academy till 1872, although there was really no suitable room for her studio, which was, the latter part of the time, in the north room, in the basement. Through these years Miss Hopkins gave herself with instructive efficiency

to her especial classes, and our associate teachers were one and all in the fullest sympathy with quiet, sincere methods of training mind and character.

For the years 1866-1867 Miss S. E. Hoisington, the daughter of a noted missionary, stood first among them. The next year she held a position in New York city, and married there a Rev. Mr. Stoddard, under appointment as a home missionary. They went to Independence, Kan., and after a year of the self-sacrifice incident to that life, she died suddenly, May 21, 1871; and seldom has the cause of home missions received the offering of a more precious life. Miss L. K. Peabody, a niece of the long-time principal of Oxford Seminary, was with us a year. Other assistants in the corps of eight or ten were, for two years, Miss Ida E. Stanley (now Mrs. Goss, of Winetka, Ill.), a former pupil, and, for a term, Miss L. D. Strong, of Westfield.

Very much was due to Miss Mary E. Ingersoll, assistant for nine years, from 1868 to 1877, and to Miss L. R. Barron (Mrs. M. E. Rawson), for four years, from 1867 to 1871. Both these ladies have since held prominent positions in the benevolent work of the city,—Miss Ingersoll as secretary of the non-partisan W. C. T. U.; and Mrs. Rawson as president of the Young Ladies' Branch of the Women's Christian Association.

For one term Prof. Theodore W. Hopkins, afterward of Cornell, gave instruction in physics and Latin. In French, Prof. J. A. de la Forêt taught a year, and, succeeding him, that department was for four years under Prof. A. Le Vasseur. The

enrolment from 1866 to 1872 stood 142, 132, 142, 131, 103, 98; of which the boys were 11, 15, 27, 44, 38, 32.

Much energy was expended in carrying out old or new plans inculcating self-control. "Absolutely no communication between pupils in the school-hours" was the standard of conduct. Every day saw renewed efforts to reach it among the majority, as well as continual failures among a few, whose lapses were seldom such as to disturb the general order. There were many hours when no teacher was in the large study room, and the recollection of the pupils will certify that almost without exception it was a very quiet place. Each wrote at night on a small slip of paper his or her account of success in deportment. These notes were collected, and looked over after school by the principal and teachers together. Failures were investigated, and temptations removed, sometimes by changing seats. Every motive was brought to bear personally: first of all, the obligation to do right,— the duty not to steal the time or opportunities of others, and not to waste one's own. A few verses of Scripture were read in the morning, with a short comment; then a prayer was offered for God's blessing on all we were about to do, and a petition for his help and guidance. All classes were then sent down to recitation-rooms. At the end of each "division," the ringing of a bell filled the hall and stairs with a crowd of smiling and earnest faces; there was no talking, a gentle bustle for a few moments as each class went to its room, and then all

was still again. Pleasant half-hours were they in the large, light class-rooms, only always too short, when the teachers and scholars, alike enthusiastic, gave heart and eye and soul to whatever they were studying, something new kindling interest at every step. It was a much-preoccupied girl or boy who was not for the time all attention, swept along with awakened desire far above the wish to finish the book and get to something else. Each day had its variety for the last hour. Mondays, the Bible-lesson topics, which had been made by each teacher for her class, were recited, and the reports of the previous week were given to the pupils to be taken home. Tuesdays and Thursdays brought the writing or drawing masters; Wednesdays, abstracts, or particularly, compositions were read by all in sections, and the best, chosen from each, on the school-room platform, which was a fine distinction. Friday was elocution-day, when short selections were spoken by the boys; and it would never do to take any excuse in lieu of this performance. It was not always brilliant. One unprepared speaker of those days commenced his extract from an "Ode to Spring" with the words, "Sisters, come up!" and hesitating, repeated, "Sisters, come up!" The sisters laughed, the brothers shouted, and he came down to get a better "ready" next time. On another occasion a youngster reported, as part of a newspaper item, that "the hay-crop would in some sections be short." His own just close-shaven pate appeared to the boys too apt an illustration; and hilarity reigned, to

abbreviate his speech. Yet another of that same bright, mischievous group perpetrated an abstract a little out of the common. It was given to write, "England has had but four queens. The first was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; and she put so many persons to death for their religion that she was called Bloody Mary. The second was her half-sister Elizabeth," etc. The narrative reappeared in one short sentence: "England has had but three kings, and one was a queen, and they called her 'Bloody Murder.'" It is well if the small boy-writer has made no more serious mistakes in after life. So large a number of pupils with its proportion of "little men" made the school in these years a centre of intense activity, of buoyant spirits, as well as constant solicitude, with an unceasing endeavor to do the best for each, as the Heavenly Father gave us wisdom to see it. How receptive to all that was good were the vast majority, how loyal to the spirit of truth, how genuine in their desire for the highest ideals of character, the years have unfolded and are unfolding still. The Scripture instructions, the many prayers, the appeals to conscience in all the government, were not without results, and the moral tone as well as the intellectual steadily rose.

Surroundings were gradually ameliorated. For a while it required all the exuberance of that young life to divert attention from the unsightly premises; but grading, grass, fence, walks from the appropriation of September, 1868, improved the exterior.

Mr. Joseph Perkins sent a number of shrubs, and under his direction were set the vines which afterward clambered up the wall and wreathed the balcony. For a time two native oaks gave shade at the front and rear ; one soon died, and the last trace of the other has now disappeared. Besides janitor's apartments, the finished basement afforded a comfortable room for French recitations, and a much needed cloak-room and side entrance. Paper was put on the bare walls, the platform was carpeted, and the children purchased two chromos, when those inventions were new, to place over the blackboards on each side of it. By degrees other pictures, gathered from various sources and laboriously furbished up, were hung all about. A door from the school-room opened on the upper balcony, where a bevy of gay maidens usually flocked at recess. It commanded a pretty outlook up and down Euclid Avenue. At the rear of the ample platform, plenty large for a piano, besides the teacher's table, hung the clock, in a retreating space flanked by two cupboards. This space was arched, and was very convenient for a piece of effective trimming. Before Huron Terrace was built, the morning sun shone freely in, and the many windows were inlets of so much light as to make a cheerful impression when one entered. An important element of our later comfort must not be omitted. For some years the duties of janitor were performed by a somewhat remarkable couple, who had been among the Shakers ; and the house and surroundings demonstrated their

scrupulous neatness and conscientious care. Reverses of fortune and changes of belief had put them in an unaccustomed place, and the pupils cannot but remember Mr. Webster's venerable bearing and the cheerfulness of his more quaint and most capable wife.

Thursday lectures every fortnight, when all the school assembled for the last half-hour, were designed sometimes to waken interest in the best literature, like selections and comments on the "Spectator;" again, to make real, past historic scenes like those in Motley's "Dutch Republic;" or to bring before the children the wonders of Nature and Art, like the glaciers or the Pyramids. Echoes of the great American conflict were rolling all about us still in those first years at the new building; and one Talk from the travel note-book will show the feeling, universal then, and serve as a specimen war-lecture.

## ANDERSONVILLE.

IT was a cool, sunny morning in November, 1865, that with a party of friends I left the depot at Macon, Ga., on our way to visit this spot, destined to be famous in the annals of infamy. On the baggage half of the train the letters C. S. were plainly visible. The one passenger coach was filled to overflowing with clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church and their wives and daughters, returning from Conference at Macon,—the first in five years. Bundles, bags, and bandboxes were piled on the floor and in the aisles. Among the heaps my place was found in a seat without a back and long since stripped of cushions. "How far are you going?" asked a gentleman, who owned the packages and sat on the end. "To Andersonville, sir." He rose immediately, and did not return. But our thoughts were too busy to heed him,—busy with the crowded platforms of Union soldiers who had been borne over these rails in hunger and discouragement; with the many who had never turned northward again. What longing eyes, searching for some chance of escape, had looked out over every yard of the road! Thirteen months before, hundreds and hundreds of them had been hurried to Millen, for Sherman was on his resistless March to the Sea; and how they must have dreamed of rescue till hope died within them! Meanwhile the talk ran on around us, and some fragments

emerged into distinctness. An elderly lady in black: "I am not a refugee, but an exile. I've lived at the North, and the more I see of the Northerners, the more I hate them!" A pretty miss of fifteen at a stopping-place: "Oh! I'm afraid to get out here, there's so many Yanks!" A portly church dignitary, with pulpit emphasis: "We want nothing to do with the North; nothing at all, sir." A gentleman who had no seat: "That conductor, d—n him! came to me for my ticket. I paid for it, and have stood all the way. He'll never have it. If I had had my revolver, I would have shot him where he stood."

As we neared the place, a white guide-board, inscribed "National Cemetery," glided by us. One of the ministers' wives leaned forward and said in my ear: "Look at it! I'm glad to have you see it; you're one of 'em, I reckon!" Soon we landed on the platform,—the only part of a station building yet erected. There we found two fellow visitors,—one the business agent of a New Orleans house, who had worn the army blue as a volunteer; the other the editor of a widely circulated religious journal. Of the fate of the first we had always fears, as nothing could be heard from him afterward. In plain sight, half a mile away, on a rise of barren ground, lay the prison-pen,—a parallelogram enclosed by a double stockade of logs driven closely side by side, making two lines around the few acres of red soil. The miserable little village was away at the other side of the railroad. On the heights

around were the remnants of the barracks occupied by the Confederate guard of three thousand who had been stationed here. They had just been left by a company of our own soldiers sent to "occupy and possess" at the close of the war. A few pines and dwarf bushes made scanty covering to a part of the desolate landscape, but none was near that prison-pen. It lay bare on the red slopes as the cruelty acted there is naked before Heaven. There was no hotel, and no railroad train till the next day; and it was necessary that the gentlemen should find shelter for the night. Overwhelmed with the gruesome associations of the spot, we stood in silence for a while; then spreading out our lunch, awaited their return, while a hundred skeleton hands seemed to stretch out toward us from that hill-side. A black man lingered shyly near when the loungers were all gone. He thought the gentleman was one he had heard of as coming to hire men. He had been at work on the graves, but that was through now. He could not read, but he had always thought they would be free some time. Now he did not know what he should do without earning something. We did not know either; but with our faces turned to that spot, the secret links which fastened the life of this poor waif to all that was suffered there flashed anew upon us.

At the officers' prison had been a house twelve feet square, now burned, and the place made a cattle-pen. In one corner a well had still a little water at the bottom,—more wholesome now than when the

captives drew from it their fever-breeding drink. Many barracks had been taken down ; the remainder were harboring the otherwise homeless negroes. Fragments of letters and splinters of board bedsteads littered the ground. Over one cabin was scrawled in white chalk, " Hotel." It was undeniably the best house in the place. Not long, and we were following in an old ambulance the path across the ravine which those thousands of weary soldiers had filed along under the summer sun of one year ago, the smoke of battle yet upon them, hungry and footsore, looking to the solid wall of pine trunks before them, and thinking, " They will not know at home what has become of me." Passing through the outer gap, opened since the surrender, we crossed the space between the two stockades ; and reaching the inner entrance, found it had been fortified by a third portico pen, as it were. On the corners cannons had been planted, lest a rush for liberty might sometime be made by that gathered desperate multitude. We stepped over a beam, and the heavy door, secured by a chain, fell with a dull clang behind us.

Here was Andersonville prison ! All was vacant and silent. Coarse grass and wild vines, the growth of a summer, had striven to hide in spots the nakedness of the higher ground ; and in the swamp by the creek the tall plumes of rank weeds were waving in the autumn wind. Around on the top of the stockade the sentry-boxes stood out, like great teeth, against the sky. Twelve or fifteen feet from the wall was a row of small posts, along the top of which

was nailed a single strip of pine. That slight thing was the "dead-line." Looking off over the enclosure, it appeared filled with little chimneys four or five feet high, built of sun-dried bricks; in fact, the place was burrowed with former habitations. On the level part were hundreds of shallow cellars, with sides of mud and sticks, to which old tents and every rag which necessity could spare were fastened for a shelter. Many of these burrows were accurately made; around them had many a time been gathered a hungry and unwashed group, waiting for the coarse mush that was boiling over the fire. Red clay was abundant, and the bricks were covered with the prints of the hands that moulded them. Holes, three or four feet square, honeycombed the soft bank which descended to the creek. These had tiny fireplaces, in some of which were lying bits of wood,—the precious stock of the fortunate few who lived to hear the news from Appomattox. Every rain must have brought down these refuges of mud. Large gulleys furrowed them now; but into them our brave boys crawled in their dirt and nakedness to hide from the fierce heat of the day. One could only crouch; there was no room to lie down, neither was there room to make them larger. The creek now ran clear over its soft bed, though the mud there had been trampled into a fetid mass, whose contact with an abraded part produced gangrene. Just a few months ago, on its brink, the very air was full of these struggling thousands; and there seemed to be something of shame in the little stream as it stole noiselessly away under

the weeds. A spring that broke forth in answer to prayer, they say, fell with a soft gurgle into the trough prepared for it, close by the "dead-line." The low, sweet purling it made was the only sound heard in the stillness. There stood the bakery, where a loaf, twenty inches by ten, and two inches thick, was issued every three days to ten men. All the refuse of this, all the washing of the Rebel guard, was in that stream, where it crossed the line marked by those slender stakes.

Among the half-sunken pits relics were yet found, — a stick across a chimney just nineteen inches long, with two bent pieces of barrel-hoops for hooks ; some small paddles, with which mush was stirred ; a chip hollowed to receive a daily ration ; a bucket bottom with a game cut on it; now and then a fragment of old army blue, still fastened to the supports of their tents. What hungry eyes have looked out from these caves ; what pangs of thirst were endured as these suffering men pushed their way to that fouled stream, and thought of the cool waters flashing in the well at home ! Hushed now the sounds of contention, promises, ravings, broken prayers. September rains had washed from the soil its festering accumulations ; September winds had borne away the unwholesome odors which had made every breath a poison. Above, the serene heavens were smiling in unchanging blue. One, before Whom the "sighing of the prisoner" can come, had seen it all.

The captive soldiers who crowded this spot with a noisy mass of life one year ago, were now the

dwellers in a silent city not far off. Thither we followed them through the gate out of which none of the inhabitants shall ever pass, and looked abroad over the plain, whitened, as far as the eye could see, with the head-boards that marked each last abode. Beneath our feet they lay in long rows, side by side in the deep trenches, uncoffined, unshrouded, often with their eyes unclosed and their limbs unstraightened from the throes of dissolution. But they slept in peace, they would hunger no more, neither thirst any more; kind hands had levelled the earth above them, that we might say of our dead one, "There is he, though his bones should mingle with the bones of strangers, to be distinguished no more forever."

Feb. 27, 1864, the first grave was dug; April 28, 1865, the last. 12,890 lie between. There is something in these numbers, 9,802, 9,803, 9,804, on and on, in their pitiless continuance, indescribably painful. United States soldiers, led by Clara Barton, had just completed the pious duty of smoothing the burial-places and setting up the white head-marks that blanched the whole plain. Inscriptions were placed on boards in the walks that threaded the cemetery, among them two that grew familiar ere our journey ended.

"But whether in the prison drear,  
Or in the battle van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man.

“On Fame’s eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.”

We were there searching for one particular morsel of ground. Somewhere was lying a young New England volunteer, bearing the name and kinship of the beloved Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst. First, the part of the trench dug on his death-day was traced out; and at length, among ninety others buried with him, we found his name. The darling son, the only child, with his pure, high heart, and not a foot wide for his grave! He had borne hunger, nakedness, pain for weeks, months, till the bitter end; but he had never said: “I am sorry I enlisted.” Far away to the North were father and mother, who would have died for him; *there* was plenty of food and medicine and tender care. But in the midnight, by the light of the pine-torch, the wretched dying of misery all around, came also the summons to him. No friends stood by, but One bent over his squalid bed whose touch was gentler than a mother’s, and he looked the last hour calmly in the face. When the morning came, they had put him in the dead-cart. Other dead were piled over him, and they had driven it to the long trench and laid him close between two others, and shovelled the earth upon the face the mother’s lips had pressed, upon the fair locks where a father’s hand had rested to bless his only son. And in that far home there is nothing left for those

two but the thought of all this, till the end shall come. And what is the number on that board? 9,223. Nine thousand before him, three thousand after him! A few withered flowers, gathered in ruined Atlanta, were laid on the soft brown earth of the grave, and they promised to set a rose there, and to spread the green turf over it soon. And those that lie by him, are they not all martyrs? They sleep not like the dead at Murfreesboro', on the scene of a glorious victory; not as the dead at Chattanooga, the heights of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain above them to echo proud their fame. There is only that stockade of pine-logs to tell how they were stifled, and grew gaunt and loathsome, and were put under ground.

Our abiding-place that night was the building which had been the Confederate hospital. For windows were great square holes shut by board slides; for chairs, two long planks and some empty boxes set on end; for light, the blazing pine; for host and hostess, those who had suffered in the great cause. From distant corners of the Union one impulse had brought us there, and the talk in the firelight was all of those terrible and glorious days. Little sleep was there, looking out through the wide crevices into the cold, starry sky, thinking who had been there before, and never ceasing for a moment to see that white City of the Dead.

In the morning we visited the building where the medicines had been kept. Our soldiers had left nothing but a pile of barks, roots, herbs, powders,

and torn papers, that covered the floor a foot deep. The room that Wirz had occupied was scrawled with names and full of rubbish. He had been executed the week before. At last, climbing by ladders to the sentry-boxes, we looked down over the whole spot. Twenty-five guns, on five forts, commanded every approach.

It was a beautiful morning, soft as Indian summer; but nothing could spread a cheerful smile over the scene. Not a tree, not a shrub, scarce even a dead leaf; and two years ago there was a forest here. We saw the hundreds of ruined huts, the remnants of the few sheds that, as if in mockery, could cover but a handful of the thronging thousands; the creek, slowly gliding over its muddy bed; the "dead-line's" slender strip on every side; and that central way where every morning they laid out in a ghastly row the released who had gone by a dark road out of the prison-pen,—a way no cannon could command. And the summer sun of 1864, every time it rose, shone on their dark, cold faces, their rag-covered, motionless limbs. Hush! Was there anything stirred in those tall weeds? Is there some figure stooping, gathering a few grains of meal from the foul sand? Was it a gun flashed from the sentry-box yonder, and did something struggle a moment near that dead-line? Oh! the spot is accursed of Heaven; the air is full of ghosts that are calling for vengeance; and there is no Angel of Pity among them! Not until our faces were turned again to the glorious North, and we were

speeding with railroad swiftness away from all we had seen, did we draw a long breath of relief as if we had passed out of a horror of great darkness. All the way from Macon a party of ladies sat behind us, and they were full of sympathy. "Poor Captain Wirz!" "He was a good man." "His family will never be left to suffer." "The Southern ladies ought to erect a monument to him, and put on it, 'Our Martyr.'" It was not strange that the first feeling was like that of Queen Elizabeth toward the dying Countess of Nottingham, as, shaking her in the bed, she said: "God may forgive you, but I never can!" But better thoughts came. They did not know what had been done, and they had suffered too.

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Memory-pictures of the pupils and their ways are closely associated with what they did or said on one of our public days, at Christmas or at the close of the year. It was no exhibition of a favorite few; and as there were never more than three or four days of outside preparation, and the regular lessons were not interfered with, the performance gave a fair idea of the training. Once, the steam-radiators growled and rumbled so that nothing could be heard, and once we dared to inflict upon the whole audience a composition from every member of the school. In the classes, each pupil read one always. With these exceptions, the retrospect is pleasant. Arch and walls were festooned with evergreen wreaths which the girls had twined with frolic the day before. The

forenoon recitations were selected to show the manner of teaching in all grades, from mental arithmetic to astronomy. The written examinations had been previously finished. In the afternoon, when Bible-lesson review was never omitted, there was sometimes a large audience; at others, only a few,—though the reading of the tardy list for the term, and the names of those who stood highest in the examination, was likely to command the attention of the scholar part of it. To encourage punctuality was all we could do, having no means of enforcing it; and the great distances from which many came in this scattered city made prompt attendance most difficult. For two years quite a number rode in from East Cleveland; before street-cars ran beyond the station, there was only hourly communication. These pupils were, however, usually on time. A French colloquy and a debate for the boys were rigidly parts of the programme. One heated political discussion was held on the impeachment of President Johnson,—perhaps to as much purpose as many at Washington; another on the “Alabama claims.” This last was enlivened by the presence and counsel of two young “tars” from the “Kearsarge” and the “Alabama” respectively, who closed the debate after their own fashion.

- A.** John Bull can fight yet, you 'll find.
- K.** Yes, but he 'd rather pay.
- A.** What ! for all the hulls we sent adrift ?
- K.** Every ship's bottom of them.

*A.* And all the petroleum? — and a nasty mess it was.

*K.* Every drop in the smelling-bottle.

*A.* And give up the sixty tickers we took to England, and the "Alabama" gone to the bottom? We'll be scuttled first!

*Exeunt* to the tune of "Rule Britannia," never again to appear in a nautical *rôle*.

Later, the *pro's* and *con's* of "The Bible in the Public Schools" were given with so much show of argument that a reporter was moved to the intimation that the audience had that day listened to some of our future lawyers,—true of one out of the eight engaged in the case. Orations for and against the San Domingo annexation were in the same line of keeping the boys interested in current events. By way of fanciful prognostication, they once chose their future callings. A dealer in hardware, a dry-goods merchant, lawyer, sailor, bridge-builder, hunter and trapper, editor, architect, machinist, doctor, soldier, congressman, railroad-conductor, and two farmers, each in turn magnified his elected business; when all marched off the stage to the tune, "Keep to the right, Boys; keep to the right!"

Two young ladies followed, in a conversation supposed to be ten years after, in which they talked over their boy school-mates, by that time showing their life-work begun. The dry light of to-day reveals the hardware-merchant as a rising lawyer and party leader; the hunter and trapper is a trustee in

several large benevolences, foremost in civilized refinement; the editor and congressman are far deeper in iron-mining than in journalism or political wire-pulling. One farmer is a member of a wholesale produce firm, and the other indulges expensive tastes in his domain on the Lake shore; the architect and machinist are running electric street-railroads,—a thing which would have seemed as chimerical then as flying to the moon. The lawyer deals in real estate, the sailor is in the First City Troop, and the soldier has been conducting an extensive poultry business. One only has finished his life-work: the bridge-builder has crossed the river of Death. Even as we write, William Parish, in the midst of an honorable business career, is being borne to his burial. Does the present scientific professor in a State Normal School of the great Northwest remember how he put his boyish fire into Victor Hugo's "Address to the Germans before Paris," and how it was not quite the fair thing that another little boy followed with a parody on it? Would the honorable bondsman of a defaulting city treasurer emphasize now his juvenile eulogy of "Integrity?" Among these youthful speakers one is to-day a clergyman of the Presbyterian, and another of the Episcopal church. What images of you all in those school-room seats too small for you, in the class-room, rushing out of the front-door for recess, are printed on indelible leaves! The boyish indifference, half assumed, and the boyish tenderness mingled together, and each outcropping most unexpectedly; the charm of teaching you when one could

get your attention, and the — want of it if one could not; the habitual reliance on your word, so seldom betrayed; your roguish enjoyment of teasing about small regulations you "could not see any sense in;" our wonder what you would do next, which was never allowed to grow stale, underlying all our intense desire to mould and guide mind and heart to the truest manliness, with a consciousness that somehow we were not equal to it, — these roll back out of the past, real to-day as ever. In the vacation of 1869 Fred Kimball was lost overboard in the Detroit River, just fourteen; Samuel W. Everett died in the opening of a promising manhood; Charles W. Bishop, having borne long suffering with a martyr's fortitude, went to an early grave; Lansing Russel's life withered away in slow decline before he was twenty-five; Montagu R. Ely was struck down by fever in his first year at Princeton; John Andrews was called as suddenly in the beginning of a great business career from the new charms of a home. Many are standing bravely in their places, upholding all that is best in the world around; if any have wandered from paths of peace, each may know that the hearts of teachers and school-mates still keep the picture of his school-boy days, hoping and praying that he will come to himself again.

Turning in our thoughts to the girls, memories of this period crowd in beautiful, tender array. Maiden voices and maiden shyness are blended with the soft tones of the piano, played as accompaniment to their recitations of "The Death of Paul Dombey," "Tom

Pinch at the Organ," Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," Bunyan's "Pilgrim crossing the River." They stood together in long ranks to chant the Lord's Prayer, or petitions and praises from the Psalms; they read their compositions, which were never long, the titles indissolubly associated with the readers. "Evening Hours of Life," we trust, gave a distant, glowing promise to one who is struggling bravely through the morning; "Father and Daughter" disclosed a filial friendship now awaiting reunion in the land beyond. Doubtless the devoted mother of five little ones has learned something since of "Confusion of Tongues;" "Confessions of a Truth-seeker" came appropriately from the clear-minded daughter of a candid doctor of divinity; and the girl graduate whose "Literature *versus* Housekeeping" was read in her necessary absence, must have made discoveries as to the work involved in the first, if not the last, as the "Century" is sped over two hemispheres. "Looking over Letters" could not have been very sentimental then. Was "Concerning Bridges" prompted by the strong, re-poseful character which has since been a high-way to better things for all about her? She who discussed "Misses" has a darling girl of her own. The diary of "Shem's Wife in the Ark" and "A Visit to the North Pole" were bold flights. Could the young Arctic explorer have foreseen her responsible work in one high-school class after another, it would have seemed as improbable a dream; nor can we forget that we have been introduced to the three stalwart

boys of the girl member who eulogized an "Old Maid's Club." "Day and Night in the Forest City," "Avenue and Alley," "Celebrities of Cleveland," caught some fleeting views in our rapidly shifting municipality. "The World's Monotonies" was the prelude to an intense life in the sphere of music, and "Daytime Stars" heralded the beams of a planet which continues to shed sweet influence most benign.

The intellectual acquirements aimed at were embodied in the course of study, varied somewhat from time to time. The one given here is from the catalogue of 1871-1872.

#### COURSE OF STUDY.

##### PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Reading, Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, Geography, Composition, Declamation, First Lessons in Bible, Written Arithmetic to Fractions.

##### PREPARATORY COURSE.

###### FIRST TERM.

###### SECOND TERM.

###### THIRD TERM.

Mental Arithmetic, Practical Arithmetic, Practical Arithmetic, Grammar and Composition through the year.

U. S. History, Natural History, Natural History,  
Latin Grammar, Latin Grammar, Latin Grammar.

##### ACADEMIC COURSE.

###### *First Year.*

Commercial Arithmetic through the year.

English Analysis, English Analysis, English Analysis,  
Review Geography, History of England, History of England,  
Latin Reader, Latin Reader, Latin Reader.

*Second Year.*

Review U. S. History,	Algebra,	Algebra,
Physiology,	Physiology,— Botany,	Botany,
History of Greece,	History of Rome,	History of Middle Ages,
Cæsar,	Cæsar,	Nepos.

*Third Year.*

Natural Philosophy,	Nat. Phil.—Chemistry,	Chemistry,
Geometry,	Geometry,	Science of Government,
Geology,	Rhetoric,	Rhetoric,
Cicero,	Cicero,	Virgil.

*Fourth Year.*

Astronomy,	Moral Science,	English Literature,
Mental Philosophy,	Mental Phil.— Butler,	Primary Reviews,
Virgil,	Livy,	Horace.

A Course of Instruction in Greek and Mathematics suitable to prepare young men for College, is provided in connection with the Academic.

Special teachers are employed in Penmanship, French, and German.

Finishing the course meant four years of application, after thorough acquaintance with the fundamentals. No effort was made to crowd pupils through. Taking higher studies was deferred till the last of the 'teens, and a distinction was made between a classical and a simply English diploma. Such a course does not tend to multiply graduates, and the whole number was but thirty, — representing favoring circumstances as well as perseverance in work. Of course a large part of the teaching was like building under water. On each class of one, or three, or six, was spent the same time and pains of instruction as if the number had been many times as great. The

first senior classes recited in Butler's "Analogy" or "Moral Philosophy," ranged before the platform on their graduation-day, according to the true Holyoke precedent, till, with the first written examination in 1869, this ordeal was dispensed with. The diplomas were engrossed with the motto *Alere flammam*, and were generally handed to the class by one of the Trustees. Mr. Handy did this graceful office for us twice. A little girl then spoke the Farewell of the school, giving each one who was to leave us a basket of flowers,—the only ones presented on the occasion. Among the addresses before them was one by the Rev. Dr. Bittinger on "The Duty of Women to distribute the Beautiful,"—a scholarly presentation of art ethics. Dr. Goodrich once uttered a heartfelt "God-speed," and Dr. O. A. Lyman gave a forcible statement of the "Duties of Educated Women." Dr. James Eells made us happy with his genial presence and wise counsel, and the benediction of Dr. Wolcott rested upon us a hallowed incense, lingering long. They have all met now on the other side. Afterward, Dr. Haydn and Dr. Pomeroy encouraged us by their presence, and said what was good for us to hear.

A new departure was made with the graduating class of 1870 by an excursion to the town of Hudson, in order to visit the observatory, laboratory, and other scientific adjuncts of the Western Reserve College. It was the only practicable means of obtaining definite ideas of such instruments. We had occasion to remember the genial hospitality of some

of the Faculty ladies, for, bright and clear as the weather was when we started, a snow-storm set in on our way down, and we were obliged to spend the night there. The departments of physics and chemistry were courteously shown; but the whole heavens, rings of Saturn and all, were hidden by a cloud blanket, and we could only study the observatory. It was the first time most of the company had ever seen a telescope. Attending prayers in the college chapel the next morning, we were not quite certain whether the boys meant anything when they chose for a hymn "I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger, I can Tarry but a Night." However that was, this visit was one of the fine links which afterward drew a number of the college professors to the knowledge and interest of our pupils. Three years later, it was under discussion and thought by President Cutler and the principal whether the Academy might not be brought into relation with the college by extending our classical course, and making the studies of our pupils up to their last year agree with those of the first two college years, and be subject to the same examinations; but the desire for a classical education was not yet sufficiently awake among the girls to make the plan feasible. Other causes opposed; and this slight adumbration of a Woman's College Annex passed with no trace but the regret for a starved ideal. Perhaps it was too much to expect. The Academy pupils presented now types of all the varieties that usually make up a city day private school. There were the children who, for some cause had fallen

behind in the public schools,—no small number, and very difficult to bring to any standard of scholarship but that of “passing” or “not passing.” There were the giddy ones, who had been at a dance the night before, and were going again to-morrow,—very interesting to their young beaux; but for us, seemingly hopeless cases, till Providence took them in hand in the great school of life, where they were often transformed. A number of invalids came for one lesson or two, and were always absent the last part of the term, and a few were sent by their parents because certain young ladies from wealthy families were there. We had wayward girls of good antecedents, who were frequently converted to be great comforts, but sometimes became more and more stubborn. And among all these, the large element that leavened and made charming the rest,—the open-souled, receptive children who grew every day in all that was inspiring in mind and beautiful in character. Keenly too were we made to feel that our opportunities were fleeting, as we followed Emma Breed to her grave, and felt the sorrow when Annie Sherman left a mourning circle here, and Elsie Briggs one in her home on the Hudson.

To relate how personal interest fastened to each child of a group so dissimilar, how each became a centre of plan and effort, and was drawn as far as possible into the general track of improvement, persuaded, stimulated, governed by appeals to conscience, would be impossible. Each dear one committed to our care was initiated without any will of his own into a kind of mystic order, separate from all other

human beings in our thoughts ; and that they were removed by dissatisfied parents made no difference as to their membership on our part, however relieved we might feel of further responsibility concerning them. Entering thus into their forming modes of thought and action, it was what they were, and not how they appeared, that welded so strongly the links of attachment ; and it is not for the sake of recalling their attractions in public, but of recreating the unconscious personality of every day, of reviving the happy hours of quiet progress, that we shall try to bring up some of the living, speaking pictures that crowd for us that platform.

One stands apart from the others. It was the burial day of Gen. George H. Thomas. A young boy in a soldier's uniform, bearing a draped flag, came forward on the stage and stood in an attitude of grief, while to dirge-music a young lady advanced from the other side. She was attired in mourning, and carried a large wreath of ivy. After a few solemn strains in the hushed stillness, she pronounced a eulogy on the dead general.

“ Another hero has fallen ! General Thomas is gone, and to-day the gallant form which had been a centre of hope and power in so many dark hours of peril has been covered up from sight forever. Another name has been set in the past, to shine a star in our country's glory, for it is a stainless name. In the flush of youth he stood bravely at Monterey and Buena Vista. What he did in the great war for

freedom in many a stern-fought, bloody struggle till the glorious days when the tide of rebellion was rolled back by him at Nashville, will be told when the children of these days are old to their children. Never beat a truer, braver heart than the one now pulseless in that coffin. No eye looked more clearly and singly to the great end of his country's good. We loved him, we believed in him, even as did the thousands of brave men who called him father. 'I have had all I deserve,' he said, when it was proposed to give him a testimonial at the close of the war. 'If you have anything to bestow, let it be on the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.' There spoke the man. No, brave and modest old hero, you did not have all you deserved, unless the trust of every soldier who followed you was reward enough! How many a manly heart heaved, how many a bronzed lip quivered, at the words, 'Thomas is dead!' With them, scattered over our broad land to-day, we place a wreath upon your grave. Gone to join McPherson and Mitchell and Lyon and Rawlins and Stanton, the noblest Roman of them all. Farewell! Sleep quietly beside the stately Hudson. As long as its waters shall flow, the Republic will not forget her defender, brave, unselfish, true!"

Both left the stage to a slow march.

School colloquies of those years have a strong flavor of the class-room, and must ask on their imperfections the partial judgment of your childish days.

One afternoon it is a group of girls who have been studying the history of Greece that are speaking. They are seated on the stage, with their crotchet-work in their hands.

*A.* I, for one, am a hero-worshipper; and the old Greek heroes for me!

*B.* And I the same. There's nobody ever since worth admiring. I can think of nothing lately but Leonidas, Miltiades, Epaminondas, and Lysander.

*C.* That is admiration by wholesale,—indifferent, good, superlative, abominable, all together!

*D.* All military heroes too. Have you any room left for Plato and Aristotle, to say nothing of Pheidias and Xeuxis? I wish I had lived then in all that glory.

*E.* Not much of it would have been yours, being a woman.

*F.* Pretty much the only woman's rights in those days was the right to go to the temples and thank Zeus, Ares, and the rest that their husbands and sons had been killed in battle.

*C.* I should not have objected to being Aspasia, and would have been willing to live in a house on the walls, if I might have had Socrates for a teacher.

*B.* Probably the contemplation of his beauty would not have interrupted your studies. Who can wonder Aristophanes laughed at him!

*A.* Perhaps he did not look as ugly as his bust; and I don't believe the people who heard him talk ever thought about his thick lips and snub-nose.

*B.* It is worth while, at any rate, to be held a great man twenty-two hundred years by the whole world. Never was any one like him!

*F.* Maybe the rest have had more fame than they deserve. I dare say there are in our days greater generals and greater poets and philosophers than any of them. I am sure there are greater patriots.

*E.* Yes! Washington for one, and Wellington.

*A.* I doubt whether we could match Themistocles. No matter what was needed, he had always a resource ready. The cruellest thing that ever was done was driving him away from Attica to die.

*C.* It was grand of him to put himself to death rather than to fight against his country. And what a fine thing that was of old Aristeides calling Themistocles out of the midnight council, and telling his old rival and enemy how to gain a great victory!

*E.* And he had been an exile six years then.

*B.* As for patriotism, Epaminondas was the chief of all. That miserable little Thebes did not deserve so much devotion.

*D.* Pericles was the only fortunate one. He finished his gigantic steps and temples and wonderful statue that sailors away off on the Mediterranean could see, and had a good look at them before he died.

*F.* Just in time. How would he have endured seeing the Spartans lording it over his splendid city?

*A.* The Athenians must have felt under the Thirty Tyrants very much as the South Carolinians have under their black rulers.

*E.* But we can't help admiring the Spartans. Greece would have had no Thermopylæ or Platæa without them.

*B.* A man cannot do more than die for his country ; and we do not know how much those old stories of Leonidas and Aristomenes have done to stir men up to noble deeds.

*C.* In one thing Athens had the advantage of us. She got funds out of her neighbors to carry on her wars, and we have to pay all our own debts.

*F.* We've invented a way of doing it she would never have thought of,— stamping letters on a piece of paper, and making people take that for money.

*D.* How much more convenient than Spartan currency, if you can call it that. I've always wondered where they kept their treasure, having no banks or stockings.

*F.* Well, they were not everlastingly talking about resuming specie payments. Imagine a Spartan saying as much about anything as every American has about the resumption !

*C.* But I am not sure I had not rather hear some modern speeches than even Demosthenes thundering out those Philippics.

*F.* Or some modern debates, than Pericles and Cimon on Sicily.

*B.* Among all the glorious men whose names ended in "es," I wonder no one has mentioned my favorite, the fascinating Alcibiades.

*D.* A combination of Aaron Burr and Jeff. Davis.

*A.* A good deal more successful. I should have

enjoyed seeing him brought up by the shouting crowd on the very top wave of popularity, the priests throwing into the sea the lead plates where they had graved their curses against him.

*C.* To be a knave was the surest way to captivate those Athenians. They treated their best men scandalously.

*E.* How would it answer for our Republic to follow her example? Sumner would have been driven to death, under the suspicion that he was aiding the South; Sherman sent over to Russia, and forbidden to come back; Seward condemned by Congress to kill himself,—if we can imagine such a thing.

*F.* It is singular how few of them were left to die a natural death. Pericles is the only one.

*C.* And he died for the lack of a sanitary police!

*D.* The Spartans would have had too much sense to shut themselves up that way till the plague broke out.

*A.* After all, Attic salt is better than Spartan black broth.

*F.* And coffee and the morning paper better than either.

*A.* The miserable thing was they could not agree to live in peace together. Rome herself could never have conquered them if they had not been so jealous of each other.

*B.* What if our Union should go to pieces some day like that?

*A.* I dare say there will be some old Agesilaus to tell us we had better keep united and fight somebody

else than to pummel each other. Oh, it will not be for the want of good advice that we shall break asunder!

*C.* Or of ever so many great men.

*B.* Or of tanners and tailors and flat-boat sailors who turn out to be great men.

*D.* No; it will be because there was never but one Socrates, and but one Aristeides. No wonder Lord Byron went to die for the freedom of that land. I am going to learn to read Greek.

*F.* So am I, as soon as I finish this tidy; but if we are to hear Beecher to-night, we must get ready.

At another time, during Reconstruction days, a class of children have their play with geography.

*[Eight little girls come in, some eating candy, and two with dolls. Two taller than the rest.]*

*Bessie.* What shall we play this afternoon?

*Anna.* Let's play school.

*All.* Yes! yes! But who 'll be the teacher?

*Fanny.* Let me be!

*Daisy.* No, me!

*Ellen.* Oh, let me!

*B.* Oh, you 're both too little; you can't make us mind!

*A.* I 'm going to be the teacher myself, and we will have examination.

*Carrie.* And tell all we know about everything?

*D.* That won't take very long.

*A.* Now you must take your places, and not one of you speak, unless I speak first.

*Ella.* Well! you have spoken already, so we can all begin. [*To Georgia and Harriet.*] Are n't you coming?

*Georgia.* No; we are going to be the Examination Board, and see if you pass.

*F.* Two nice Boards you 'll be,— one cross-grained, and the other knotty!

*Harriet.* Oh! we graduated three years ago, and have been travelling since.

*E.* Yes,— down to Buffalo and back on a night-train, and then to Crestline.

*D.* Just let us all pass, and we 'll give you a gold-headed cane.

*A.* Come! I 'm going to begin [*brandishes a small stick*], and we will have an examination in geography.

*All.* Yes, we 've finished that.

*E.* And there is n't anything left of it.

*A.* I shall begin at the very beginning of the book. What is the shape of the world?

*B.* Round, like a croquet ball, only when it is peakéd in South America, and hollowed out where the poles are stuck in.

*E.* Teacher, how do they know that the world is round? I never could see how they told.

*A.* Why, the picture of it in the Geography is round; and when you go out of doors you can see for yourself.

[*G. and H. put on spectacles and take notes, expressing satisfaction. This both do during the colloquy.*]

*D.* I know the next question. Ask me that.

*A.* Describe the rivers of North America.

*D.* The Hudson through the highlands flows,  
The Connecticut over the mill-dam goes;  
The St. Lawrence has a terrible fall,  
And on the Ohio the flat-boats crawl.

*H.* Did you construct that up as you went along?

*C.* No, she was sitting still all the time.

*E.* I know the rest.

On the McKenzie there's always skating;  
On the Potomac the lobbies are waiting,  
With a fishing-smack on the Merrimac.

*C.* [*interrupting.*]

The Black Warrior ties to the Tombigbee,  
And crinkles around on the Tennessee;  
And the Oconee and the Ocmulgee,  
And all the other 'gees,' every one—

*F.* [*interrupting.*]

Ran as fast as ever they run  
When Sherman's men marched down to the sea.

*C.* She left out the Mississippi and the Cuyahoga.

*B.* The Cuyahoga runs round and around,  
And finally runs right into the ground.

*E.* No, it don't; it runs into the water-works.

*A.* You should n't say "runs;" you should say  
"flows."

*G.* May the Examining Board ask a question?

*A.* Certainly. We expect to be bored by the  
examiners.

*G.* How does your grandfather's well feed the  
Pacific Ocean?

*B.* Grandfather's well flows into Jenkins' Creek, Jenkins' Creek into the Muskingham, and the Muskingham into the Ohio, and the Ohio into the Mississippi, and the Mississippi into the Pacific Ocean,— and is dry a great part of the year.

*C.* Oh, she said the Mississippi flew into the Pacific Ocean!

*D.* And the Pacific Ocean was dry a great part of the year!

*H.* I would like to ask what town is at the junction of the Gulf Stream and the Gulf of Mexico?

*D.* That's the town founded by General Jackson, and confounded by General Butler.

*E.* Where the river makes crevasses,  
And the people make molasses,  
And are proud of their ladies and their swords.

*C.* Where they hold intimidation  
Over every black plantation,  
And whirl around the smooth returning boards.

*G.* What kind of oil do you use on your machine?

*B.* It's lubricating oil, to be sure.

*A.* Now, who can give me the names of the Southern States?

*F.* Miss Sourie, two lovely Carolinas, Mrs. Sippi, and Mother Virginia.

*E.* And our duty is to forgive and forget; and if we cannot forgive, then we should forget.

*A.* And what can you say of New England?

*F.* New England is a number of very small territories in the northeast corner of America, made up

of two stones to one dirt. They used to be called hot-beds ; but now a man in Columbus has left them out in the cold.

*E.* And the people are remarkable for the multitude of their opinions on all subjects.

*D.* And their ministers and books,  
And pins and eyes and hooks.

*E.* And their hills and tip-top schools,  
Their mills and handy tools.

*B.* And saving all their money and shutting all their gates,  
And sending off their boys and girls to make the Western States.

*A.* [*Putting her hands to her head.*] Oh ! you will drive me distracted !

*E.* In that country there is a town, and in that town there is a man, and he writes poetry just like you.

*B.* The one that gave poor people such good advice ?

*D.* What was that ?

*B.* Learn to labor and to wait — for their pay.

*A.* There 's no such thing in the book ! Now describe New York.

*D.* New York extends the whole length of the Erie Canal, and the hand of welcome to all foreigners, if they vote twice and no more.

*B.* And the people are divided into " bulls " and " bears," and " swallow-tails " and " bosses."

*G.* The Board wishes to make a remark.

*F.* [*aside.*] Remarkable Board that !

*G.* You 've said an error. In this examination politics are inaccessible.

*H.* Except every child should know all the history of the country. Tell us the cause of the war.

*C.* Every one knows that. It was the flag ! They were all fighting for the flag ; and that was the great cause.

*F.* No ; it was the voting. If there had not been any voting, there would not have been any bounty-money ; and if there had not been any bounty-money, there would not have been any soldiers.

*A.* Did my father go for bounty-money ? I tell you no !

*D.* Nor my uncle either.

*B.* Nor my cousin, the general.

*G.* It is the opinion of the committee that you are vagariating from the subject.

*A.* Well, we 've finished the United States, and now how would you go to Europe ?

*E.* I should go on the equinoctial line, because none of that was ever known to be lost.

*A.* Correct. Who can bound France ?

*H.* That 's just what I 'd like to know.

*B.* It 's had a good many bindings. It has been bounded on all sides by Louis Napoleon, and top and bottom by the Pope ; but now it is unbounded.

*C.* And it is the fastest country in the world.

*A.* The fastest ?

*C.* It made two revolutions while the earth made only one.

*A.* Now you are *too* quick ! Name the rivers of Europe.

*D.* The Rhine and Tyne and the Maine, the Rhone and the Saone and the Don.

*E.* The Spree and the Dee and the Tee; the Drave and the —

*B.* Save; they mingle their wave with the Danube river.

*F.* [*Beating time with her candy.*] And the Guadalquivir. If I had a tin pan I would play an accompaniment.

*A.* What is England?

*B.* England is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean. It was discovered by accident, and inhabited by aborigines.

*C.* In every city the gin-shops abound;  
And a coal-mine in every hole in the ground.

*A.* What is to be the future of England?

*B.* England is to be conquered by Ireland.

*D.* And that will be the third great Battle of Bull Run.

*A.* Oh! did you really think of that yourself?  
What are the Five Great Powers?

*C.* Gambetta and Lager Beer and the Bank of England and the Great Bear.

*A.* The other?

*F.* Worth, the dressmaker.

*A.* Well, *I* never learned you all these mistakes.  
The Examinating Committee will now begin, and don't you go to disgracing me.

*G.* [*solemnly.*] What are the seven wonders of the world?

*D.* The great round moon is a wonderful wonder.  
*B., C.* And next to that is the thundering thunder.  
*F.* The learned pig and the telegraph.  
*C.* And the thing that makes the committee laugh.  
*G.* I am through ; will you continue ?  
*H.* Where was the seat of the Crimean war ?  
*E.* I suppose it was where war sat down.  
*H.* How could he sit down when he was going on all the while ?  
*D.* He was on a train. He was going round by Kars to take the Golden Horn.  
*H.* Correct. You can all pass.  
*All.* Oh ! you must make a report, and put our names in.

[*G. and H. whisper together, then G. comes forward and reads.:*]

“ The Board have had the happiness of sitting on the Committee of Geography, and cheerfully subsist this report. In thoroughness of discipline and extensive knowledge the class have made reciprocal progress. They have integrally been taught to think. When all are eccentric, it might be irrespective to name any ; but the Board especially recommend Miss Anna, Bessie, Carrie, Daisy, Fannie, and Ella.”

[*Two or three come forward with a Webster's Unabridged, and other books, laying them on the floor, courtesying.*]

*A.* As a slight token of our gratitude for your very able report, we wish to present you with this small mark of esteem. Take it, and wear it for our sakes.

[*All go off the stage to lively music.*]

Even the grave Smithsonian came in for its share of travesty. A set of the boys once made themselves and the audience merry over sundry reports on entomology, the crustacea, etc., — such as recorded experiments proving that flies scared with a towel fly three and a half times farther than if scared with a broom ; a proposal to keep a clam till it died of old age ; and the mystification of the Society over the description of a strange animal as one unable to fly or swim, with two toes, two large depressions in front of its hip-joints, a bluish nose, and marked with peculiar white stripes inside the hind-legs. At the end they resolved that Congress should be petitioned for a thousand acres of land, where experiments might be made on the weather ; and so they were abreast with the Signal Service.

Certain tableau recitations, which were acted by the successive classes for whom they were written, recall pupils of exceptional interest. In grouping and color, with more elaborate costumes and setting, these pieces might have been made quite effective, if we had given time and expense to them ; but nothing could have added to the charming naturalness of the girls who rendered them. The first given here was re-written from the Seminary days. On the platform was placed a small printing-press, the background intended to be formed by flags of all nations.

### MUSIC.

[Enter the GENIUS OF PRINTING in costume, with emblems of the art.]

## RECITATION.

FOUR hundred years ago my glorious art was just awaking among the nations. Like the new-discovered world,—its cradle-twin,—timid, untaught, and all unconscious of its power, it stepped into the world's grand march of progress. Never since that hour has been one backward pace, but firm, right onward, with an ever-growing giant force, it has been impelled and guided and sustained in that triumphant way. And now the symbol of my presence has seized upon the hidden worlds of thought which genius has wrought out in secret, and set them shining like the stars in heaven for the glory and the worship of all the tribes of earth. It has made impalpable ideas of sundered generations and of every clime a mighty, common treasury of boundless value, from which whoever will may take and be enriched forever. Oh! wondrous power of million tongues, what may I not dare and do? But tyranny is strong, and sits enthroned in dreaded pomp; lust of gold is stronger, and pure truth lies deep; while air is full of counterfeits. How shall I wield this power for justice and for right? How shall I keep myself unspotted from the stain of selfish greed? How shall I find the truth?

## MUSIC.

[Enter LIBERTY, with emblematic coronet and sash.]

## RECITATION.

BEHOLD your ally, Liberty ! At your side I take my stand, and swear eternal fealty. By all the consecrated dead who 've perished in that good old cause, I promise that a free press shall be guarded with the last energy of every son of mine,— free as the air to waft away on its sweet wings all foul miasma; free as the waves to sparkle in the mountain glen, around the keels of commerce, or in the bright, cool, draught we press to fevered lips. So shall thought meet thought unchecked; and that electric chain shall weld all nations to one brotherhood of soul. Before the coming of our silent footsteps Tyranny shall flee away, grasping Selfishness shall blush for shame, and Truth come out in radiant whiteness and walk forth, conquering and to conquer, on the highway we have made.

[SPIRIT OF UNBELIEF *appears at the side in red sash and cap.*]

## RECITATION.

HEAVEN speed the day ! Meanwhile, we shall read, I think, the usual lies and usual murders and rascalities at morning and at evening, with the advantage that they are the same in all the papers, and there is no trouble in choosing. Do not editors and foreign correspondents know infallibly how things are carried on in China or in Paraguay better than the benighted beings there do ? Thanks to your art, we know more of Bonaparte than he knew about

himself. You 've found a way of making history by telling truth about men when they 're dead. 'T is then their virtues blaze out like flames from burning tar-barrels. Oh ! wondrous power of million tongues, you shall eternally be free to advertise hair-dye and burlesque opera, and say Miss Smith wore pink silk at the grand wedding.

### MUSIC.

### RECITATION.

*Genius of the Press.* I hear the mocking words, but know there is a height in the stern dignity of my appointed mission that they cannot reach. The broad river, bearing its wealth-laden fleets, and making greenness all along its banks, will yet cast up some worthless driftwood from its breast. Let it be uncounted in the great tide of blessing. Science herself shall say if I have been unfaithful to my trust.

[Enter SCIENCE, bearing a scroll and wearing a laurel-wreath.]

### RECITATION.

*Science.* Oh, guardian spirit of the world's thought ! with a thank-offering I come to you in the name of all who have loved knowledge for its own sweet sake. They have stood too reverently in the many-vaulted aisles of Nature's vast cathedral, listening at the shut doors of her shrines in too rapt a silence, that the tones of earth's ambitions; loves, and hates should reach them. Watching by night, they have

traced mysterious paths of distant suns in infinite space. With battery and retort they have set free imprisoned forces from the earth's dark breast, locked since creation. Committed to your keeping, each precious gem they 've gathered has been safe from loss and made immortal. Every truth brought out in laboratory or in secret post of observation, given by you to all the race, has sharpened a new weapon for the hand of man to hew his way to stronger, fuller life, — made some invulnerable shield to cover him against disease, or spread some glow of beauty round his daily paths. Still let it be thus; and when Science shall have taught the hands of all to grasp the lever will the weight of heaviest toil be lifted from the millions, and bright-eyed Wisdom, rosy Health, and sweet-voiced Comfort shall go in and sit by every household hearth in all the world.

#### CHANT BY THE CHOIR.

RELIGION comes with aspect holy and brow serene ;  
There is no sin or care or folly where she is queen.  
In gentlest tones of benediction her voice we hear ;  
Her footsteps lead in paths of beauty by waters clear.

Then let her mission high and solemn our hearts incline,  
Bearing the emblem of redemption and love divine.

[*While this chant is sung, RELIGION in white, partly veiled, and bearing a large gilt cross, comes forward.*]

## RECITATION.

*Religion.* Because there is a soul in man, longing for the Infinite Father from whom it came, have I, oh, genius of the wondrous art! a mission crowned with a more sacred right than any other. Those laws sublime which science has toiled after are but thoughts of His, and all that science has discovered are but parts of His eternal, undiscoverable ways. Oh, that men would worship Him! then would that love which seeketh not her own, hopeth, and endureth all things, be the guest divine in every human heart, and the whole world be Eden land again. Will you not be consecrate with me for this, and guard that sacred Word,— the charter of the world's freedom, the cleansing fountain of the world's tears and wrongs?

## RECITATION.

*Spirit of Unbelief.* Science and Religion! Things most respectable in print. I hope sincerely their advice will all be taken,— to the evident damage of the subscription-list. Were it well now to bring out the bone, or rather bones, of sharp contention of the fossil man, whose funeral was ten thousand years ago? Science affirms, and who can doubt it? A clear discrepancy of some four thousand years, let Moses' tale be true. If angels can laugh, it must be to see this sickly race of little beings stamp and grow red in the face disputing how the world was made; but both sides agree it may be burned up at

last, and it is a comfort to consider what a pile of rubbish in the books of controversy will be at once disposed of !

#### RECITATION.

*Liberty.* Better that Truth should go forth armed in panoply to meet her foes in open conflict than to walk in purple state attended by a fawning multitude who only serve for hire. 'T is only in the clash of battle that the temper of the steel is tried. 'T is only by her victory in the well-fought field that we can know her ; therefore do I stand and watch.

#### RECITATION.

*Religion.* There is too great a burden on me now that I should seek to answer sceptic speech. I see man's restless toil, and fain would lead where rest and comfort are. On you I call for aid in this most glorious work. 'Tis yours to keep the streams where he would drink pure at their source, O wondrous power of good ! to be like the great sun in heaven, bathing the world perpetually in quickening energy of life and blessing. O fearful power of Ill ! to send up as from the pit a myriad of unclean spirits cursing mankind. But here is one more eloquent than I to plead for help.

#### SLOW MUSIC.

[Enter MERCY in deep mourning, carrying a chain and kneeling in front.]

## RECITATION.

*Mercy.* O mighty Genius! let me come and speak for those who cannot make petition for themselves,—the mourning ones, whose tears do blind them when they would look up; and many more who know not why or wherefore it is so with them, but suffer and are dumb; and others yet who are benumbed, unmanned by long oppression. You can hold up the weak against the strong. You can make the light so clear and pure that the darkest mind must open to it. And when Corruption puts on Virtue's garb, and Greed stalks in high places, and Injustice takes the sword of Power, you can turn the world's majestic scorn upon them till they slink away abashed. There are mortal men who place themselves between their brothers' souls and God, who put their own "Thou shalt" in place of His. 'T is only you can break the chain of Superstition and let the slaves go free. The voiceless poor and ignorant and wronged, they have no other champion but you.

## RECITATION.

*Spirit of Unbelief.* Which means, O Compound Spirit of Composing-Stick and Quill! that you 're to trumpet all the details when, in Bill's saloon, Tom punches Jack's head, and make it fully known why poor, weak women rise to shake off the yoke of matrimony. Raise up the fallen,—if it be a shaky bank or mining company where you own stocks. Deal gently with the erring,—if he steals half a

million ; and give tongue to the voiceless, — when it makes votes for your own party. Be like a locomotive head-light and shed glory on your own future track, and leave the smoke and dust to those that are behind. Above all, let the sum of the whole Ten Commandments be — **ADVERTISE!**

#### RECITATION.

*Genius of the Press.* Cease, cavilling words ! Henceforth I will only hear the clarion call of Liberty, the calm, persuasive words of Truth, the winning tones of heaven-descended Faith. To you, O radiant three ! I consecrate myself now and through coming ages. By me shall speak the majesty of public virtue, to rebuke wrong doing in high places or in low. Unbought by favor or by gold, I will defend with all my powers whatever things are right, until the chariot-wheels of Truth shall roll along the golden streets of New Jerusalem come down from heaven. Therein it may be I shall flash the pure thought of the pure cherubim.

[*Music while all leave the stage.*]

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One of the prettiest of these representations was prepared for the class of 1871. It was entitled “Four Heroines of Scott.” The piano and choir were placed in the rear of the stage. In front of the instrument stood two of the pupils, taking part as First Voice and Second Voice respectively. They were

dressed in white, wearing wide sashes of Scottish plaid, and turbans of the same. Miss Barron, with four singers of the school, assisted at the piano by the touch and skill of Ella White, brought out the musical part of the programme. Pleasant among the memories of the sweet-faced pianist is her playing of that day.

#### HIGHLAND MARCH AND QUICKSTEP.

SONG, — Wha 'll be King but Charlie ?

*First Voice.* What think you of these strains ? Do they not recall the gathering of the Highland clans in "Waverley," as they mustered to do battle for the last of the Stuarts ?

*Second Voice.* I can almost see the tossing of their plumes among the heather, and hear the shrill pi-broc'h echoing among the crags that sheltered the clan of McIvor. I see Fergus, their haughty chieftain, in the midst of his claymores, fighting for the long-exiled king on the fatal field of Culloden. I see him again, led out to execution, and hear his last wish and defiance : " Let them put my head on the gates of Carlisle, where it can look to the blue hills of Scotland. Long live King James the Third ! "

*First Voice.* Where in the world of fiction was loyalty to a lost cause drawn under more noble traits than in the high-hearted Flora McIvor ? Let us call her before us as she turned, broken with grief, but loyal still, to the shores of France and the convent walls.

## SONG, — Bonnie Charlie's now Awa'.

[FLORA McIVOR enters while strains of "Bonnie Doon" are played.]

## RECITATION.

FAREWELL, beloved Scotland ! Home of my ancestors, I shall see you no more. The song of your birds, the breath of your hills, will never come across the sea to your child far in the silence of the shut cloister where my life must henceforth be. Farewell, my glorious Prince ! Strangers have taken your inheritance, and they who would have defended it, the best and bravest, have fallen. Was it I indeed who wove wreaths of wild-flowers and broom for the bonnets of my clan as they went forth to that bloody foray ? Did I sing them the deeds of heroes gone before, till every eye flashed and every sword leaped for the combat ? O my brother ! never did a truer Highland heart cease to beat under the murderous axe of our tyrants. Gone forever ! What is life to me ? Would that I too could have perished with the clansmen of McIvor. Will there not one day arise an avenger ? Better a thousand-fold the clay-cold bed where they lie than the downy nest of the coward and the traitor. But hope is past ; the last of my race, I go to the convent-cell far from the world and its tumults. Beloved Scotland, you will one day have your true king ! Till life ends will I pray for his holy cause. Adieu, Glennaquoil ! Adieu, pale, mangled form of my brother ! Waverley, farewell !

[Passes out to music of "Monastery Bells." ]

SONG, — “ I see Them on Their Winding Way.”

MARCH, — from “ The Crusaders ” (*Gades*).

*First Voice.* At the waving of that magic wand other scenes will pass before us. On the plains of Syria the old Crusaders will live again, and the wild tale of the “ Talisman ” will hold us with its spell. What see you now ?

*Second Voice.* I see the fountain by the palm-trees, where knight and Saracen met in chivalrous combat ; and the lion-hearted Richard, now tossing fevered in his tent, and taking the potion from the hand of the strange physician, then trampling upon the Austrian banner, and flinging England’s defiance among rival chieftains. I behold the gorgeous tent of the princely Saladin, and the myriads of his Arab horsemen ; I hear the tales of his more than knightly honor.

*First Voice.* I see the veiled procession of noble ladies in the convent at Engedi ; I hear the jests of Queen Berengaria and her fair maids ; and apart among them all in her pure and lofty womanhood walks Edith Plantagenet. Let her come and speak of her proud and faithful love as she might have told it to the midnight stars in the sleeping camp of the Crusaders.

[Enter EDITH PLANTAGENET to music of “ *Annie Laurie.* ”]

#### RECITATION.

’T IS night ; the cool wind comes down from Lebanon to refresh the heated plain, and I will unfold

the door of my pavilion and speak to the still night what I cover up by day. Kenneth of Scotland, who calls thee lowly born ? Art thou not my king, and I a Plantagenet ? My kinsman, Richard, has no power to pluck thee from that throne. I grow cold at thought of those moments in the royal tent when the lion king in his wrath demanded instantly that precious life. The headsman and his horrid axe all ready, only space for one short prayer, and he must die — my peerless knight ! I know not what I said. I would have plucked him from the lion's mouth, had he that instant rent me. But 'twas not I who saved him. He was borne away a slave, and I thought to see him never more, till, in the swarthy Nubian at Richard's side, the gift of Saladin, I knew him. It shames me now that I should have said such words when he bowed down before me. To-morrow's combat, where he is champion, how can I look on it with a calm face and speak cold words of praise ? Woe is me if he be not victor ! O night ! your stars are not more far than lies the soul of Edith from these scenes, nor yet is their eternal light more lasting than her love.

[*Goes out to march from "The Crusaders."*]

SONG, — “ All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border.”

*First Voice.* Again we are carried back to merry England,— to Robin Hood and his bold foresters,

and Prince John intriguing against his absent brother; to the romantic adventures of the Black Knight of Ivanhoe, and Bois-Guilbert and De Bracy. What see you now?

*Second Voice.* I see the Disinherited Knight bearing down all opponents in the splendid tournament, and, bleeding nigh to death, kneeling in disguise to pay homage to the fair Rowena. I see the midnight revel of the Black Knight and the Friar; the storming of the beleaguered castle, in whose dungeons the Jew lies threatened with torture; and moving wise, undaunted, self-devoted, through all, the peerless Rebecca. She too shall come at our summons.

CHANT, *by the Choir.*

“ When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers’ God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame. . . .

“ And oh! when stoops on Judah’s path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
Be Thou long suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.”

[Enter REBECCA in a long, thin mourning veil.]

RECITATION.

Now thanks and praise to the God of our fathers  
who has brought me safe from the power of men  
more cruel than beasts! Thanks that my father,

his gray hairs unharmed, is to-night in his own home, and I yet live to comfort him; for the Preserver of Israel heard the prayer of his handmaid in her dire extremity! Was it not He who gave me strength to stand on the dizzy brink of the castle battlement, ready to leap to the death far below, and thus to escape dishonor? How by my own power should I have looked on that murderous strife around the walls when the wounded knight lay a prisoner, to tell him how it sped amid the shrieks and shouts that curdled my blood? O Israel's God! Thou didst sustain me through those awful hours when I sat by the funeral pile laid to devour me, under the eyes of the cruel Templar, and Thou didst send a deliverer. Ivanhoe, sick, wounded, bravely didst thou fight for the despised Jewish maiden! May the Lord God of Jacob bestow his choicest blessings on thee!

To-day in the august cathedral thou wilt wed the Lady Rowena; but not among the proud train of England's nobles and fair dames is there one to wish thee joy with such a full heart as mine. To-morrow I will ask to look but a moment on the face he loves, give her the jewels I shall wear no more, and beg her speak the thanks I could not. Then we depart, to find in Spain a hiding from the storm. There can I comfort some afflicted ones till the cloudy day of life is o'er. God's will be done!

[*Goes out to music of "Maid of Judah."*]

*First Voice.* Methinks that lovely vision has left our thoughts too sad.

*Second Voice.* Yet who would wish that more of earth were mingled with it? But we will call now a happier spirit from the kingdom of that fancy.

SONG,—“My Heart’s in the Highlands.”

*Second Voice.* What think you now? Is not the foot upon the native hills again?

*First Voice.*

I see in wilds of Ben Venue  
A royal huntsman pause to view  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.  
I see the maid with hasty oar  
Push her light shallop from the shore ;  
The mountain cave, the Douglas bold,  
The Highland cheer, the minstrel old.  
I see where by the watch-fire clear  
Stood wandering guest and mountaineer.  
O ! weird Enchanter, once again  
We summon from thy wondrous train  
Thy mountain heroine, free from guile,  
Fair Ellen of the lonely isle.

MUSIC,—“Bruce’s Address” (*while ELLEN enters*).

## RECITATION.

I AM here in the lordly castle, in Stirling's royal towers,  
I'm counting in restless waiting, the wearily dragging hours ;  
I have come to beg a guerdon, in my hour of bitter need :  
Only for her father's life would the daughter of Douglas plead.

There is blood on the Highland heather, there is terror in Highland glen,  
And my heart is heavy with boding for who may yet be slain ;  
Therefore with the faithful minstrel I 've come with the signet-ring,  
And the noble knight of Snowdoun, he will lead me to the king.

Then down in the royal presence I will kneel in suppliance true,  
“ Grace ! grace ! for the noble Douglas and his kinsman, Roderick Dhu.”  
I know not will he grant it, I can nothing more beside, —  
My heart will break in telling how bravely the Douglas died. •

O mountain path of heather ! O lovely Loch Katrine !  
And bonny boat of mine, that furrowed so oft your silver sheen,

And graceful bending harebells that cluster on the shore,—

It may be that my footstep will never greet you more.

But the burden that is heaviest I do not care to name :

My prayer must be in secret for the captive Malcolm Græme.

But hush ! I hear a footstep,— here is the signet-ring,—

'T is the noble knight of Snowdoun, he will lead me to the king.

[*Goes to music of "Bonnie Dundee."*]

*First Voice.* Lovely have been the visions, one by one ; let them come at once before us.

CHANT, *by the Choir.*

FROM bright blue lakes, 'mid Scotia's mountains hoary,

Your chosen home ;

From glens enchanted in weird song and story, —

Sweet spirits, come !

We call you by that mighty spell of power,  
Our heart's strong love.

Strange, poet-gifted souls, by wizard dower,  
Come and close brightly this your mystic hour.

Sweet spirits, linger not, but come !

[*During the chant all appear on the stage.*]

## CONCERT RECITATION.

WE are but the children of fancy, unsubstantial as a dream. Only by the power of genius were we called into being, and we place on the brow of that genius the crown of our gifts. Long as men shall prize honor, loyalty, true love, and high-souled devotion, so long will they remember us as if we had been among the living. And now farewell ! Our part is over ; we shall come no more. Farewell ! Farewell !

[*They disappear to the soft music of the "Land of the Leal."*]

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Stories were occasionally written for the scholars at Christmas. One read to them in 1868 finds place here.

### EMMELINE DATE, AND HER MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SHE had lived there twelve years in a back room on the third floor, buried out of sight in the great city. The only way to get to it was by going under a long, dark arch between the parts of the dingy tenement-house, climbing through a hole in a leaning, dirty fence, and up two flights of steep stairs that were never clean. Any day when the milk-cart drew up at the place, one could see that tall figure stalk forth from the dark passage with a blanket-shawl over her head and a blue pitcher in her hand. It was the same blanket-shawl and the same blue pitcher the whole twelve years. Under the shawl was the wrinkled visage of a woman of near fifty, with deep-set black eyes and gray hair that seemed to have been black once, put straight back from the face. A pair of old-fashioned spectacles would be on her forehead, and a black ribbon tied around her throat. A closer observer would see a brass side thimble on her finger, unless it happened to be Sunday; and this was the only item ever changed about her. The scant dress of black alpaca, the long, narrow calico apron hanging in front, the small white collar fastened with a black glass breast-pin, were always the same, summer and winter, year after year. It must have been the stately cleanliness about her which made the motley and miserable

enough neighborhood speak always of Miss Date with what they meant for respect.

One afternoon in the late December she stood looking from the window, viewing the usual prospect,—the high, blank wall of a manufactory, from whose chimneys great clouds of smoke were falling, and the rear of two barns. A heap of ashes filled one corner of the court, and a drizzling rain was falling; but the light of the picture was at the back door of Mrs. O'Mallory, in which just now were three shocks of red hair, with some merry, smutty faces under them. She heard the clatter of the distant machinery and the splash in the gutter, and nearer, just across the hall, Frau Schleiermacher was at once scrubbing her clothes and drubbing her drunken husband, while ever and anon the tramping of some lake sailors from their lodgings seemed to fill the narrow passage with thunder and vociferation. But inside her door there was a harbor of silence and comfort. A low, whitewashed room it was, in perfect order. On one half the white floor lay a rag carpet rich in darns, and a bed with low posts and a patchwork quilt stood in one corner. Opposite was a little stove, and at the foot of the bed an old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair upholstered in blue calico. Plainly, it was a chair no one ever sat in now. But the noticeable piece of furniture was one of those tall clocks, reaching to the ceiling,—heirlooms of New England houses a century ago. You might wonder how it was ever shoved up the stairs and through the door. Indeed, the top ornament had

come off in some emergency. Its solemn tick-tack was the voice of dead generations, and itself might be the ghost of all the past to that strange, dark-eyed woman at the window. On and on beat the measured seconds as she turned and sat down at the table by her work. Suddenly her thoughts came out loud, as they were much in the way of doing.

“Last Christmas, you remember,” she said, looking up at the round, red face at the top of the clock, supposed to be the moon, as if she were talking to it,—which indeed she was,—“last Christmas, poor mother lay dying in that bed all day. Twenty years we had been alone together, and I never left her a night in all that time. You know when we first came here she could creep downstairs sunny days, and sit in the yard, before the barns were built; but the stairs were at last too steep for her, and she could only totter to her chair by the window. Then came the summers and winters when I lifted her back and forth as if she were a child; and, afterward, the long months when she only breathed and ate and slept, and did not know even me. I think she is glad it is all over now, don’t you?” And the clock ticked in the silent room, “Yes, yes! Glad, glad!”

For a while was heard only the sound of the swiftly plied needle and thread as she worked steadily on. Then she spoke again: “And it was good for us, old friend, for we could never have borne those other troubles if there had not been always mother to care for. In the morning she must be dressed and have breakfast, and at noon some dainty bit was to be pre-

pared for her, and at night was the tea and the putting to bed ; and what a pile of shoes I 've stitched meanwhile ! So the years of my noontime have gone, and now it is evening." The clock said only, " Well done ! Well done ! " It appeared the work was finished, for the speaker smoothed out the garter-top she had been making, and examined the fine, even stitches before she laid it away ; then took a roll of fragments of muslin from a drawer, and a paper package which disclosed two earthen dolls. " I may as well take this,—left of her shroud. How peaceful she looked ! But I don't want to see these remnants every day."

At that moment a shrill duet of female voices on the stairs announced the opening of a campaign between High-Dutch and Irish ; and the din of conflict roused even the denizens in the back-yard. The woman made no movement as if she heard, and was soon deftly fitting the babykins with white dresses. By and by two great tears rolled down under the spectacles. She looked up at the clock as if to make an apology ; then rose hastily, and put everything away. A few moments afterward she sat at her solitary table with its one plate and cup and spoon and scanty food, and the old mother's empty chair stood at one side of it, against the wall. Her shadow, weird and grotesque, thrown by the little oil lamp, hovered about on the ceiling ; and when she took her bundle of work, wrapped herself in a great cloak and hood and went out, locking the door after her, it seemed that the shadow must be there still, and the clock was ticking to it : " Old, alone ! Old, alone ! "

On a Christmas evening thirty-five years before, in a village on the banks of the Mohawk, Emmeline Welton took her little sister to the Episcopal Church to hear the music and to see the green wreaths hung within it. It was late when the service was over, and they met, in the hall of their home, their father, angry at their absence. They had always trembled at his fits of unreasonable passion. Now, without waiting to hear excuse, he did what he had done many times before, — struck them both. Emmeline stood without resistance; but the little one fell to the floor. She seemed to recover soon, and was sitting in her little chair hugging a doll the mother had brought out to comfort her, when she sank into a stupor and never wakened more. "She must have had a fall," the physician said; but only the mother's white face and terrified glance at her husband gave a hint of the truth. Mr. Welton disappeared soon after the funeral, and was never heard of again, leaving his wife, a boy of thirteen, and a girl three years older, to meet the world as they could. His daily wages had provided their necessities till then, though much went for his daily dram. The mother never rallied from the shock; but, woman-like, her heart clung to her husband still, and when she lay bed-ridden so long afterward in that room, she would say, over and over, "Why don't he come back? He didn't mean it! They could n't do anything to him now." Thus day after day droned on an imbecile refrain from that long-gone Christmas time.

At sixteen came the burden of life upon the oldest child. In the cotton factory, before her spinning-frame, she earned a support for the three, kept Harry four years at school, and made a home for him when he became a clerk in a store. Very fond and proud she was of the fine-looking young boy; and if he never lifted or seemed to notice the care that pressed on her, she believed always that in the future he would take it all. When the fortunate opportunity opened to him of a situation in New York, he was furnished for his outfit from his sister's savings, and left his home with high hopes, to seek his fortune. "I shall have you and mother to keep house for me in a year or two," he said gayly, for the last words. Soon came a letter containing a part of the borrowed money. "He was doing well," and that was a comfort. After a time another brought the balance. Briefer, and separated by longer intervals, grew the letters.

Time went away, the mother became feeble, and doctors' bills exhausted the income; but scarce a message in a year reached them, and none brought offer of help.

Romancing love stories are now and then true. Harry Welton became a most successful salesman; and faithful to his post, it came to pass that he gained the confidence of his employer, and finally made suit to the daughter of the house and was accepted. But while these months, winged with love and ambition, flew by, it was not convenient to send Emmeline money; and from the first dawn of his

hopes to their fulfilment, the condition of his mother and sister lay in his mind as a serious obstacle. To tell his high-spirited affianced that his father was a fugitive and his sister a factory-girl, was more and more difficult. Certainly he intended to provide for them where they were when he once had the means. It was enough that his bride should know he was penniless. Her father had never pressed for the exact particulars, understanding generally that the widowed mother was poor, but "most respectable," as his old acquaintance who recommended Harry had informed him; and the lover, always intending to disclose to his betrothed the whole truth, hesitated, doubted the necessity, and was finally silent.

Events were crowded in his lot. Just before the marriage the merchant died, leaving his daughter the only heir; and Harry Welton found himself, ten years after he went to the city as a clerk, the head of an established business and the master in an elegant home. Meanwhile Emmeline had toiled on, hoping, loving, trusting till she could trust no more. She had never seen his face since he left their home; she was lost out of his world. But he did not quite mean it so; and directly after the wedding, sent the announcement, with a cheque of a hundred dollars, to his sister. No word of her coming to see them, no message from the new wife. Emmeline read the letter with a hot brow, and blood that tingled to the finger-ends. In a few days her resolve was made. She set herself to learn the fitting of the gaiter-boots, just beginning to be worn, told her neighbors that

she was going to Buffalo, packed a few relics of home, among them the old clock, sold the remainder, and with the mother, now growing prematurely helpless, turned away from the scenes of thirty years continuous struggle. Arrived at Buffalo, she wrote in the small room of a hotel a letter she had been studying over the whole way.

**BROTHER HARRY**,—I received yours, and shall use, the money for mother's comfort. I wish you may enjoy all you expect.

EMMELINE.

Directing it "Care of Welton & Co.," she dropped it in the night-box of the post-office. Next day the two were crossing Lake Erie, and finally landed in the great strange town where they took up their abode. To separate herself from the past, she adopted the surname of her mother's family, given her in baptism. Whether her brother had made any inquiries for her, she never knew. At intervals she saw his name in the few New York papers that came in her way. It was for her to look her destiny steadily in the face, and to care that her mother should miss no daily comfort and no light of cheerfulness from her.

Only once in that first bitter winter, when employment was uncertain and fuel was dear and rent was high, as she sat late one night stitching in the cold, did her heart give way. It was when the Christmas-bells rang out and died again. Then the

old clock heard one cry of long pent-up grief and despair: "Oh! if my father had not done that; if Harry had been different, and there had been some one to care for me a little!" And the dear old thing ticked back and forth, "Bear up! bear up! God loves you still!"

She did bear up. The skilful and busy needle kept want from the door, gave to the palsied mother the best medical skill, the warm, quiet fireside, and the delicacies that were for her alone. It was eleven years after that night when the feeble heart throbbed its last, the voice ceased its moaning over the old sorrow, and the faithful, tender arms that had folded and cherished her so long were empty.

Away in the metropolis in a sumptuous house was the music, the fragrance, the glitter of a great ball. But the master of the mansion was in his counting-room holding an open letter, without date or signature, which contained these words: "Our mother is dead." But the post-mark was plain,—a city on Lake Michigan. Such secrets were buried in the past of this obscure life, such battles had been fought and won in that long-tried soul. We will turn back and follow as her tall figure, in a well-worn but tidy black cloak, made one of the throng that filled the streets of the city, completing the last purchases for a thousand delightful surprises. A gay throng crowded in front of the shop-windows in the gas-light; but she went on abstractedly till she stopped to say a few words to a couple of thinly clad little girls who were huddled under one ragged

covering, gazing from the street at an image jerking its head and gaping in a toy-store. They knew her, it seemed, by their bright smile. The next acquaintance proved to be a bootblack at work in the cold at the door of a hotel, with whom she held a short conversation; and he certainly put an extra "shine" on for the next customer. Then she disappeared down a narrow alley, and as she came out, a thin voice called after her: "Oh, I'm so glad!"

A lady robed in furs swept by as she stood a moment thinking and talking to herself: "Only two dollars left. I wish I had a muff,—no, I don't either;" and the old creature drew the camlet cloak closer, for it was bitter cold, and went to a dry goods store and a grocer's and a confectioner's. It was late when she turned, with an armful of bundles, into the dark passage and went up the stairs. When she had lighted the lamp and surveyed the pile, "Do you think they will like it?" she said to the round moon. "We'll see!" said the clock, cheerfully. Then she unrolled from one of the bundles two yards of checked flannel, and proceeded to cut out a boy's shirt, and sewed steadily till midnight; and the lamp burned dim, but it was almost done.

Two nights afterward, when the costly and brilliant Christmas-trees were laden in many homes, Emmeline Date sat in her still room, listening. There was something quite unusual in the air of the place. The little stove had been rubbed into the polish of ebony, and held such a fire as one could not afford always; and through the doors red flashes

came out on the white floor and the shining clock. At the windows the muslin curtains had been newly washed, the coverlet of the bed was rolled back, and there were two pillows white as snow. Conspicuous on the table was a pile of something covered with a cloth,—probably a sheet,—and something else was concealed on the bureau, which was graced by two candles in bright tin candlesticks, while the oil-lamp burned clearly on a frame covered with cotton, which served as a stand. It was evidently a grand illumination. A tap at the door. That was what she was waiting for; and the two little ones, with one shawl between them, came shivering in. Behind them a crutch was heard, a boy's voice shouted, "Here 't is, granny," and the bootblack appeared, leading a decrepit old woman. "Ah! is that you, Mary and Alice and Joe? I am glad to see you, Mrs. Rainey!" said Miss Date; and her black eyes smiled in a way nobody would have believed, if they had not seen them.

Another rap, and in the open door stood a man, grimed with coal-dust, bearing in his arms a girl who might have been twelve, and whose pale face was flushed with pleasure. Miss Date motioned him to the bed, and he laid his burden down tenderly; for the poor girl was a hunchback. "Can't you stay, father?" she said. "No, Kitty, I must bring another load from the depot to-night; but I'll be back for you by and by, sure. I would n't have had her miss it if I lost my job;" and he took a friendly grasp of the hand from the hostess, and was gone.

Then it would have done your heart good to see Miss Date put the old woman in the rocking-chair, and get a square block of wood, which she had warmed under the stove, for her feet, and place the pillows around the deformed girl so that she could rest, and make a low seat for the children out of a shoe-box and her green and black shawl, and hear them all say how warm and lovely it was. One more sound of a foot against the door, and the last of the guests came in. It was a forlorn little boy in rags, hugging in his arms a child a year old, who was wailing with the cold.

“Indeed, mum, I hugged her close as I could, but she would cry, mum ; and I run to get away from that *she*.” That *she* was Billy’s drunken mother.

This was the company,— the crippled daughter of a coal-heaver, a bootblack and his grandmother from the poor-house, the two little girls of a widow who worked in a shop, and two waifs from a den of drunken wickedness.

Billy and the baby must first be washed with soap and warm water and set on the box to dry ; for the little girls were quite warm, and had places on the bed by Kitty. Joe had the stool ; and soon they were all talking merrily. They watched Miss Date set a kettle on the stove,— so large they could hardly tell which was the kettle and which was the stove,— and put a pan of something in the oven, out of which there came very soon a most delicious steam. But what was covered up on the table? It was quite likely that they were hungry, and did not think it

was anything but their supper. Kitty began to tell the story of Cinderella, and they were all listening intently, when just as the prince found the right foot, Miss Date lifted up the sheet. What a sight was there! On one corner was a thick flannel shirt with pretty buttons; on another a new blanket-shawl; and by it a pair of new shoes, with two red stockings in each. And there was a reading-book and a spelling-book as good as new; and two dollies with white muslin dresses, and another with a pink calico dress; and a big bundle that could not be guessed; and a new two-dollar bill with sprigs of evergreen about it; and best of all, six cakes frosted with white sugar, and the children's names on them in red and green sugar letters.

At first they could not think what it meant. It was some moments before they understood that these things were their very own. But when Mary had folded the bright, smooth shawl around her, and put on Alice's shoes and stockings; and Joe came out of the closet with his warm shirt on, and shouted to the old grandmother, waving the two-dollar bill before her, that it was hers to spend just as she would; and Billy held the books he had wanted so long, and knew he could go to school now; and the baby clutched its doll fast in its tiny fist, scarce minding when Miss Date undid the large bundle and threw a wrap (certainly made out of an old woollen dress) around the little waif; and when, last of all, she raised the bedquilt and pulled out from behind the bed a willow rocking-chair with a cushion, and

lifted Kitty into it,—there was no happier band of children in the whole city. Nobody said anything for a time but Joe, and he capered around as if there were a torpedo at his heels. The old woman turned the bill over in her withered hands, and mumbled, “ You was good to your old mother, and you’re good to Joe and me; and you’ll have your reward.” Billy was leaning over the table, his whole soul intent on the first lesson in his book, and Miss Date was bending over him as intent as he. Mary and Alice looked at each other and at her and at the dolls with great eyes,—it was all a dream—and Kitty, with her face pale and then red, and a great choking in her throat, rocked back and forth thinking, “ What will father say?” Meanwhile the red fire-light shone out on the floor, and the clock was ticking on, and saying, “ All right! all right!”

The table was soon set with dishes that did not match; but did ever any supper taste as good as theirs? The soft biscuits were spread with butter; the chicken-soup had great pieces of meat in it; and out of the oven came a large apple-dumpling that fairly swam in sweet sauce, for every one. How their hungry eyes danced, and how they fed the baby and carried everything to the old grandmother, sitting by the stand, who had such a cup of tea as would almost make an old woman young again!

Soon Billy began to experience the care of riches, and he burst out with a bad word. “ By ——! I’ll have to hide ‘em, or that *she* ‘ll get ‘em and sell ‘em.” “ Keep them here, Billy, and come and read to me a

while," was the comforting answer. Then Miss Date whispered in his ear, and he went in the closet, and came out with a long cloak trailing all down around him,— which made the children laugh. But he was not dressed to act in a charade; he was going to have his clothes mended. While Miss Date and Kitty did this, Joe was directed to open the red-painted cupboard, and he found there a pan of hickory-nuts and a hammer. Joe was an artist in cracking nuts, and nothing could be more satisfactory than to see the whole meats standing out from the shattered shells between his fingers. While they were busy the old woman hobbled up to the clock and put her shrivelled hands up and down it, saying, "It does me good to see it; for it looks like the one we used to have when I was young." Just then Joe pulled out from the nuts a paper of something tied up; and when he opened it, there was a round box of snuff. "Hallo!" said he, "I don't want this, but I know who does." A few moments after, the old grandmother was seen wiping her eyes with her red pocket-handkerchief. It might have been the snuff. Certainly nobody cried at the improvement in Billy's old clothes. There was a spark kindled in the heart under that old cloak that night which never went out afterward. The last surprise of all were six sticks of cream-candy, which the children were set to hunt for, and found. How delicious it was, and how the old clock chuckled at their fun!

Meanwhile Miss Date tied up each one's cake with some nuts and candy for them to carry home; and as

they gathered around her she told them the story of the Child Jesus,—how poor he was, and how he comforted every one in trouble as long as he lived. She said that if they were truthful and kind, he would be very near to them, for so he had promised before he went away into the heaven where he is now.

Kitty's father came in and sat by the stove, and they were all very still. But at last the time came when they must go down the narrow stairs into the night. Kitty's father carried her, holding the chair on his back; Miss Date took the baby from Billy, who carried bundles; Joe helped his grandmother; and Mary and Alice ran along on either side, for they could walk separately now. You would have thought that a poverty-stricken group, if you had noticed it at all. But that night it seemed to the old pauper in the almshouse, whom nobody cared for; to the deformed Kitty, down in the gloomy basement; to the little girls in their cheerless bedroom; to Joe, lying on some blankets over a stable; and to Billy, in that dismal shanty by the canal,—that they had been to heaven, and there was a great clock ticking in the corner there.

On that very evening a tall, well-dressed gentleman stood on the balcony of a hotel in the city. He had been there some days, registered as H. Welton, from New York. The police knew that he was looking for some one.

When Harry Welton received the letter mailed at Buffalo, perhaps it was the cramped, awkward direction which caused him to throw the envelope into the

fire. He then discovered that the letter was undated. Piqued as he was at its indication of resentment, there was an uneasy consciousness that he had deserved it. But they could not understand what he must have sacrificed had he made known his connections. There was the father: it was possible he would appear after years had rendered it safe. And his wife — if the whole truth were told, he was not less afraid of her than he had been of the aristocratic young lady he was fascinating with his fine person and manners. Besides, why should they not be proud of his success, though they could not expect to be members of his household?

Intending to make amends, he sent to the old home a cheque for a hundred dollars, with a rather lengthy excuse for his past neglect. There was no answer, of course. Should he go to see them? Not quite yet. In some months the cheque came back through the dead-letter office. What did that mean? At a venture he wrote to the postmaster, blaming his remissness. The reply informed him that Mrs. Welton and her daughter had been living in Buffalo more than two years, but that their address was unknown. He understood now that his sister had intended a final separation. Letters to Buffalo were never heard from. The two had vanished, no one knew where.

Business, pleasure, success, had not quite dulled his sense of justice; and as time went on there were some disenchantments. The weak-minded, exacting wife became a hopeless invalid; the only child died in early boyhood; wealth had not brought what he

had hoped ; and there began to stir a late repentance in the selfish heart that had so wronged the truest love it was ever to know. He now recalled what he should never have forgotten, and the memory of the loving, trusting messages before his marriage, pathetic in their patient self-forgetfulness, began to sting him. Were they living or dead ? Should he search over the hundred cities of the West, or were they in that very metropolis, watching in silence his life of luxury ? Thus in secret self-reproach the years rolled away, till that voice from the fathomless void fell on his ear, and he knew that his mother was beyond any reach of his reparation or repentance. Then for the first time he summoned courage to tell his wife the story of his early years.

“ Why did you keep this from me ? ” said Mrs. Welton, faintly, from her couch.

“ I was afraid to lose you.”

“ But it won’t make any difference now, and your sister can come and be my nurse. Then we can discharge this dreadful ‘ trained ’ Miss Beals.”

“ I am glad you can consent — ” her husband began.

“ Must you go to-day ? I’m feeling miserable. But you ’ll be back for the New Year’s reception, won’t you ? ”

This over, swift as the flying train could bear him he sped to the city, whose name on that letter was his only clew. Days of fruitless search had gone by, when, as he stood that night looking down into the street, a group of poor people paused a moment

under the lamp-post, and he heard one say, "Good-night, Joe. Keep up a good heart, Mrs. Rainey ; he 'll take care of you yet." It was his sister's voice, was it not ? He stepped instantly out and followed her, as she carried the baby, Billy by her side. Another light directly in her face—he knew her perfectly ; but oh ! so changed,—so old, so poor ! Those were her children, probably. Down into the miserable cellar, his eyes never left her. He was about to enter, when she came out alone, passed him, and went on. Where did she live ? What was she ? Up the long street he watched the forlorn figure in the old cloak and hood with a sinking at his heart. "Are you like that, Emmeline, and I —" She disappeared in the dark passage ; but he was close behind her, and made his way to the foot of the stairs. He heard her as she went up them. "Emmeline Welton !" he said, as she turned to unlock her door ; and she stood like a statue, for she knew that voice too. In a moment they were face to face ; and that of the dead who had been carried out there, was not whiter.

What did Harry Welton think as he stood in that poor little room that had seemed so bright to the desolate children ? What did he feel to see the scanty furniture, the chair where his mother had worn away the weary years ; to look on the hardened hands that had toiled so long, the blanched hair that had been so dark, and the wrinkled face that had beamed on his boyhood so bright and fair ? How he bowed in remorse over the bed where the happy children had

sat an hour before ; how he begged forgiveness for the past that could never be made up,— none but they two and the old clock ever knew. When the Christmas came again, it was ticking in the handsome, cosey room of the matron in a State asylum for the blind, where a dark-eyed woman was moving among the sightless, their angel of consolation and hope.

## CHAPTER VII.

## IN THE BRICK ACADEMY, — FROM 1871 TO 1879.

WHEN the diplomas were handed to the class of 1871 after Dr. Eells's address, none knew that a curtain had fallen, dividing the ten years past of the school from all that was to come. Little could it be foreseen that in a few short weeks a calamity would strike at our most endeared co-laborer and wither the joy of his nearest kin ; but so it was. In July the principal crossed the Atlantic for a few months' stay in southern Europe. It was a cherished wish that Miss Hopkins should share the journey ; but although her cousin Mr. Witt generously offered the means, she was unwilling to leave her mother, then residing at Westfield, N. Y. The school was left without fear in her hands. On a day in August Mr. D. P. Eells, his wife and little daughter of four, with Miss Hopkins, her mother and sister, were enjoying a trip in a small steamer across Lake Chautauqua, — since become so famous as an educational resort. Within a few miles of their home, at a landing-place, a terrific explosion shattered the steamboat in pieces and hurled to their death four of that company. Her mother and sister perished almost instantly ; Miss Hopkins lived a few hours in suffering, her last

whispered words a prayer to the Saviour she had trusted. Before morning she was joined in the new life by the sweet prattler whose dying words were a call on her name. So many years afterward the horror of that sudden summons, the hours of bewildered, incredulous wrestling with the awful tidings, first heard in a banker's office in London, loom black in memory. To the school the loss of Miss Hopkins was immeasurable. Her winning personality, her loyalty to the whole methods and spirit of the institution, had so entered into every plan and insured its success that, always after, something was lacking, even to the end. Many were the tears of loving pupils as on the telegraph of August 14th swept the details of the disaster. They realized something of the wound; and to them the absent principal sent through the daily Press a letter which expressed our common mourning:

PARIS, Sept. 11, 1871.

MY DEAR SCHOLARS,—There are so many of you to grieve over the calamity which has come to us all in the sudden death of your teacher that, separated from you by the deep sea, I take this way of saying to you each some words over our bereavement.

What Miss Hopkins was as an educator, many of you had learned to appreciate. You will feel it more and more as, in maturer strength of judgment, you look back to trace your own intellectual and moral growth. How she kindled in you the

fire of enthusiasm over every subject you studied with her! None of you will ever know her superior in this rare power. The stores of her information were so modestly kept that you scarce knew their richness or extent till you had drawn on them through a varied course of study and found them always full. Scores of you will, as long as you live, breathe the pure air of the world's best thought in the higher paths of the world's best literature because her skilful, guiding hand first led you into them. The stamp of her intellect, strong, clear, truth-loving, and calm, is indelibly on you.

To have had such an instructor must be counted among the great blessings of your life; but who can sum up our irreparable loss? Never was a heart more rich in all womanly gifts than hers. What a light, a comfort, a stay, she was in her home, must be forever unwritten. The family circle is complete there, in one of the shining mansions in the paradise of God. How much she loved you all, you will know when you see her there.

It only remains for us now to bind on the pilgrim sandals we had loosed by this consecrated grave, to take up again the pilgrim staff, and set our faces toward the Celestial City, whither she has gone.

As ever, yours,

L. T. GUILFORD.

To Miss L. R. Barron and Miss Mary E. Ingersoll the school was committed in its bereaved state, and

successfully conducted by them till the principal returned, Jan. 1, 1872. Miss Emma G. Barriss and Miss Charlotte W. Duty were assistants the remainder of the year; Miss Barron became soon Mrs. M. E. Rawson; Miss Barriss married Mr. A. McAlister, and after a few years was suddenly taken, a young mother, from her three children.

To make one department in the Academy a real classical preparatory for college, had been from its fresh start in 1861 its reason for being; but a constant effort toward that end had thus far met with no success. None of the girls were desirous of a college course, and the boys were too young to be decided on it. A number of them eventually graduated at Williams and other colleges, but were sent away to prepare; and boys looking forward to a classical education were now fitted in the High School. Hoping to draw in such, the principalship was in the fall of 1872 offered to Mr. E. H. Votaw, a graduate of Amherst, Miss Guilford acting as vice-principal. This arrangement continued till the spring of 1874, when Mr. Votaw resigned to enter the ministry, and the former principal resumed her post. During this period a primary department was for the first time organized in the southeast recitation-room. It was in the beginning under the care of Miss Fanny Fuller, a graduate, and afterward, for a year, of Mrs. S. W. Adams. Miss Sarah L. Andrews was added to the corps of teachers, and the pupils were arranged more exactly in three grades, named preparatory, junior, and academic. Tuition-

bills were raised from sixty to eighty dollars a year. At this figure they afterward remained.

While these changes were in progress, re-adjustments of the stock ownership brought on a crisis, to which allusion has been made. Two of the original number had died. The causes which prevented all dividends till 1871 and 1873 have been detailed. The institution had failed in much more important respects to accomplish what had been hoped. It is not the story of a "success" we are writing. In the beginning of 1874, a majority of the stock having been bought by one person, the virtual ownership of the building was three times transferred in a few weeks, and two new sets of directors put in office. Notice was sent to the principal that the premises must be given up in July. The most favorable proposition from the third owner was the use of the building without repairs for two years for fifteen hundred dollars a year. To maintain the school on that condition would be impossible, and the end seemed near. At this juncture Mr. W. S. C. Otis and Dr. H. K. Cushing aided in re-purchasing the stock at a premium, and in July the Board of Directors was re-organized, with Mr. Stillman Witt as president; the other members being Mr. Joseph Perkins, Mr. W. S. C. Otis, Dr. H. K. Cushing, and Miss L. T. Guilford. The first action was to appropriate the nine hundred dollars in the treasury to necessary refitting, and Miss Guilford took the building on condition of paying the taxes and insurance, five per cent on

the stock, and making all repairs. The first two items for the next seven years ranged from \$425 to \$320 a year; and after three years the directors remitted the second condition, as in 1878 three hundred dollars more was expended on chimneys, plumbing, roofing, painting, etc.

April 29, 1875, Mr. Witt died during a voyage across the Atlantic, and we mourned the loss of a stanch friend. Mr. Joseph Perkins was then made president of the Board; Mr. T. P. Handy filled Mr. Perkins's place in it until, by the generous gift of his ten shares to Miss Guilford, he ceased to be a stockholder, and Mr. Solon Burgess was chosen his successor. Mr. Selah Chamberlain had, four years previously, by a like disinterested act resigned his place among the original owners.

It is impossible to write the names of the gentlemen who in the history of the Cleveland Academy gave to it their time, their money, their cordial support, without a heartfelt tribute to their unselfish and public-spirited beneficence. Its pupils should remember the large-minded men to whom they owed their happy school-days, and the opportunities linked with them.

With fresh courage the work of renovation was entered upon in the summer of 1874. First, that harassing steam apparatus was put under the treatment of a new firm, who "went through it," changing the pipes so as to allow freer circulation; and the severe tribulation it had so long caused was modified into occasional trial. A brick partition

was removed, making a large, pleasant room for the primary school. A hot-air furnace was set in the girls' dressing-room, which contributed its heat to the school-room above, and was a comfort to the children, mornings, as they came in. Sewer connection was made, and a convenient water-faucet placed in the hall: it had always been necessary to go into the basement for a drink. All the rooms were papered, the ceilings freshened, the school furniture varnished, the yard turfed,—in short, after eight years' occupation the house was made attractive and comfortable.

Doubtless the large, bright school-room is vivid before you: the pictures, in the corners, of Bunyan's Pilgrim, and the famous writers of America; the portrait of Washington over the clock in the arch; those of Clay and Webster,—the last with an auto-graph-letter of the great statesman in the corner of the frame; the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Mountain Shepherd Girl, the Column of Trajan, on the walls; each side of the arch the two chromos; the platform carpet, purchased and put down as a surprise; the six-branch chandelier, with its two mates,—can you not see these things before your eyes? As to the chandeliers, they were lighted but a few times; but they are now shining nightly down on the heads of the working boys in their "Reading-room," and surely the class who gave the largest one could wish it no more useful station. The desks have gone to a Freedman's school in Louisiana.

How pleasant were the ample and light recitation-

rooms, with their wide blackboards on two sides, the pictures hung about, and little decorations that made them look like home !

Decidedly advanced steps were now made in the instruction ; fondly cherished plans were partly carried out. Dr. H. H. Powell, of the medical college, gave, for three successive years, a course of lectures on anatomy and physiology ; and very interesting they were. Prof. Theodore B. Comstock delivered one on natural history. For two years Prof. Edward W. Morley, of Western Reserve, in courses of ten lectures brought the first principles of chemistry, by many ingenious experiments, before the older pupils ; and Prof. Charles Smith, of the same college, gave a course in physics. Other lecturers were Doctors Darby and Isom on separate departments of natural history. Drawing was taught by Mrs. K. M. Leggett. These lessons, as well as the lectures, were free. To these indications of the effort after the best teaching it may be added that Prof. Alfred Arthur was for two terms our vocal-music teacher, and Prof. P. R. Spencer for a year gave the writing-lessons. Both these gentlemen have filled much wider spheres. By like choice the primary and preparatory departments had, after Miss Jennie Purdie, the advantage of no less distinguished teachers than Miss Mary Andrews, Miss Bertha Keffer, and Miss Augusta Mittelberger. Madame F. N. Swain and Joseph Esch taught German ; Professor Vaillant, French. On the other hand, competent, thorough instruction in Latin we did not have for a year and a half ;

and when at the end of that time the classes were given in charge to Mr. William E. Cushing, and subsequently to Mr. E. D. Merriman, notwithstanding the finished scholarship of these gentlemen the dead interest in the study was slow to awaken. Yielding to a temptation, the course was extended both in English and Latin, — unwisely, as the result proved. Considering the manner it was taught, it had contained before all that could be well accomplished in the time young ladies were willing to spend, and now seemed to set before them an unattainable standard. The Catalogue of 1875-1876 showed the new demands.

#### COURSE OF STUDY.

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##### PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

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Reading, Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, Written Arithmetic to Fractions, Geography, Composition, Declamation, Drawing, Vocal Music, First Lessons in Bible.

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##### PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

###### *First Year.*

###### **FIRST TERM.**

Arithmetic, Mental and Written,  
Hart's Lessons in Grammar,  
Geography.

###### **SECOND TERM.**

Arithmetical Analysis,  
Lessons in Composition,  
Geography.

###### *Second Year.*

###### **FIRST TERM.**

Arithmetic,  
United States History,  
English Grammar,  
Latin Grammar.

###### **SECOND TERM.**

Arithmetic,  
United States History,  
English Grammar,  
Latin Grammar.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*First Year.*

## FIRST TERM.

Arithmetic,  
Physical Geography,  
Latin Reader.

## SECOND TERM.

Arithmetic,  
English Analysis.  
Latin Reader.

*Second Year.*

## FIRST TERM.

Higher Arithmetic,  
Physiology,  
Cæsar.

## SECOND TERM.

Higher Arithmetic,  
Natural History.  
Sallust.

## ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

*First Year.*

## FIRST TERM.

Algebra,  
History of the United States,  
Higher English Analysis,  
Cicero.

## SECOND TERM.

Algebra,  
History of England,  
Botany,  
Virgil.

*Second Year.*

## FIRST TERM.

Ancient History,  
Natural Philosophy,  
Geometry,  
Livy,  
French.

## SECOND TERM.

Modern History.  
Chemistry,  
Rhetoric,  
Horace,  
French.

## SENIOR YEAR.

## FIRST TERM.

Astronomy,  
Mental Philosophy,  
English Literature,  
German.

## SECOND TERM.

Moral Science.  
Butler's Analogy,  
Primary Reviews,  
German.

From 1877 to 1881 but two pupils graduated. Six received certificates of admission to the senior class. Deterioration in the average talent or industry of our

pupils there was certainly none. In the last eight years there sat in the Academy school-room a large number of the brightest and best girls and boys in the city. A glance over the list shows name after name of men now honored in business circles ; of women fulfilling in harmonious duty the double charities of home and of Christian neighborhood. If any have taken high places in social circles, it has almost uniformly been to elevate and purify by their example ; and more than all, many are walking with sweet serenity in the shaded paths where God's Providence calls, content to hear and obey his voice. It is only to be said here that the shortcoming and failures of the Academy training were not caused by neglect of painstaking. In the teachers, nearly without exception, there was total consecration to their work. Reading, outside of the text-books, on the subjects taught, was always their practice ; study unremitting was the choice of all who were long connected with the corps. For instance, an outline of the War of the Rebellion was prepared and substituted for the usual chapters in the United States History. From Hume, Macaulay, Green, and Froude, with McCarthy's "History of our Own Times," a dated schedule of History of England was made the basis of one year's teaching ; and a like one of the History of Rome from Gibbon, Arnold, and Liddell was written out. A synopsis of the animal kingdom was a help in zoölogy. Reasons for every process, from long division in arithmetic to the analysis of sense-perception in psychology, were the starting-points in all

instruction. How plain it has become to our pupils that only what they were trained to do without help, is of the least value to them now. Several times the classes were taken to see the specimens in the Kirtland Society Rooms, and visits were made to the collections of the Western Reserve Historical Society, which, if they served no other purpose, impressed on them the existence of these places,—a fact then apparently unknown to the generality of Clevelanders. On other occasions, all who were willing accompanied the teacher to some manufactory. [No Manual Training School then.] One afternoon was spent looking on while car-wheels were made; another was filled with information at the Jewett & Goodman Organ Factory; and still another at the Bowler's Iron Foundry. Of course the company were dreadfully in the way; but the gentlemen proprietors who gave their time to us did not intimate such a thing. More frequently we would ask Professor Stockwell leave to come and look through his telescope,—a favor which he never refused. It is true, a cloud always drew on just as we arrived, or immediately after, and it was a work of lingering perseverance on his part to give us a peep; but it was fine and exalting when we got it.

School-hours were crowded with inexorable regularity from nine till one, and there was a miserly allowance of holidays. Experience raised the value of the "abstract," and it was never missing. There were sometimes sets of pupils of whom only a few could do it well. Excuses from Friday's speaking

were too common. We never contrived any penalty for failure that was effectual, but there were always enough recitations, with the selected essays, to make a most enjoyable half-hour. Only a written note from the parent excused from the compositions,— a rule carried out to the last. Weekly reports to parents were kept up through the whole twenty years. Peculiar to 1874 were the two long lines of boys, who, coming in from recess, ranged themselves on each side of the hall and marched upstairs to the tap of a drum. This proceeding was an unconscious omen of the military advantages most of them were soon to have. A little later, the girls, standing in the side aisles of the school-room, had daily practice in gymnastics with wooden dumb-bells ; but physical training was one of our failures: interest in the drill died out after their first teacher left. It always needs a gymnasium for success.

Travel-talks of these years were not very frequent. One, commemorating a day of exceptional experience, will be reproduced as nearly as possible in the original manner. The scholars, being assembled and seated, saw on the blackboard a rude outline of a city, with prominent points indicated.

“ You may all take your maps and find Italy and its capital. This rough sketch of Rome will help you to understand what I shall tell you. The oval at the top is an immense open space called the Piazza del Popolo. It is surrounded by churches, elegant hotels, statues, and gardens. From it, as you

see, three main streets lead, diverging from each other toward the south. The middle one, called the Corso, runs in a straight line more than a mile long to the centre of the city, and is the aristocratic thoroughfare. The one to the west, the Ripetta, is also straight, but not so long. Between these two streets, a half mile south of the Piazza, is the palace which was refitted for the meeting of the Parliament. South of the extremity of the Corso rises the Capitoline Hill; northeast of this, the Quirinal, crowned by the stately palace erected three hundred years ago, and adorned by the popes ever since. It was their summer residence; but now King Victor Emmanuel lives there when he is in Rome. St. Peter's and the Vatican, the 'prison' of the pope, covering a triangular space a half mile on two sides, lies to the west across the Tiber. The Corso is lined through its whole length with buildings of five stories, most of them very handsome.

"On the morning of Nov. 27, 1871, it was from end to end one blaze of color. Across it from the roofs of the houses were stretched, every few rods, immense curtains of scarlet cloth, rounded and bordered with heavy gilt fringe. In every interval arches of a network of gas-pipes springing from huge baskets, wreathed with artificial flowers, intimated what the evening was to show. Hundreds of national flags, red, white, and green, fluttered from every window on both sides of every street; even the lower stories had all the balconies decorated. Around the Piazza del Popolo stood thirty tall masts,

covered with red and connected by drapery of the same color; and from the top of each to the summit of the ancient Egyptian obelisk, which rises a hundred feet from the fountain in the centre, were festooned lines of white globes, and inverted bells with clusters of hanging-lamps of colored glass. Its base was banked with verdure and flowers. Turning into the Ripetta, the scene was scarcely less gorgeous. Its whole length also was draped with glowing lines of colored lamps, flags, and wreaths.

“Why was all this, you ask? This day was a great epoch at Rome, a great epoch for Italy and for the lovers of freedom all over the world. That wonderful city saw for the first time in her history of three thousand years an elected Parliament assembled from all the peninsula,—a free legislature; and that was what she was celebrating. An Italian sun shone out of the blue sky, and the air was so clear that a planet in the very sunlight was visible all the forenoon. The people on the street looked up and said joyfully to each other: ‘It is the Star of Italy.’

“At ten o’clock a line of soldiers had formed on one side of the street all the way from the Quirinal Palace to the Parliament House, where the deputies were assembling; the other side was filled with a quiet, expectant crowd. At eleven a gun was fired, —the only one during the day. The bell of the Capitol, which used to strike only when the pope died, began to ring; the bell of the Parliament House answered it. The line of royal carriages, the drivers and postilions in scarlet livery, came down by

the stately statues of the Quirinal, turning among the old quarters to the lower end of the Corso, under an arch at the entrance wreathed in green, under the scarlet pavilion of the street, up through the Piazza Colonna, lined with tall standards, silken banners streaming from their tops, to the Place before the Parliament House. Three lines of soldiers formed a hollow square. A gray, bare-headed man in a general's uniform alighted from one of the carriages. Those standing about lifted their hats. He passed under the velvet canopy above the door, and in a few moments King Victor Emmanuel was giving in a firm, distinct voice, a short address to the gathered deputies, hushed as if they felt the solemn occasion. Then he pronounced the Parliament formally open. It was not a half hour before he came out again and rode back to the Quirinal. The people were shouting all the way 'Viva!' 'Viva!' and would not be satisfied till he came out on the balcony and showed himself where the popes have always stood to dispense their blessings. Not a carriage besides the royal cortège was visible. You would say the entire population was taking a stroll for pleasure.

" But I did not see in all the throng one priest, or person in a clerical dress. The papers said the cardinals had all left the city, after they had done their utmost to persuade the pope to go; but he would not. Really nobody knew much that was going on in that great palace across the river. A number of the greatest Roman nobility were not visible either. One must live a while in Italy to know how much

courage it requires in a people who have always bent their necks to despots, in one form or other, to really stand up unabashed and look their rulers in the face. In the window of a coffee-house on the Corso was displayed a picture representing the king, standing with one hand in his pocket, and the other holding his hat against his side, his head up, and forty declarations of independence in his face. By him stood the pope in pontifical dress, putting with some difficulty his arm in a coaxing way into the king's. It was labelled 'A Photograph,' and crowds were laughing and jostling around it all day. If you examine the king's picture, which is here on the desk, you will know precisely how he looks.

"Not far off is the Great Palace, as it is called, of the Inquisition. There is not a window in its high walls of solid stone, not a loophole to the very top, from which a cry or groan could escape to the outer world. When you think that for six hundred years that awful power had sat there, crushing every free thought and burning out every patriotic impulse, you wonder that such a picture could see the light; for it is but a year since that prison was made into barracks for soldiers of a united country.

"Up the Capitoline a stream of people were passing. In front of the Senators' Palace on the square are two marble tablets. On them one reads that all Italy, divided for thirty centuries, became one country in 1869. Workmen were busy making preparations for the evening, and the bronze statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, more alive than ever,

seemed to point with outstretched hand to the spot where that day the union had been consummated. Just a few moments' walk takes you where you look down into the old Forum,—many feet below the modern road. A few scattered columns rise above the ruins, lying buried still,—stones laid when Babylon was in its pride of power. Two thousand years ago, senators and knights and conquerors, proud that they were Roman citizens, passed up and down the steps that are below. Now, the towering recesses of the temple of Venus and Roma ; the piles of masonry and dizzy pinnacles that remain of the Palace of the Cæsars ; the Arch of Titus ; the mighty vaults of the Coliseum,—each and all seemed but majestic witnesses of that day's doings. Standing in the vast area of the amphitheatre, you could almost fill those ruined seats with the shouting multitude of fierce spectators, dust centuries ago. But a cross stands in the centre, and some women were worshipping before it. One was content to let go that cruel past, and see only the few black specks of visitors walking along the upper, broken corridors, and hear the tall reeds growing over the Golden House of Nero rustle in the wind.

“ Back again into the crowded streets, and reverie had vanished. Carriages were out now, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, wending their way to the public gardens that overlook the Piazza del Popolo. Newsboys were everywhere crying ‘The King's Speech in the Chambers,’ and many were reading as they passed. The Emperor

and Empress of Brazil were in the line. The Princess Margaretha, the king's daughter-in-law, rode by,—a fair blonde in a rose-colored velvet hat; and there were plenty of 'vivas' whenever the crowd saw the royal livery. Peasantry from the region round about, in their picturesque head-dresses, dotted the throng; the beggars forgot their vocation, almost all of them. The only things for sale were colored lanterns, stamped with the arms of the kingdom.

"As night came on, the lines of fire began to thread the city. At nine o'clock the lamps hanging in clusters over the Piazza del Popolo were all lighted, and made a firmament of stars above it. Around, on the standards, were the illuminated coats-of-arms of the different Italian cities, in red, white, green, purple, gold, blue of every tint; and the letters V. E., as a monogram, blazed out on all sides. In front of the Obelisk, on the pedestal, was a revolving coruscation of gas made to resemble a star, which must have been twelve feet in diameter. The whole place was light as day. Looking down the Corso, you could see only a long gallery, roofed with burning gas-jets, magnificent with brilliant lights and drapery. The top of the arch at the southern end flamed out with the words 'Viva Vittorio Emmanuele il Re d' Italia.' A star closed the dazzling perspective. Myriads of lights sparkled along the entire length of the Ripetta, and the avenue displayed at the end an eagle covering the front of a palace, holding a scroll bearing those letters one cannot see without a thrill, the letters

the Roman legions carried all over the world,—S. P. Q. R. Imitations of trees in light flashed on the Piazza Colonna, where the majestic column of Marcus Aurelius looked down on them from imperial days ; but it was in the square of the Capitoline Hill that the scene was most like enchantment. All the pillars and Corinthian capitals had been trimmed with lights marking the architectural lines and decoration, producing a most beautiful effect. Above this, covering the front of the Capitol itself, was an immense mosaic of lanterns forming a wreath of flowers arching a rising sun, and high over all a star of blue that could be seen from every part of the city. It was like a vision ; only they were very real boys who were jumping down from the statue of Constantine, and the Trophies of Marius on the marble steps that once led to the Temple of Quirinus. At intervals, strains of martial music came from the bands, or exclamations of admiring wonder rose above the general sound of voices ; but there was no noise. One 'viva' on the Piazza indicated that the king was there without parade.

"So it was with a kind of solemn magnificence that Rome kept her great day, as if she were remembering the heroes, the martyrs who had died in her cause ; as if she could but sorrow that Cavour had not lived to see the fulfilment of his grand patriotic schemes [he had died ten years before], and that Garibaldi, her knight-errant, would bow the knee to no king, not even to Victor Emmanuel. Another time I should like to tell you of these two."

Grateful results of bygone work took shape in this period. Naturally, those who had been educated in the school formed a class, attached by pleasant associations to the old recitation-rooms ; and in one of them assembled for several months in 1872 and 1873 one of the first clubs among the young people of the city for the study of literature, art, and architecture. There were readings of Shakspeare, of Lübke, and of Fergusson when the young girls and recently married women met as school-mates, and flashed their enthusiasm over photographs of pictures and statues, or turned the folios of Cannina lent to us ; their spontaneous flow of criticism and suggestion making the most delightful of conversations. When they had read enough of Shakspeare to feel, with their teacher, how little they comprehended him, it was suggested that Professor Seymour, of Hudson, was a man who could expound the great dramatist better than anybody else. He was written to, and consented to come, October, 1874 ; and for two successive years met that ardent company of Academy girls, to the mutual delight of lecturer and listeners. Since that time extensive circles in this city have tasted of the old wine first broached for our benefit. Two years later, a third series of readings on art made pleasant afternoons at the school building to many who have since prosecuted their studies in that direction. Those familiar talks on the most marked epochs of painting were far from such as would satisfy them now, but were none the less glowing with awakened thought.

and fresh stimulus to the imagination. Most effectually were we aided by several visits to Mrs. Hurlbut's gallery of pictures, generously opened, and affording an opportunity to see the works of several great modern masters.

Thoughts which had often been dwelt upon in the school-room were a few times sent to print,—always for the sake of those who, scattered abroad, were the only audience in mind. Familiar enough was the strain of teaching which may be recalled as a part of this history from the columns of the "Earnest Worker."

## WOMAN'S SPHERE.

WHO that walked through the buildings of the Great Exposition but must remember how large a part of the exhibits were called out by the needs or the taste of woman! For her were the fabrics, the laces, the jewelry, the furs, the bronzes, the pottery, and the furniture, of every nation and clime, the machinery concerned in their manufacture, and the raw material from which they were produced. Why, in fact, do men build steam-engines, forge rails, raise bridges, and dig tunnels under the sea? It is that they may have more comfort and convenience, more leisure and luxury in their homes. And what makes a man's home? Some good, pure woman, whom he loves and who trains up his children to love and honor him. How would the glory fade out of the land, and all its magnificent show of progress become worthless, if in town or hamlet there were no more virtuous, devoted women! What motive would be left for toil; to what good all the garniture of the heathenism that would soon enwrap us?

But the lives of this half of the race are passed in multitudinous details. What is done or suffered is for the most part on small occasions, and for little, if not trivial, things. Housekeeping — home keeping — is a round of unending petty cares. The wholesomely cooked and daintily served meals, the tidy clothing, the neat, comfortable house, the well-trained

children,—all these are the achievements of acts so trifling, and yet so infinite in number, that the lives spent over them are not only narrowed, for the time, in range, but filled with labor.

What are “narrow spheres” and “small duties”? Verily, however it may seem to her who is doing it, there is nothing really greater done on the earth’s face than to maintain a well-ordered household and to make it bright with cheerful love. And with the advance of civilization it becomes a mightier work every year, so that it is not so much a question whether woman can conquer new fields of activity as whether she can hold her original patrimony. It is not the ability to cure a fever or make a brief, but to mend a dress and prepare a breakfast, that is in doubt. Here is scope for every gift and grace; and whatever else a woman may do, if, being called to it, she cannot do this well, we justly pronounce upon her, “Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting.”

In the administration of a modern household there is necessity for powers of self-control and of government undreamed of in the days of “old family domestics.” There is call for the self-sacrifice that is unappreciated or taken as a matter of course; for the patience and long-suffering which crown the perfect womanhood.

In the Master’s work there is neither great nor small. Some one has said: “Were the Archangel Gabriel to come down to earth to fulfil a commission, he would have no choice whether he swept the streets

of a city, or ruled a kingdom." That religion is worth little which does not make us good workmen. Doubtless the streets of that city where Gabriel swept would be very clean.

But skill in anything is not acquired by a good conscience ; there is need of training and experience. Is not that education both wicked and foolish which ignores this whole department of woman's work, and leaves the young with a positive distaste for it ?

With all our abundance and conveniences, there is a glaring amount of bad cooking and washing and marketing and cleaning on all sides. Thorough and tidy sweeping — angels' visits being few — is a lost art, except in rare nooks and among the Shakers. Is not the poor man's home of scrupulous cleanliness a rare thing in actual life ? How many are the households of mechanics and persons of ordinary means where the wife and mother has the skill and training to make simple food and simple dress, healthful and comfortable, fall within the limited income, and creates within herself the refinements and cheerfulness which make a delightful home without a luxury ? We are learning fast how to decorate our homes in true artistic style ; what is widely and sorely needed is learning how to live well and happily on a little money. Is it not a land full of such homes that we mean when we say we expect the " knowledge of the Lord to fill the earth " ?

Every woman — and every man — ought to cultivate every power which she (or he) may possess, and do so through life. This proposition includes

the higher education of women. But we must not forget that purely intellectual acquirements do not insure domestic happiness ; that the ultimate end of a trained and polished mind is to be the charm and light, the strong stay and the wise guide, of a home. It is a question whether the exclusive fostering of greatly refined and æsthetic taste does not render people selfish, and very "hard to live with ;" and *somebody* in a family must give up and be unselfish, or there is a small Inferno. Now, the actual performance of the household services by the members of the family is both an expression of unselfishness and the most powerful means of cultivating it. How suggestive is that clause which closes the brief account of the restoration to health of Simon Peter's wife's mother : " And she arose and ministered unto them."

Whatever else, then, woman may know, in whatever other fields her talents may be conspicuous, her knowledge of household economy, of caring for the sick, of getting the greatest possible benefit from the smallest possible outlay, is the real measure of the thrift, the comfort, the prosperity of any people. Perhaps in no other way can her Christian benevolence be more wisely exerted than in spreading abroad this knowledge, by precept and example, among the poor, whose hard earnings are not only squandered on appetite, but often wasted through ignorance.

## THE FORCE OF RIGHT DOING.

ONCE on a dreary Sunday afternoon, when Sunday afternoons used to be dreary, I strolled into the library of an old-fashioned minister and took down the only small, newish book, which promised to be in the least entertaining, though it had no more remarkable title than "The Life of Mr. Williams." It proved to be the account of a young English physician of high promise in his profession, and singular loveliness of character, who, driven by that internal impulse which is either fanaticism or heroism, as one looks at it, renounced all the prospects of a happy and useful career in his dear native land, and gave himself to the cause of Christian missions. After various labors in the South Sea Islands, he turned his attention to the vast promontory which lies at the extremity of South America. Its rocky, inhospitable shores were visited by no vessels; its rude aborigines had never heard the glad tidings of the Gospel. To them he decided to go. The London Missionary Society would not send him alone, and it was some little time before a man of like spirit was found to accompany him; but at length a ship sailing to the South Pacific took the two, with a supply of stores, to their distant and desolate field.

Two or three years passed before anything could be heard from them. The wars of Napoleon engrossed the English marine, and delayed the sending

of messages or aid. When at last the Society despatched a special vessel, it was only to find in a cave on a bleak cliff the wasted skeletons of the devoted men. They had perished of want. The wild Patagonians had sullenly kept aloof from all friendly approaches, and driven their patient, would-be benefactors with inhuman threats away. The simple narrative of their efforts they had written out in a Journal. It was found nearly entire, showing, to the very last line, a cheerful hope and steadfast, triumphant endurance.

What a waste, do we say? Doubtless they thought they had labored in vain; but is human selfishness ever softened by anything else than the spectacle of self-sacrifice? It was not the Patagonians they died for, but for every narrow heart in a Christian land who should read their story. And has it not been always so? Have not many of the lives which have most blessed the world seemed at the time to be failures, — vainly wasted, it appeared to those who lived them, and often to the men of their days? Did Paul know what he was doing when, chained to a soldier, he wrote his Epistles; and would not even his heart have sunk, could he have looked down a few hundred years and seen in what darkness the light was soon to go out in Corinth and Ephesus, in Galatia and Rome? No prevision that those letters would bless the ends of the earth two thousand years after could have dawned on his mind. Did the men and women of the "Mayflower," whose graves were dug in the winter snow of 1621 in that Plymouth burying-

ground, know that their death in exile was not in vain?

But the disciple is as his Master. How impressively is set forth in the pages of the New Testament the apparent want of success in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. We remember how there were two that walked toward "a village called Emmaus," and One drew near and went with them, and they told him how a "prophet, mighty in deed and word," had been crucified in Jerusalem while he was yet young and in the midst of his works of mercy. With what a lesson to us comes the mournful exclamation of their disappointed hope, "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." They did not know what was to be, but we know.

Many and many a soldier must die on the battle-field and never hear the shout of victory; yea, many must be left wounded to death, hearing but the rout of defeat; and yet it was only because there were those *willing* to die that there *was* any victory,—only because some gave themselves to perish in a forlorn hope that the hearts of their comrades were nerved for a final onset.

Science is just now astonishing us by a new demonstration that no physical force is ever lost,—that the faintest vibration is as eternal as matter itself. Can we suppose this to be less true of moral force? In a more solemn sense than the great poet meant it, "The evil that men do lives after them," we know too well. May we not believe that every act of justice and truth and love has likewise, by an inflexi-

ble law, its never-ending results in the moral world ? If we find that the words of common speech can be reproduced long after the lips that uttered them are turned to dust, is not the prayer breathed into the ear of Infinite Love garnered there ? Every disinterested effort to comfort the suffering, to instruct the ignorant, to right the great wrongs, and to banish the great vices of the world, must be imperishable ; somewhere in our own souls, or, if it please God, in the souls of others, and in distant ages, it must react with precisely its own energy.

As the raindrops go through their endless round of falling and exhalation from century to century and lose no atom of their substance, so whoever guides unskilful fingers to useful occupation, or bears meekly another's burden in the household, or sets an example of truth and simplicity in modern society, causes that to descend upon the waste of human life which is indestructible in blessing.

We may be certain that all which is done by honest and sincere souls in great moral movements lies cumulative in the hand of Omnipotence, to be hurled against evil in his own good time, irresistibly. The patriot may fall in the very Bunker Hill of the war ; the missionary may die alone on the cold rocks of Patagonia, with not a soul as the seal of his ministry ; the martyr may go from the dungeon to the bloody amphitheatre and leave no name behind him,— not one deed of self-devotion has been lost ; and it is only because of them that there is anything worth living for in the world to-day.

We are often discouraged ; the evil and sorrow are so great, and our weak endeavors do not seem to diminish them by a hair's breadth. But let us take heart again, believing that if they are put forth in God's name, they are gathered and sent to their purpose in his great plan as surely as gravitation sends the stream to the sea.

Let us look to it that, with honest hearts, we do our work for the poor, the wayward, and the wicked, and then, walking in the dusk like the disciples of old, not knowing to whom they spoke, we may tell our discouragements to the "Redeemer of Israel," and be comforted like them.

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It is not the purpose of these recollections to dwell on the fundamental religious principles which lay at the base of all plans or efforts for the school. Whatever was sealed with the witness of the Spirit in each soul belongs to its own consciousness, and can neither be added to nor diminished by words from outside. If any were awakened to a solemn sense of duty toward God and their fellow-men, their lives are now testifying that result. It was surely the aim of all said or done for them from first to last. Believing that the education which is divorced from all religious training is a terrible mistake, sure to be visited upon the communities that sanction it in far-reaching results of evil and misery, the teachers of the Academy in their daily round of influence brought the motives of the Gospel to bear with such power as they had. More than this we

dare not say, leaving to the inner record of each to manifest how far those motives were effectual. Among the most vivid and precious memories are the voices mingled in the morning hymn, for there was always in the later days some one to play the piano. "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," "I will sing for Jesus," "The Lambs of the Upper Fold," were often the prelude to the verses from *Holy Writ*, followed by our petition for daily guidance and blessing. Bible-lessons were so constant and inseparable from every Monday's work, holding always the place of honor on all public days, that probably they will be the last trait of the school forgotten by any who learned them.

The Old Testament History; the story of the Kings and the Prophets in their order; the revelation of the Divine Character in God's government of Israel; the life of Jesus and the founding of the Church,—became a part of the mind and soul treasure of every child who was long a pupil. Multitudes of questions like those which follow, from later examination-papers, will recur to you all:—

Which of the ten commandments are positive, and which negative? Give any reason for these two forms.

Who are the principal speakers in the book of Job? Which one is not mentioned at the close? What was the object of the writer?

Name the last three kings of Judah. Tell the fate of two of them.

Write any verse from the first chapter of Isaiah.

Where does the history of the Old Testament end?

What monuments of those times are existing now?

Who were the translators of our English Bible?

What leading events in the world's history between the Old and New Testament?

In what part of Israel did Samson live?

What prophet was his contemporary?

Write the names of the twelve Apostles.

How did the oldest son of Zebedee die?

Give the account of Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

What question was put by Jude, and Christ's answer.

What lesson drawn from the Vine and the Branches?

Parables in which the number ten occurs.

What is the new commandment? What, in the circumstances of Christ's giving it, made it so binding?

Give some of the reasons for Paul's writing the first letter to the Thessalonians.

One illustration of Bible history teachings written out for the Press will suffice.

## AN ANCIENT REVIEWED.

THIRTY-FOUR centuries ago the descendants of a Chaldaean patriarch were undergoing a cruel slavery under the despotic foreign dynasty of Egypt. Driven almost to despair, they gained their freedom under a leader of their own race, took possession of a small mountain district of southern Syria, and founded a monarchy which endured six hundred years. They fell first under Assyrian and then under Roman power, were finally expelled from their country ; but have kept through all the ages of vicissitude their distinct national existence, and an unbroken history to the present time.

Their primitive bondage, their deliverance, the character of their leader, are all imprinted unmistakably on their customs, their laws, and every part of a literature whose antiquity is undisputed as that of the vocal Memnon. Before the eyes of modern nations, which are of yesterday compared to them, the undoubted descendants of the ancient stock commemorate every year, by peculiar observances which must have had a historic origin, the night when their bonds were broken.

Looking back through the long vista of ages, we see distinctly a man unlike any other whose portrait the past has left us. He was the acknowledged liberator of that horde of wronged and wretched bondsmen ; but he founded no dynasty, set up no

claim to authority in his own person. He led them to the limits of the land they conquered, and assured their first success; but asked for his family no share of spoil, no foot of possession. He created a body of laws, but gave not the smallest direction in his own name; founded the national religious ceremonial, but claimed for himself no share of its dignities; and withdrew into the mountain recesses to die, so that in a land full of sacred tombs his place of burial should be unknown. No tradition of his people has ever marked any spot as the tomb of Moses.

We shall find no parallel to this in all history. The edicts which he promulgated and which have been known for three thousand years by his name, have been reproduced in many essential features in the moral code of all civilized peoples. The exact equality of rights which they guaranteed to every individual of the nation; the safeguard of life, reputation, and property which they maintained; the sanctity and subordination of the family which they enforced,—were all great thoughts of justice, upon which, like broad foundation-stones, the best part of the human race have since reared their structures of social order. If that law frowned in stern severity upon the evil-doers, it put on a most winning aspect in its care for the weak and helpless.

“Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child.” “If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.” “Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of thy poor in

his cause." "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night till morning." "Thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, and thou shalt not glean thy vineyard: thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger. I am the Lord your God." Commands like these bespeak the heart of Infinite Pity, from which they claim to have been uttered; and from what other source could have come the crowning, priceless boon to the toiling millions of earth,— the sweet rest of the Sabbath-day?

If the moral code of the Pentateuch was not communicated by the Divine Spirit of wisdom, purity, and love, to him who wrote it in that corner of Arabia among a half-heathen race of just-liberated slaves we may well ask, "Where did he get it?" The ceremonial was largely Egyptian, but the deity worshipped was as far from all Egyptian ideas as "from the centre thrice to the utmost pole." Where did he find that one God, and why was he silent on that future state which filled so large a place in Egyptian belief? The lakes and streams that feed the Nile, having lain in the obscurity of long-unknown lands, are, one by one, being surveyed and mapped and spread out before us; but the sources whence Moses drew the history and the precepts that have flowed down to us in perennial instruction and blessings, still lie in mystery undiscovered, their vast clear depths untroubled by the puffing steam-tugs of modern criticism.

This law comes with a majesty, a conscious authority, an awfulness of purity, which corresponds

with the voice of the Almighty; and it is the only code in existence which at all answers to our ideas of such an origin. The man who left it in its simple and sublime diction to the Jews, and through them to the modern Christian world, conferred an obligation which every lover of humanity must feel. Its enactments of morality, of just and righteous dealing, have never been superseded; their application to human need is undiminished. They live in immortal vigor in the common conscience of mankind. That law has stood through all the centuries as a mighty sea-wall against the floods of human passion and human selfishness. All that is fairest in our life flourishes to-day under its protecting barrier. Fifteen hundred years after Moses, arose another prophet mightier than he. Was it his mission to tear down and build anew? "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil."

The work of the great law-giver does not hide what he was as a man. His patriotism shone brighter and brighter through forty years of ingratitude and misconstruction. There is not a word of reproach, in his solemn farewell and blessing, to dim the lustre of that wonderful prayer. "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sins—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." The great deliverances, of which he was the instrument, seemed only to have wrought in him a temper left as his prominent characteristic. "Now the man Moses was very meek

[much enduring], above all the men which were upon the face of the earth ; yet —

“ This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword, —

This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word.”

The accomplished Egyptian scholar became the shepherd of Midian, and then the liberator, the leader, the prophet, uttering in exalted vision words that are now the creed of all Christendom ; uniting in himself the grandest and the tenderest traits of character ; towering among the men of antiquity as the great Pyramid rises over the plain, so that the very Arabs of to-day believe the wells of Suez were dug by him, and the mighty chasm of Petra rent by his “ potent rod.” If the statue in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli — embodying one of the sublimest conceptions of the greatest of sculptors, and dwarfing everything around — should once arise and speak, it would be in tones that would silence a chattering crowd of critics ; and if the mighty one entombed on Mount Nebo should come forth on the stage of modern politics, there would be a disappearance like that ending the fourth plague of Egypt.

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For the class of 1874 was written a cantata, — if it could be called such, the music being simply a few old airs. The idea was a stage in white, and the per-

formers in white, flowing, thin dresses ; "Joy" wearing roses, "Sorrow" a light mourning scarf and ivy-wreath, "Hope" bearing a silver star and wand of blue. Soft music to be played through the whole, the songs sung low by a choir out of sight. The contrasted tones and suggestive dress of the speakers was none the less touching to the teacher that, years before, in the Seminary, where the first sketch of the piece was acted, the happier spirit was personated by a bright, rosy-cheeked maiden, who since had passed through triumphant death to a land where sorrow is no more.

## THE YOUTH'S DREAM.

*[Enter first speaker, passing to the rear of the stage.]*

## RECITATION.

ON a summer eve, when the moonlight fell  
Like a silver veil from Night's forehead hoar,  
A youth sat musing, as in a spell,  
'Neath the clustering vines by his father's door.

But not of the azure with stars inlaid,  
And not of the radiance, soft and bright,  
That lighted the spot where his boyhood played,  
Were the thoughts of the youth as he mused that  
night.

In sooth, he was dreaming of days to come,—  
Of the fairy-life that before him lay ;  
How his feet would wander from out that home  
Over wondrous lands far, far away.

A palace fair should his dwelling be,  
And his ships should ride on the foamy sea ;  
His burning words should go forth with might  
In the Senate-hall for the cause of right.  
For wealth and fame and love's rosy gleam  
Were mingled all in that youth's bright dream.

## SONG.

BEAUTIFUL as morning when the coming day  
Crimsons all the cloudlets soft and gray,

Is the fairy dreamland with its radiant bowers  
Twined in fancy's freest hours.  
Gay let the heart be, dreaming erewhile,  
Each morn disclosing some blest isle ;  
For the fairy visions swiftly will they go,  
Darkened, never more to glow.

[*While the next lines are recited, enter the three, personating Joy, SORROW, HOPE.*]

The youth still mused, as the night crept on,  
Entranced with the pictures, like magic drawn ;  
Till three visioned forms passed before his sight,  
Whose presence sweet seemed to hush the night.  
Two were the angels of grief and joy,  
Forecasting life to that dreaming boy ;  
And with them one whom he knew full well,—  
She had told him tales in each woodland dell ;  
She had gilded for him scenes most fair,—  
Not yet had they vanished into air.  
He saw them stand where the moonbeams shone,  
Each radiant face in its shimmering zone ;  
Their mystic voices in music rang,  
And the words fell sweet as the bright ones sang.

*Joy.* I love the spring when its blossoms burst  
From the green leaves' velvet fold ;  
I float in the song of the early bird,  
And step where the ferns are rolled.  
Oh, the merry hours, the gladsome hours !  
I flit on their glittering wings,  
And fill my cup to the very brim  
With the joy each moment brings.

*Sorrow.* Oh ! many a blossom and leaflet fold  
Cometh not forth from the winter's cold ;  
The rain-drops glisten side by side  
On the glowing bloom and the germ that died.  
O sister bright ! the Spring loveth thee ;  
Yet by thy side must I ever be.

*Joy.* I gather the fruits of the autumn time,  
And its luscious feasts prepare ;  
There is not a bird nor a living thing  
But hath abundant share.  
Hast thou a place in the happy throng  
That with clustering vintage come,  
When the fields are ripe with golden grain,  
And resound to the Harvest Home ?

*Sorrow.* My voice is heard in the autumn gale  
When it sweeps the leaves, with its solemn wail ;  
I bear the last song to the far-off sky,  
And cover the graves where the flowerets lie.  
O sister bright ! Autumn loveth thee ;  
Yet by thy side must I ever be.

*Hope.* Spring-time, in daisy dance,  
Looks for the roses' glance ;  
May is most bright with the coming of June.  
Summer is showing still  
How the green garners fill,  
Whispering leafily : " Harvest is soon."  
Through dim November rays,  
Through the cold, wintry days,

Only my promise brings comfort and cheer.  
 There will be Spring again,  
 Bright birds will sing again ;  
 All things look forward and greet the New Year.

## SONG.

SPRING hath its balmy air,  
 Summer its bloom,  
 Autumn its wailing winds,  
 Winter its gloom.

Songs of bright morning  
 At eve are forgot ;  
 Roses of June-lit days  
 Autumn finds not.

Only one tone of earth  
 Ever is sweet ;  
 One ever-flowery path  
 Wins mortal feet.

Hope sings that sweetest song  
 By night and day ;  
 Flitting, she leads us on,  
 Charming, the way.

*Joy.* I dance through the halls where beauty  
 reigns,  
 'Mid the blaze of mirrored light ;  
 In the rustling robes of her silken trains  
 I am wrapped in fond delight.

*Sorrow.* When the weary and care-worn long  
for relief,  
Though the calm lips hide the unspoken grief,  
I breathe the words of their longing prayer,—  
I whisper of heaven, and sweet rest there.

*Joy.* O ! loving hearts, ye all are mine,  
In a thousand homes of peace ;  
For love and joy go hand in hand,  
And must till time shall cease.

We bless the bride in her happy lot,  
The children in their glee ;  
The toiler in his quiet cot,  
And the babe at its mother's knee.

*Sorrow.* I watch with tears to see silence creep  
Over loving lips in their moveless sleep.  
I see the hearts that in secret break,  
Enduring all, for a loved one's sake.  
Spirit of Hope, dost thou know a place  
Where wrong and pain have left no trace ?

*Hope.* Oh, how shall I mark the sorrow which  
I must fain forget ?  
Toward an ever-glowing vista my eager steps are  
set.  
With the young and happy-hearted I pass on my  
bounding way,  
And we talk alone of its wonders as we hasten day  
by day.

## SONG.

OH! there is not a fireside where fond eyes are  
beaming,

That has not a gleam of the happier land ;  
There is not a tone of affection's fond seeming  
That caught not its chord from the seraphim band.  
As falleth the sunlight in fullness forever,

So falleth the love-light on high and on low ;  
Oh, where is the heart on the wide earth that never  
Has joyed in its music or thrilled at its glow !

Oh ! never has mortal seen yet the undying,  
And tears fall, like rain-drops of dead hopes, to tell  
To the heart that has loved, there is evermore  
sighing,

A low mournful dirge in its innermost cell.  
'T is the wail of the soul in its unrest of loving,  
'T is the murmur of voices we hear nevermore ;  
'T is the cry of the homeless with weary feet roving,  
And looking through tears to the dim distant  
shore.

*Joy.* O sisters sweet ! I have most a place  
In the soul's high throne of power,  
Where its lavished gifts are glorious deeds, —  
The wide earth's richest dower.  
Oh, there is no joy like that of him  
Who has toiled and waited long,  
Then brought to earth some boon of thought,  
Or healed some grievous wrong.

The spotless crown of a lofty fame,  
With its homage pure and high,  
The joy of that might an angel claim,  
And be willing for it to die.

*Sorrow.* Joy indeed is in victory won ;  
Tears and pain ere the strife is done.  
Sad are the thorny steps that rise  
To the steep lone mount of their sacrifice.  
With their brave and weary hearts, they stand  
A mark for the scorn of a rabble band.  
In darksome cells I have seen them lie ;  
In martyr flames I have seen them die.  
Close by my side they have walked alone :  
Spirit of Gladness, these were my own !

*Hope.* Yet not alone by sorrow that holy crown  
they claim ;  
They heard through coming ages the echoes of  
their fame.  
By the faith of Eternal Justice they knew their  
meed was won,  
As we watch through starless midnight the coming  
of the sun.  
Yea, even the tomb's dark portal an arch of tri-  
umph grew,  
For the glory of a world of joy that streamed  
unbroken through.

#### PIANO INTERLUDE.

*Joy.* There is a youth who dreams to-night,  
    The moonlight round him falling,  
Who hears from out the distant time  
    A wondrous future calling.  
I fain would lead him by the hand  
    Along the path to glory,  
And make his lot the happiest one  
    In all the human story.  
That boy—in truth I love him well—  
    Oh! tell me if his vision  
Must cheat him with deceitful show,  
    Nor bring a true Elysian.  
Is there no path where he can walk  
    Safe from misfortune's frowning,  
And pass up through the pearly gates,  
    No sorrow in his crowning?

*Sorrow.* Oh! never yet hath mortal passed  
    Within those fields Elysian  
That hover o'er our ravished sight  
    In lovely, youthful vision.  
Vain is the hope to gather strength  
    In joy's gay path alluring;  
The soul's high empire o'er itself  
    Comes only from enduring.  
'T is only in the angel-bowers  
    Love's thornless wreaths are weaving;  
Where death and wrong lay wait for prey  
    The loving are the grieving.

And none but those whose broken hearts  
 Have tears in secret holden,  
 Can enter in the pearly gates,  
 Or see the city golden.

*Joy. Sister, take him to thy side !  
 We will follow : thou shalt guide.*

SONG.

HALF in smiles and half in tears,  
 Side by side, we'll weave the years,  
 Take their joys with humble heart,  
 Bear in faith affliction's part.  
 Hence, till time and change are o'er,  
 Joy and Grief shall part no more.

[*Joy, SORROW, and HOPE in concert.*]

Hand in hand through the night  
 We walk till morning light,  
 Chanting together life's mystical strain ;  
 Mingling for mortal lip  
 Life's magic cup to sip,  
 Bitter or sweet, with its passing refrain.

Not in our power to give  
 All that it is to live ;  
 Ours but to keep and uncover the mine  
 Whence the strong human will,  
 Holding firm purpose still,  
 Builds its own temple and hallows the shrine.

Wake, then, thou dreaming one,  
Put all the armor on,  
Patience and Faith, for the fast-coming fray ;  
Hope then in deepest grief,  
Joy in the soul's belief ;  
Right sounds the trumpet call : hear, and obey.

*First Speaker.* As floateth a cloudlet softly by,  
So the voices died in the midnight sky ;  
But the words they spoke and the songs they  
sung,  
Long, long in the heart of that youth they rung.  
Slowly forever then passed away  
The golden mist where the future lay.  
He went into life with a chastened heart,  
Bravely and truly he bore his part ;  
With secret tears kept a stainless name,  
And struggled upward to life's high aim.  
Oh, often again did the moonlight gleam  
On his childhood's scenes with silvery beam ;  
And oft did he muse, as the night crept on,  
Over joys and sorrows long come and gone ;  
Oft stood 'neath the vines by his father's door,—  
But he saw that dreamland never more !

A story written for one Christmas in this period was the only novelette ever attempted. It might have been made more cheerful, and its relation to the season it were vain to attempt to discover.

### HIS TRUE LOVE.

IT was a large upper room in a mechanic's boarding-house. At one side a bare, brick chimney stood outside the partition ; on the other were two grimy windows, partly overhung by ragged green-paper curtains. On the walls and ceiling, here and there, patches of plastering had been knocked off,—scars of the conflicts in many a jolly row of successive inmates. Two beds and an old lounge occupied the corners ; three broken chairs, as many battered trunks, and a chest of carpenter's tools were disposed along the sides. The place had been put to rights that morning ; soiled coverlets had been tucked askew over the made-up beds ; a broom, leaning behind the door, kept guard over a pile of dirt that had been gathered in a skirmish over the floor. Nails driven in the wall held various articles of men's apparel,—one, a violin, wrapped in a vest suspended by a string. This suggestion of artistic pleasure was a relief in the forlorn, untidy apartment, which yet had on its best appearance ; for the doctor had been calling there.

On a cot drawn up to the chimney for the warmth of the bricks — it was November, and cold — was stretched a stalwart, manly form. One firm, shapely hand grasped the small pillow under his head; the other, wrapped in bandages, lay at his side. The eyes were covered with folds of wet cloth, and over them was bound a red-silk handkerchief. Only the unshorn lips were visible, pressed together as in a resolution to conquer pain. A stand spread with a newspaper stood within reach, on it a pitcher of water, a sponge, a half lemon, and some folded bits of white paper. The ticking of a watch out of sight was the only sound.

“John Henland, aged twenty-four, a machinist in the *Ætna Foundry*, was injured yesterday at the works. He is likely to recover.” So ran an item in the “Michigan Daily Argus” of two weeks before. Commonplace enough, soon forgotten. In fact, the young machinist was repairing a tool, it broke suddenly in his grasp, fragments of steel penetrated both eyes, and his right hand, passing under the lathe, had at once every finger cut entirely off. It was impossible for him to realize it had been but a fortnight since then. Not till to-day had he dared to ask any decisive question of the silent physician who came regularly, touched him skilfully and tenderly, and departed, — a being from another sphere. This morning, when the bandages were replaced, he nerved himself to say, “Doctor, shall I ever see again? If not, I want to know it now.” The doctor waited a moment, and as if giving strictly official information,

said: "Out of the right eye, no; the other now gives hope." There was a quick movement of the wounded arm at the sudden heart-throb, but no words. In the tone of his answer the doctor had gone farther away than ever; but he came so near a moment after, that John had a revelation. "Have you a home?" he asked, gently.

"My mother lives in Manitou City,—a hundred miles from here, on the railroad."

"Could she care for you there?"

"Yes," was the hesitating answer, "but she cannot come here."

"You can go to her soon;" and John heard him shut the door swiftly, silently, as he was wont.

As soon as John felt himself alone, "There is hope, there is hope, thank God!" burst from him in passionate exclamation. "And the boys shall write her to-night."

On a pleasant street in that inland town stood the small, comfortable house John Henland had bought for his mother. The final payment of seventy-five dollars had been made the week before his disaster, and the exulting letter over it was the last one he would ever write with that hand. The next message went to the cottage with a strange superscription, and a wave of whiteness passed over the widow's face and hair as she read it. Into her bedroom she tottered, and shut the door. Before the widow's God she poured out her cry for help, pleading that the support and comfort of her days might not be rendered helpless. As she knelt there, an

overgrown girl entered and placed herself at her mother's side. In the vacant eyes and imbecile face was an idiotic smile as she put her hands on her mother's wet cheeks. "O my Father! why was it he?" the poor woman had almost said; but it was the rebellious thought of an instant. As the days heavy with anxiety wore away, she was struggling to submit, if it should be God's will that her strong, comely, idolized boy should come back to her crippled and blinded for life.

John Henland lay on his comfortless couch through the long afternoon, thinking over the possibilities of a livelihood now left to him, trying to bend himself to the inevitable. His imagination pictured the free activities in which he had gloried, till he was forced to turn from them resolutely. Scenes of his childhood haunted his darkened eyes, — one persistently would remain. He was a boy ten years old, standing on a fence, hanging to a post, swinging back and forth. At his side was a girl a year older, in bare feet and scant calico dress. They were both looking at the West, where the sun had gone down in crimson and gold. He could see the shock of abundant gold-tinged hair, tied in a knob behind her head, the large hands and feet clinging to the fence, and the great blue eyes gazing out in a reverie. He heard his boyish voice say, "Nellie, when I am a man I am going to have a house as high as the sky, and great gold windows like that;" and the girl turned, her face shining in the glow, and answered: "I believe you will, John." Just then there tripped by a dainty maiden of six,

with brown curls, carrying a doll almost as large as herself. The white neck, the tiny gaiters, the dark, bright eyes, he could see at that moment just as they struck his boyish fancy so long before. His breath came quick ; he put up his bandaged hand to wave away the vision. The boy, John Henland, was lying there maimed for life, and a terrible possibility lay darker still before him. Eleanor Graham, the shoemaker's girl, his sister-friend from those days on, was a dressmaker now, with a shop of her own ; and Lucy Maitling, the lawyer's daughter, was away at school in Cleveland. Did she ever think of that walk under the willows before she went away, or of her girlish gifts three years ago ? She had made no sign. The muscles grew tense, two dark purple spots burned on the cheeks under the bandages. The city bells were ringing. Was it growing night ? Slowly he arose, fumbled a while for a key, made his way to a trunk, stooped, and unlocked it. From the very bottom he drew out a small package wrapped in tissue paper, and returned with it to his couch. There was a letter,— a photograph, never to be forgotten, words or face. With his one hand he tore both into fine particles, groped to the window, and out of it the winter storm and sleet bore them away, a small white cloud, disappearing quickly and forever.

Trampling and shouting were heard on the stairs ; the men had come from their work. "Hello, old boy!" "How goes it, Jack?" "What says Professor Saw-bones?" One, coming closer, speaks lower.

“Hold fast,—two letters! Where is the tallow dip?”  
“By and by, Tom; they will keep.”

An hour later, one room-mate was poring over the evening paper by his coal-oil lamp, another had taken down the violin, and was solacing himself, if not the rest, with “Darling Nellie Gray;” two sat apart on the carpenter’s chest,—they would not seem to be listening while Tom, close to John’s ear, read first, direction, then post-mark. “Mother’s,” whispered John. Tom was a good while reading that letter. He stopped for a drink of water between the lines. It had a postscript: “Madge has been sick, and Eleanor Graham has been here; so I could get some rest, though I could not sleep much, thinking when you would come.” When Tom had read it through, he laid it in John’s out-stretched palm.

The other letter was heavy, with a double stamp, mailed in the city; the direction was printed with a pen in small capitals: “MILL STREET, No. 23, MRS. DONAVAN’S BOARDING-HOUSE.”

“They meant you should get it,” said Tom, as he opened the envelope; “some quack’s circulars, I’ll warrant. What’s this?” he exclaimed, unfolding a large blank sheet and a roll of money. “By Jove! six one hundred dollar bills.”

“Oh Tom! don’t fool now,” came in a low tone from John.

“No! see for yourself;” and Tom thrust the paper into his friend’s hand, forgetting for an instant everything else. The violin stopped; a silence fell on the group that crowded around.

“On my life, here are six one hundred dollar bills.” “Good money?” broke in one. “Just count! And not a word beside, except ‘For John Henland, from a friend.’”

Exclamation, speculation, revealed nothing.

“Rich relation somewhere?”

“Not one in the world,” vowed John, with emphasis.

Who had done that? All night he revolved the question. Who had reached down to him, out of heaven, as it were, this helping hand in his hour of despair? Could it be her father? In the morning a short letter went down to Manitou City.

#### MRS. MARION HENLAND.

DEAR MADAM,—Yesterday the doctor said there was hope of saving one eye, so it won’t be so bad; we’ve known fellows with only one eye get along first-rate. I must tell you John has had some money sent him,—\$600; he does not know who from. I shall put it in the bank for him to-day. The boys are all rejoicing, but John can’t say much, he is so taken aback. He says, tell you he’ll soon be all right. No more at present.

Yours respectfully,  
THOMAS NORRIS.

“You can go on the morning train to-morrow,” said the doctor, a week afterward, in his strictly professional manner. “Get as much sleep as possible between now and then. I will be here at 11.30.”

"Some way I must manage," thought John, half aloud, when the doctor had shut the door, "and not let Tom know it, or he'll persist in losing his time to come and get me off. I never knew before how helpless a man is without his eyes."

The next day John awaited the doctor's visit; but he did not expect the doctor's doings. That reserved and silent man wrapped him as tenderly as his mother would have done, guided him to a carriage, and almost without a word, put him safely on the train; then placing his ticket in the well hand, said as John felt for his coat-pocket, "No, my brave fellow, keep your money; obey directions. I will see you in a fortnight." And he said it like a brother, and was off before John could recover himself.

When the doctor walked into the cottage two weeks afterward, and examined the hand and the eyes, he uttered the first superfluous words in all his visits. Bowing with courteous deference to Mrs. Henland, he said, "It is a matter for gratitude; it was not to be expected. Madam, I congratulate you and your son."

"I can fortunately pay you," John began; "some one—"

"It is nothing; it is nothing," the doctor repeated emphatically, and turning, cast his keen gray eyes on the imbecile girl, the mother, the new, scantily furnished room, as he took his hat, and, more deliberately than usual, withdrew.

When the bandages were once laid aside, John's first look was at the stump of his right hand. He

could move his thumb against it,—that was something. He could see nearly as well, he would try to believe, and the blinded eye was scarcely disfigured; only in the last few days had this occurred to his thoughts. Almost the first movement was to take from the large business pocket-book where it had been placed, the mysterious envelope, and scan it long. The mystery remained. What best should he do with this strange gift? Weighing that, he recalled a project which had engrossed him in his apprentice days,—a machine for making bricks. Somewhere, the half-finished model on which he had puzzled many a long evening must be in existence. One of the first days out of the dark room he found it, stored on the top shelf of a closet, with other lumber which his mother would not destroy. As he handled the neat, finished work, the like of which he could never do again, an overpowering sense of his loss caused him to pull his hat over his brows and make for the door. He could fight out the battle that must come better by himself in the open air. A sweet, cheerful voice accosted him as he stepped on the small porch.

“Ah! that I should have lived to see you so high in the world! What kind of weather is it up where you are?”

He looked down into a fresh face, lighted by a pair of merry blue eyes and framed in a white-trimmed hat.

“Nellie Graham!” he exclaimed. “Why have n’t you been to see me all this time?”

"Did not the doctor say you must be kept quiet? How could that be, with my conversation in your ears? Besides, you know Madge has been with me."

"Yes, I know mother could not do everything; but we will make up now. Are you going home?"

The two turned and walked down the path. After a little, John said, "Do you remember that time when you and I stood on the fence down by your father's shop, and what we both wished? It was one of the things that kept coming to my mind the first days I was hurt, I've not an idea why." Then he fell into a silence, as if he did not expect an answer.

Eleanor Graham remembered well. She could hear again her mother's voice calling her from looking at the sunset to empty her tubs of washing water. From that day to this, in her twenty-sixth year, there had been much disagreeable work for her in the world. The feet John remembered, in contrast with little Lucy's, had run on errands for others ever since, and the large hands had been busy, as she was the most skilful dressmaker the country round. Her mother had died when she was but a girl; her father had followed eight years after, slowly wasted with scrofula. It was she who tended and supported him, for the elder sister had married a man under the curse of drink, and her brother-in-law was but an added burden and shame. A younger sister, Fannie, always feeble, had been her constant charge. It seemed that every living thing in trouble gravitated to her, as John Henland did now; for as he walked along

beside her, keeping his hand in the breast of his coat, the bitterness of his struggle was over. Like the soft sunshine, this face, familiar from childhood, stole into his heart with unobtrusive comfort. Not till they were near the house did he speak again.

“Don’t think I am discouraged; I should be a pitiful fellow to give up now, after what somebody has done for me.” A flush came over his companion’s face, but she did not look at him. “Mother has told you of that money. It is not my right hand, nor my right eye; but I mean to make the most of it, for my mother’s sake.”

“I wish it were more,” said the dressmaker, hastily.

“I wish I knew who sent it,” John continued, without noticing the interruption. “Whoever it was, will never know the God-sent comfort of it to me.”

A large Newfoundland dog came leaping to meet them at the gate. “You have n’t thought of any one?” said Miss Graham, as she leaned over to pet him, her hat hiding her face.

“No,” answered John, slowly; “I have thought possibly it might be a certain lawyer in this town.”

She looked up suddenly. “Not Mr. Maitling? Why?”

“Because he has plenty of money, and I did not know but —” She was gazing intently at him with a curious expression, as he paused. “Really, I don’t know why; I shall find out some time.”

They were at the door, and passed in. It was a pleasant, welcoming room they entered, the side-wing

of a cosey cottage, its two large front-windows partly filled with ribbons and draped laces. The white ceiling and neat carpet and the two half-window folding-doors at the back, through which one saw the girls at work, make a cheery interior, warm and glowing now with the fire in a tall, burnished stove. At one side a large opening, overhung by curtains, led to a parlor, where were lounges and chairs covered with pretty chintz, a case of books, and a small organ. Two months before, the rooms had both been filled with luxuriant plants and vines,—a veritable greenhouse, as famous as the work of the shop. John remembered it.

“There is always sunshine here,” he said. “But where are your roses, and all your greengrocery?”

“I sold them out a while ago,” the dressmaker replied, in an abstracted way. “I have begun again, you see;” and she pointed to a row of small pots, each holding an invisible sprig. “Besides, Jo and I are sufficient unto ourselves. Are n’t we, Jo?” The dog was nestling at her feet, eying his new-come friend with distrust.

“I did not suppose any offer for them, on earth or below it, would be the least temptation to you. Who bought them?”

At this instant the sound of a cough from the other room caused Miss Graham to turn quickly and go away. When she came back, he was holding an envelope.

“You must look at this, and tell me what you think.” She took the paper, her eyes resting on the

maimed hand partly uncovered. There were tears in them ; but she seemed to examine it a moment, and slowly shook her head as she handed it back. He stood holding it one side, and the slight mark on the blinded eye was plain. Had he looked up, he would have seen that she was strangely moved ; but he did not, and while he was replacing the packet, she was herself again. Going behind the glass case of patterns, she turned them over.

“ Will you have the waist round, or bodice ? Low neck and short sleeves, I suppose ? ”

“ Now you talk business,” said John, “ I shall too ; ” and he told her of the half-finished model. “ You used to whittle marvellously, for a girl : will you not whittle for me ? — I mean, have you the time ? If I can get that patented, and the right to a certain clay-bed I know of, I may do something yet.”

“ You know I will help you if I can,” she answered, the old smile lighting up her eyes ; and John gave her a grateful look as he turned away.

At evening the model was brought to the shop ; and after the customers were gone, the machinist explained the drawings, and work was begun. For a week the two sat side by side, evening after evening, while the dressmaker deftly shaped and fitted the missing pieces, and entered into John’s hopes and plans with an enthusiasm that made success seem certain. It was as if they were children again ; and happy hours flew by till the machine was almost finished.

That night John was talking of Tom Norris.

"He 'll make some lucky girl a good husband, Tom will ; and he 'll be well off, if he does not get caught in a knife. He is coming down to see me a Sunday before long, and I 'll bring him round."

There was a meaning smile on John's face as he put his good hand on her arm. A deep flush covered her face, and the "Oh, no !" was almost a cry of pain,— "I mean perhaps he would not care to come."

The bell, struck by a spring in the middle of the door, gave a sharp sound. As Miss Graham opened the entrance, a young lady, attended by a maid-servant, came in, with an apology for the lateness of the call. She was slight in figure, with dark eyes and hair waving in little tosses and frills around her face, and with a kind of gleam and style and perfume in her presence that made the whole interior seem common-place. John had risen instantly at the sight of her, and stood at his full height.

"Good evening, Mr. Henland," she said, turning to him directly. "We were all dreadfully sorry to hear of your accident. Are you quite well now ? Father was disappointed that you could not make the plans for the new conservatory." The young man bowed, but no word came to his lips ; and with scarcely a pause the caller turned to Miss Graham. "I came in to-night to tell you that I saw a dress made at Madame Pompadour's which I liked, and I want to find out if mine cannot be changed."

John had taken his hat, and was going out. The dressmaker saw his face as he turned : its expression was photographed in her memory with a lightning

flash. She did not hear his somewhat formal good-night.

“Dreadful, is n’t it, about his eye?” the caller remarked; “he was so handsome.”

Miss Graham did not reply to this. The half-finished dress was brought out and discussed. Was it an hour, or two? But she could not remember what Miss Maitling’s wishes were.

John did not come back that night. He was plunging along, anywhere, to be in motion,—his blood at fever-heat in the chill March wind. “It must come some time,” he muttered, “seeing her,—but little did I think to meet her this half wreck! I would have won her if it was in the power of man. How beautiful she is! But I must banish all that; she is sorry for me, yes,—*sorry*.” He walked on and on, unconscious whither his steps were tending, till the thought smote him: “Mother will be waiting for me;” and he turned back. “I was right to give it up,—Mother and Madge and poverty; but I must never see her again. I thought it was over.”

Mrs. Henland was indeed waiting. Never had she seen him so pale; but without a word, she handed him the lamp. He put his hand on hers in silence; her mother-heart felt the throb of his struggle, though she guessed not its cause.

When Eleanor Graham found herself alone, she stood leaning over the little counter, mechanically folding the patterns lying there, till a sense of dizziness caused her to draw a low chair to the stove. She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

An hour went by, and she did not move. Jo had been sleeping; he roused and came close, to lay his head on her lap, but she did not notice him, and he planted himself wide awake by her side. The clock ticked loud in the stillness. It was midnight when she arose, and her sharp features and white face made a reflection like a ghost in the mirror against the wall. She took up the pointed knife and the piece she had been carving, to finish it by the now waning light and fire. Ah! there was a mark of blood. The cold, trembling hands had lost their skill. For a moment she was ashamed to have cut her finger; then the silent reverie began again. At length she drew up the curtain, and saw the gray of the first dawn. Going up to her chamber, she was aware of the three-year-old-girl of her sister lying in the bed, and remembered she had brought the child the evening before for the promised treat of sleeping with her. "My Father in heaven," she said aloud, "hast Thou too forgotten me this night?" The little one heard the voice; and opening her eyes, threw her arms around the sobbing breast and prattled, "Oh, auntie, I love you all the days and all the mornings."

Three nights after, when John came, a tone in Miss Graham's voice drew him from his inner absorption to remark she must be troubled in some way. "Fannie was having bad nights," was her explanation; it was vexatious that John should have seen any sign of what was passing. They sat down to their work in the old familiar way, almost. She

never called him "John" again, but he did not think of that till long afterward. In a week the model was finished, and Tom Norris came down to spend Sunday.

"I picked out your Miss Graham," he said to John as they came out of church. "The blond, curly-haired lady in a gray suit with blue feathers. She can sing fine. We are going there, you know."

"To be sure we are; you shall not miss that," John replied, amused at Tom's discoveries; and toward evening the two young men bent their way to the cottage.

But Miss Graham had taken that very afternoon to go over to a new Mission Sunday-school in the outskirts of the town, Fannie said, and "she would not be home till after evening service."

"What a jolly bit of a place," was Tom's comment as they came out.

"You should have seen it full of plants," said John, and hastened to change the subject; for he had found out where the plants had gone. "I'm sorry you won't see her. She's solid gold, I can tell you. But let's go into the reading-room."

Next morning, before train-time, Miss Graham was surprised to see John's friend walk in while she was putting the shop to rights. His hat-lining needed a slight repair, and while it was being made, Tom contrived to take an inventory of the voice, eyes, hair, and quiet, reserved manner of the shop's mistress. "Jove! but John is lucky. I wonder why he is so close about it," he thought, as he hurried to the station.

Not even to Tom had John said anything of his project; but when, not long after, with his arm quite undone from a sling, he went to the city to secure his patent, he told his old comrade the whole story. "If she had been a man, Tom, she would have been the best machinist in the State."

John's first experiments with the clay-bed he had marked three years before were with two barrelfuls which he burned in his mother's backyard. The result was a hard, cream-colored brick, as he had hoped. Leasing this land without delay, he drew the six hundred dollars, and with one carpenter, began to set up his machine. Many a weary mile he went to get work done which, a year before, he could speedily have himself accomplished. On every moment the maimed right hand laid its irksome impotence; but the left did more than double duty, and John Hennland toiled on with persistent will and energy. A long-promised branch of the great Northwestern Road was being built through the town. He sold two patents for Ohio and Indiana.

In the midst of his pushing labors, fell two weeks of dark days, when he lay in his shanty, with an inflammation in his eye, pondering what he could do if the calamity he had barely escaped should really come upon him. But his men shared his enthusiasm, and stood by him. One of his mother's letters at this time mentioned that Fannie Graham had died suddenly, after her long decline. He could not write his old friend then, and the whirl and rush after his recovery drove the matter out of

mind. At the end of a year his first thousand brick went to market, and the prize of success began to glitter before him. Many months flew by, too crowded for any but the shortest message to his mother.

Suddenly came a telegram: "Mrs. Henland is ill; can you come? — E. GRAHAM." The swiftest train brought him to the bedside where his old friend was ministering at nigh the last moments of his mother's consciousness. Her dying eyes kindled as he bent over her. "John! Eleanor!" she whispered. "You have been good children;" and the breath ceased.

The simple funeral ceremonies over, John sat in his mother's empty room with a sense of desolation new and appalling. The motive-spring of life seemed broken. Madge came in, and walked round with a cry like a lost animal. What could he do with her now? He could not have her with himself in the large boarding-house where he lived with many of his employees. He could not place her in any public asylum, or commit her to the care of strangers. One suggestion came like a beam of hope after two days' perplexity, and he bent his steps to the cottage of the dressmaker.

It had become a green bower again, and the familiar fragrance that met his senses as he entered, lifted him back over the gulf of time that was bottomless. Miss Graham had laid aside her mourning garb, and rose to welcome him, dressed in white. He did not remember ever seeing her in that attire

before. Her fair hair was bound about her head, and a look of madonna sweetness in her face struck him with an impression of her being far off and changed. But the bright smile and the cheery voice were the same. Consciousness of power and success was growing in him ; if she stood on a higher plane, he rose to her level. They were friends and equals still, and he spread before her his perplexities. Her eyes grew sad and questioning, but she said nothing. Finally, after a pause, — he did not know it would be so difficult, — he made bold to ask : “Would you, could you, take Madge and care for her a while ? I would make you any compensation that would be an inducement.”

Eleanor Graham’s face had grown pale and tense while he spoke ; now the blood mounted to her forehead : “If I do that, it will not be for the money.”

“Had I not trusted your great heart, I should not have asked you, Eleanor,” he said, in a broken voice ; and putting out his maimed hand, he added, “Do it for my sake.” Her fingers closed over the mutilated palm for a moment, and were withdrawn. “Can I ever reward you ?” he began ; but got no further. He would not break into tears, — that had happened only once in his memory, by the death-bed of his mother ; but with something shining deep in his eyes, he turned away.

A few days after, the widow’s house was for sale ; the home was no more. In the dressmaker’s cottage, where, a year before, her sister had wasted

away and died, there was now an object of more pitiful care, — poor, foolish Madge Henland. John had finished all details of business, and with Miss Graham stood on the threshold of the little shop as he was going, she in her mourning dress, he with the crape-band around his hat. A strange tenderness mingled in his tones as he said, “Come to me in any difficulty. We have only each other to help now.”

At the instant, his eyes were drawn in a fixed gaze to a young lady approaching on horseback, who gracefully drew her reins, bowed, smiled, and rode on. John Henland made two or three steps from the door, came back, and with white lips stammered to his old friend an adieu.

Eleanor Graham the next morning, long before day, arose, wrapped herself well in mantle and veil, and stepped out into the obscure starlight. Jo was alert, and the two passed through the silent street to the river bank, a half mile away, where an old spreading willow bent over an eddy of the stream. There no one could see her, no one could hear what she must once speak out in the ear of God, under the open sky. “How can I say, ‘Thy will be done’? How can I bear it?” she murmured over and over, walking to and fro on the river-brink, now clinging to the branches that hung over the path, and then putting her arms around Jo’s neck, as if she would wring sympathy from some mute living thing. Jo understood; he laid his head softly against her dress. Long

she wrestled, till the warble of a songster — the first of the summer morning — broke the stillness of the wood. “O my Father! Thou dost care for the birds, and I am but a sparrow with a broken wing. Take me, I pray, into Thy hand. O my love! never to love me; for your sake I will bear on, though you know it not, — and I will guard my secret to the end.”

It was growing light when they retraced their steps into the silent town. In Jo's dark brown eyes was a wistful look of pain as he kept close at her side. That day, Madge, after fumbling awhile among her bits and trinkets, came and laid in the dressmaker's hand two cheap black rings some child had given her. Eleanor Graham slipped them on her finger, and wore them ever after, — her only jewelry. It was her silent wedding to helplessness and sorrow.

Three years went by; John Henland had passed into the swift, engrossing current of a prosperous manufacturing career. It was known he was a man whose word and deed all men could trust. The pluck with which he had fought his disheartening injury was admired by his business associates, and gloried in by the men he had gathered into his employ. A fortune was before him in the not distant future. Eleanor Graham meanwhile was standing in her woman's lot. The work she could do and make others do so perfectly and rapidly, she did. No one made so many wedding-dresses and elegant trousseaus; no one contrived so many nice outfits from limited purses. She would plan

as cheerfully the winter suit for the poor clerk as the ball-costume of a society belle ; and even old Mrs. Lane from the infirmary, who had a back seat in church, and nobody cared how she did look, knew that Miss Graham would make her a decent bonnet, and comfort her with a cup of tea every year. Eleanor's dissipated brother-in-law was sent by her earnings to an inebriate asylum, came back a reformed man, and she rejoiced in her sister's happier days. Madge grew very quiet. She would sometimes sit for hours, with her apron over her head, making low, inarticulate sounds ; and she had a trick of going many times a day and touching Miss Graham's hair or dress, as if to make sure her guardian was there. Every month came from her brother a remittance of fifty dollars. Miss Graham regularly cashed the drafts, and usually went very soon to the city.

After the first year, John Henland began to run down for a few hours in the snatched intervals of holidays to see his sister. The shop grew greener and brighter, but its mistress was always at such times especially busy.

“ You will kill yourself with this work,” he said once, as she was passing through the room.

“ As if that were any matter,” she replied, her old smile flitting across her face ; and then in a low tone, “ I wish I could ! ”

“ Oh, this is a good world,” said John ; “ I hope you are not losing your courage,—you, of all women. Don’t you ever laugh any more as you used to ? ”

"So loud? Oh, no! it's not genteel;" and she passed on.

It was not strange that he did not notice the reserve. They were never alone. For himself, the star to which he had resolutely shut his eyes that November day, which seemed now to belong to another life, was coming out in his heaven. To him, as a rising manufacturer, the doors of society were soon opened wide. A bow on the street; a cordial greeting from the father; a look in the dark bright eyes, when the daughter invited him to call; the first sweet moments by her side,—these were what he was intent upon as he went back from such visits on the night train. Seated in a corner and wrapped in reverie, he sometimes brought up in vision the bright, rosy bower of the dressmaker. This old friend was working too hard; but she seemed happy in it. She should have what reward he could give her, on poor Madge's account. Then, as the cars rumbled on, he saw in the future a home of his own,—a fair mansion with hospitable doors where friends came and went, and, presiding there, the face and form which had thrilled his pulses from boyhood. There swept over him with waves of delight the sweet looks, the dainty, graceful movements, the touches of her small white hands,—and he was at the end of his journey.

An awkward incident had prevented Lucy Maitling from seeing Miss Graham for a long time. Having taken the trouble to go late one evening and give special directions as to changes in a dress, it had

been sent home without attention to one of them. She went to the city for her dressmaking after that. But this was a circumstance John was not likely to know; neither did Miss Graham inform him that on two or three occasions small delicacies had been sent to Madge from the Maitlings.

The poor girl's last illness came suddenly. At the moment of dissolution she called out excitedly, "Mamma! Mamma!"—a word she had not uttered for years. So the imprisoned soul went free. Neighbors gathered in and around the cottage in the late autumn sunlight, and John Henland and Eleanor Graham followed as mourners to the churchyard, where they laid her beside her mother. On their return the two sat by themselves in the small parlor, as they had not done since making the model. They were silent in the stillness that reigns in a house after a burial. John was the first to speak.

"It is a comfort I cannot express, that she never missed a mother's care. Nobody would have done this but you."

His companion did not raise her eyes, but answered, "Your mother was good to me."

A pause of abstraction followed, which John seemed to shake off. "I have been thinking of writing to you lately. I want to tell you of the happy change coming in my life; for I have won the sweetest girl in the world, and I am going to have a home."

There was no visible movement or change; her eyes were still down as the dressmaker said, "I am glad for you."

John's voice gathered intensity as he went on. "You do not know how long I have loved her, — I believe ever since I was ten years old, when you and I played on the fence." She did remember, better than he knew; she had known what he told her longer than he thought; but she did not speak. "It seems like a dream that cannot be true; but in three months — we shall both want you there."

"I may as well offer my congratulations now." Quiet as was the tone, it intimated more than the words.

"You will love Lucy when you come to know her," said John, a small suspicion piercing his preoccupation. "You should have heard her laugh when I told her what you were doing that night,—do you recollect? And she said that you really should have had a share in the business for your part. By the way, I saw that model in Washington last winter, and believe I will bring it home and replace it by another."

"Ah!" said Miss Graham, "I missed my great opportunity; I should have made a duplicate promptly, and disputed your patent. Flounces, I think, were the cause; I could not." A dim smile hovered on her lips, and red flashes were coming and going in her cheeks.

"But you must let me make you some returns for poor Madge," John resumed, gravely. "What can I do for you?" He had risen, and stood near her and took both her hands.

For a moment she felt every current of her being set toward him in an irresistible tide. Some flowers

had dropped from the funeral wreaths where the two were standing, and she stooped to gather them up. As she rose, the light of the evening sun shone upon his manly face, beaming with its generous glow, and the tall form and broad shoulders seemed to speak the desire to shelter and protect. To be cared for! Had she ever dreamed what that would be?

Choking down with one strong effort every tremor in her voice, she answered, "You can do nothing for me; there is no need."

A rap at the door ended the scene. A chubby-faced boy came bounding in. "I got 'em all for you, auntie," and he held out to her his cap full of chestnuts.

"I will see you in the morning," said John; and he went, with quick step and beating heart, to his betrothed, who had that very day returned from shopping in New York.

Never had the cottage seemed so empty and so haunted as when the darkness fell that night. As though the last cry of poor Madge had called back the motherly love to brood over her protector, the solitary inmate heard everywhere the faint words of the dying: "John! Eleanor! John! Eleanor!" and what she had never told to human being was whispered in her ear, "My dear, you will make him very happy,—my John; and God will bless you." "No, no!" cried her passionate heart; "there was no blessing for me. God saw I did not deserve it, I was so sure. But I promised I would not darken the life of any other one; and, my Father, I have tried."

With the morning, she addressed herself to the day's duties. When John came, the sunshine was making the room a mass of green and gold, and the air was fragrant with spicy blossoms. The sewing-girls — they were old friends now — were at work in the rear room, and the doors were open. After the greeting, he took out several pairs of gloves ; and selecting a right-hand one from the bunch, said, "Won't you do this for me once more? Nobody can fit them as you fitted the first I had."

"The best I can," she answered, smiling ; and sat by his side while she made a filling, and arranged a contrivance to open and close the simulated hand. Her own were cold. Ah! he thought of that, as of much besides, in after times ; and the scarlet flushes grew deeper on the cheeks that had lost their roundness.

When it was done, he stood by the window and said, inconsequently, "It will be in two months now." She understood. "But, do you know, I am as much in the dark as ever about that money. It was not her father, as I thought." The heart of his listener seemed to stop an instant. "I hope I shall know some time ; I want to tell them what it was to me." He was looking straight at her, continuing : "But I am troubled about you, poor girl ; you are worn out, I see. Next summer you shall have a long rest."

"I shall have a long rest next summer," the dress-maker replied ; and he grasped her hand in a close good-by.

"I will send a messenger from the station for the gloves," he turned back to say, and was gone.

As she opened the next one for work, there fell into her hands a bank-check. She hardly saw the five hundred dollars on the corner, only the name at the bottom. Had it been a serpent, she could not have dropped it quicker.

John Henland examined the package at the station, and uppermost lay the folded paper, with these words written in pencil: "Forgive me for returning." He looked pained. "Is she so proud?" he thought, as he crumpled the check in his hand.

Just then the train from the East and the city came in; and who should step from the platform but his old comrade, Tom Norris, now the foreman in the great *Ætna* Foundry. Tom was well dressed, and was carefully conveying what seemed some rare plant in full bloom, on which he was fully intent. "Hello!" John shouted, but Tom did not hear; and the train on which he was bound, starting off, John was forced to jump on board. A sudden conviction flashed on him when he was quietly under way: "Tom is going to see Eleanor Graham. Has that anything to do with this?" and he glanced again at the paper he had pushed into his vest-pocket.

Two months later, in a fashionable church decorated for the occasion, John Henland led his radiant and jewelled bride to the altar, and promised to love and cherish her till death,—a promise he has kept. Was Eleanor Graham there? He could not re-

member seeing her among the crowd that pressed to congratulate them in the elegant parlors. A hateful suspicion flitted across his mind. He would ask Lucy. But he never did. That very evening, the newly married departed on their wedding journey. They would return to live in the city, where a handsome house was already being built in the growing young suburb of Brickley. Months full of the double rush of business and home-making succeeded. Was he satisfied in the heart he had chosen? Doubtless Lucy Maitling gave him all she had. He at least took in the full contrast between that November day when they brought him, faint and bleeding, to the third-class boarding-house, and that one when, with his beautiful wife, he entered his own home. He never talked with her of his fatherless boyhood, his mother, his struggles. She had known only ease and plenty. She never reconciled herself to the fact that he was a common mechanic, when her girlish fancy led her to give him one of the photographs she was free with in those days.

But the old threads were not always to lie undisturbed. One day a clergyman and his wife from the capital were their guests at tea, and Manitou City was mentioned as Mrs. Henland's former home. "I have a pleasant tie with Manitou," said Mrs. Craig. "At our hospital for crippled children, on the Board of which I was an officer, we had for almost four years a contribution of forty dollars a month from some unknown person in Manitou. Last autumn we received a letter stating that the writer,

with regret, must discontinue the donation. We are anxious to find out who it was."

"Did you say there was no clew?" asked the host.

"None, excepting that in one letter a word was first apparently written *she*, and erased to *he*. We concluded it was a woman."

"Who could it be?" said Mrs. Henland, her pretty hands moving about among the silver tea-service. "Mrs. Judge Briggs is very rich. That is like Mr. Henland's way of doing things. A while ago he actually sent a fine young horse — yes, I am going to tell of it," she put in, answering her husband's deprecating flush — "up to the city to an old doctor who tended him ages ago, — shipped the creature like a sewing-machine, the doctor's name on a tag, and no word besides."

"Ah!" said the clergyman, in surprise, "I happened to be at a certain doctor's when such a present came. And that was you! First time I ever saw the doctor shaken on his base."

John broke in: "Could one see those letters?"

"I presume the secretary has kept them," responded Mrs. Craig. "We thought there would be no difficulty in finding out. Perhaps the person has died."

"How is your new church coming on?" said the host, turning to Mr. Craig. This determined effort to change the conversation was effectual; but the fact which had been related, lay waiting in John Henland's mind.

Not many days afterward he was in the city, and for the first time in many years bent his steps to the foundry where his life had so suddenly met its crisis. Tom Norris, in his workman's suit, his black curly hair rimming a close hat, was moving about like Vulcan among his satellites. Perhaps it was John's fancy that his old mate's greeting lacked something of the old cordiality. We cannot always be boys. In the clatter of machinery the two men stood leaning against one of the stone supports of the building.

"You were in a hurry, Tom, when I saw you last," said John, when they had each put one foot on a car-wheel lying conveniently near.

"When was that?"

"Down at Manitou. I hellooed at you, but you didn't hear."

"Oh, there!" said Tom; and his countenance took an expression as if it was made of cast-iron.

"Have you been down since?"

"No," answered Tom, curtly.

"I hoped that was all going on right;" and John plucked up courage. "I've been expecting a piece of wedding-cake."

"Not enough of your own?" said Tom; and he took his foot from its rest, as if to end the talk.

"Tom," said John, earnestly, "no one could do better than to go where you went that day."

The cast-iron face grew hot. "Advice is very good, and old friends are old friends. You know more about it than I do."

John stood up. "I know nothing. I have not heard one word from her since that day."

Tom looked him straight in the eyes, and half-growled: "The doctor was there; I did not see her. She had burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, they said."

"Do you mean to say she has been ill like that?" John asked slowly, "and no one told me?"

It was the deep, confiding tone Tom remembered in his mate in the long ago. His face relaxed, but soon hardened again, and he remarked indifferently, "She was better in a month or so."

John looked down. "That is why she was not at our wedding." A weight was rolled in upon his heart. "She must be well now, or I should know it; but that attack—"

"Let's walk around," interrupted Tom; "I want to show you our improvements."

"Not to-day. By the way, I've never known who sent me that money, you remember."

His old comrade glanced up, a queer gleam in his dark eyes. John put out his hand, but Tom had already stepped back, and simply nodded.

"What did Tom mean?" was John Henland's thought as he went away. "What should make him so crusty? That must be a year ago, she was ill." It was not pleasant to recall how oblivious of her he had been in his happiness, or that the attack must have been immediately after his leaving her house. The returned draft had hurt him, but he had no thought of giving up the prized friendship, and wrote immediately a long, kind letter, begging her to in-

form him of any event which touched her. He hoped she would count on him for any service; surely he could never forget what she had done for him. She would be glad to know that his business was prospering, and that Lucy and himself were happy in their new home. He signed, "your true friend, JOHN HENLAND." But he received no answer.

Before the holidays Mrs. Henland accompanied her father and mother to New York, for a stay of some days. Her husband was to meet them in Washington, and he was left alone in the house till he could arrange to follow them. He had been chosen an officer in the Citizens' Savings-Bank, and on one of the first days of his wife's absence went to attend a directors' meeting. In the open vaults he saw the long row of volumes which recorded the business of the institution from the beginning, and a desire possessed him to look at his own account in the days of his apprenticeship. Was it accident that he opened among the G's instead of the H's, and his eye rested on the name of Eleanor Graham? At a glance he took in the summary that followed the various entries of five dollars, ten dollars, and the withdrawal of six hundred dollars, Nov. 21, 187—. For a moment he lost consciousness of where he was; and when he came to himself they were waiting to close the doors.

An hour afterward he was sitting in his own library, leaning over the table, his whole form heaving with pent-up emotion. Morning found him resolved, and he took the first train to Manitou City. What

he should say to her,— how meet the woman who had been so proud, so true,— he did not attempt to foresee. All the way, he was trying to sound the depths of that life by which his own had flowed so unwittingly. The missing plants, the rejected gifts, the gentle waiving of all intimacy,— well he could mark where it ceased,— were explained. More than once he had an impulse to stop at a way-station and go back. Perhaps it would be better she should never know that he knew of her self-sacrifice. He was married. She had been happy,— yes, it must be, so bright and cheerful as she was always,— and she could never have needed that money. Would she feel humiliated? But he had asked so much of her! Would he have asked that of the woman now his wife? “God knows not!” he ejaculated bitterly. “Did I ever seek to win? No, no! And yet—if I had known!”

The morning was far advanced when he stepped from the platform and took his way up the familiar street, looking neither to the right nor the left, till he came in sight of the cottage. The gate was open, and a group of people were on the porch. He hastened forward, and found they were trying to enter the locked house. They explained they could see through the windows a part of Miss Graham’s dress on the lounge in the parlor; and just now she was alone, for she had sent the girls on a vacation; and Jo had been howling all the morning in the back room. Was there not a locksmith? A key was brought, and John Henland was the first to enter.

Dead,—beyond recall! Some time the evening before, it must have been. "An internal hemorrhage," the doctor said. She lay as if asleep, only marble-white, her long hair unloosed about her shoulders. They had not known how gray it was, how shrunken, thin were the pinched features. The sun beamed smiling through the vines in the windows; above her drooped the blooms of a ruby carnation, and a rose-tree at the head of the couch had burst into glorious flower. Its petals fell on the snowy forehead unmoved, when Jo came in and began to caress the still, white hands.

There was weeping around that lifeless form, as they made it ready for a last farewell of the relatives she had cared for, of the children she had loved, of the old she had comforted. They covered her with flowers, and the hand with the black rings mourning circlet they filled with forget-me-nots and violets.

During the watches of that night John Henland found himself alone with the dead. In a drawer had been discovered a small package, on the outside of which was written his mother's name. It might properly be given to him, and he waited to open it in that presence. It contained the letter he had written her a few months before, the two which had been sent to his mother from the boarding-house when he was hurt, and a small steel-plate engraving of the Mercy Hospital for Children, in Chicago. On this was printed in small letters the words he had said to her, "Do it for my sake." One more folded paper, and in it a lock of gray hair. He lifted it and

read: "My dear, you will make him very happy some day, my John." No sound or motion in answer to the cry that burst from him; life and death kept the secret alike.

He stood with the mourners near the open grave. It had been an Indian summer day, and as the last notes of the burial-service rose on the air, the crimson flush of a gorgeous sunset was flaming in the west. "Oh! the house as high as the sky, and the windows of gold are yours, Nellie," he thought; but that memory too had a sting. One other from the distant town had come to stand by that grave. Facing him on the opposite brink, his eyes glowing like two coals from the bronze visor of his face, stood Tom Norris.

John Henland's middle life was past when they met again. Forever between them yawned that abyss. He went back to his home love, his business projects, and his thronging responsibilities a changed man. In the tones of his voice, in the lines that deepened across his forehead, in the very bearing of his stalwart form, was the subtle revelation of an irremediable loss.

There comes frequently into the Mercy Hospital at Chicago a tall man with a grave face, whom the children crowd around with smiles of joyful welcome. He has made them a beautiful play-room, and is now building them a chapel. But most of all they love him because he calls them so tenderly by their names. They have found out there are no fingers on the hand where he always wears a glove.

Like the rest of America we were patriotic in the Centennial year, and the graduates in June gave a number of original recitations, interspersed with songs written by a member of the preceding class. Two are here given,—

*[A national air was played as a prelude.]*

WHEN warring in that deadly strife  
Which won our nation's glorious life,  
But little could our fathers know  
Of all which from their deeds should flow,  
Or how from distant wilderness  
And unknown plains of wind-swept grass,  
From myriad tongues glad songs would rise  
In honor of their sacrifice.

On Erie's wooded shore the word  
Of Freedom's conflict scarcely stirred  
The forest-shades, and only woke  
Their echoes when the war-cry broke  
From savage bands who wandered where  
Perchance now stands our city fair.

#### RECITATION.

YE brave, gentle hearts of the "Mayflower,"  
Fair pilgrims in wilderness ways,  
Let us hallow your deeds with our pæans,  
Let us crown your pale statues with bays ;  
For the land that ye loved shall be glorious  
By the might of your patience and faith,—  
In the battle of wrong be victorious  
Because of your "love until death!"

THE pioneer women of America! Who can speak worthily of them? In our imaginations we see them as they came on board the small, crowded vessels that were to bear them to these distant, unknown shores, from which they were never to return. How they looked through tears at the last dark line on the horizon,—all they would ever see of the pleasant hills and vales of England.

We can realize little the sufferings of such a voyage. We know how in cold and privation, in sickness and on the borders of death, they held strong their faith, and brightened with cheerfulness their comfortless cabins in the wilderness. Now and then, at long intervals, came a letter brought by some messenger from the old father and mother across the Atlantic, or from kindred in a distant section of the country. Long and many a time was it pored over, and laid away among the precious relics of the heart. Often was the woman of those days left in her secluded hut in the forest, hearing by night the howl of the wolf and the panther, and listening for the more dreadful sound of the Indian war-cry, with no defender but her strong heart, and her faith in God. Many a one perished by the tomahawk, her little ones with her; and these dangers ceased not through one hundred and fifty years.

Meanwhile, on the coast and in the heart of New England, by the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, in the valleys of Virginia and the moss-hung forests of the South, the pioneer woman of our country was moulding and inspiring the Christian homes which

alone make the glory of our land. She planted and reaped the fruits of the earth, happy if there were husbands or sons whom she could help in their toil. With unceasing industry she prepared the food and daily comforts of the household.

Women of the Revolution, the story of your part in that eight years' struggle has never been, it can never be, written! In the seclusion of your home, each one in her place, whether it were to drive the plough in the unfinished furrow in the day of Bunker Hill, to cover the bleeding feet of the shivering soldier at Valley Forge, or to breathe your own steadfast courage into the statesman at Independence Hall, in your letters from his fireside,—what you could, you did. Had you been other than you were, less rich in the virtues which nourish the growth of all prosperous and free peoples, how different might have been the issue! Mothers of our fathers and mothers, we who are now the "country" turn to fix your fast vanishing images in our thoughts once more. There will soon be none living who ever saw one of you.

The men and women of this generation may remember in childhood some sunny grandmother whose capability of usefulness would put to shame many of the results of modern education; some still vigorous woman whose clear judgment was the guide of a household of descendants; some stately and lovely lady whose dignity and courtesy are set in the background of their early days like a rich painting of the Old Masters; some patient and saintly soul who

pored over her Bible with many prayers and humble misgivings lest she should be found unworthy of heaven at last,— precious portraits, to be honored more and more !

May we be worthy to bear their names and to keep alive the principles which they, all unconsciously, did so much to plant in the hearts of mankind !

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The enrolments from 1874 to 1878 were one hundred and twenty-eight, one hundred and three, sixty-five, forty-four. These last numbers indicate the change that was coming ; but these years were rich as any before, in a relative number of pupils of uncommon endowments and loyalty.

How to lead up to self-government was always the problem of the school,— as it is of civilization. With slight modifications, the plan of requiring each to leave a written record of success or failures in order, on the desk at the close of the day, was followed for so many years that every pupil could but be more or less affected by it. “ I have not communicated ; ” “ I have whispered twice ; ” “ I have kept good order ; ” “ I was idle the second division ; ” “ I have not succeeded to-day : will try and do better to-morrow, ” — so ran the little papers, the majority always good. No record was made of them, nothing depended on their accuracy ; but very few scholars were long with us who did not come habitually to report their conduct truthfully. Of course, as has been stated, they were carefully looked over,

but they were to the end our only machinery for maintaining quiet.

Retracing hours and scenes that will have no record but this, may bring back to you some realities of that school-life. You can hardly have forgotten how affectionately you discussed the doings of "Joe" and "Beth," or somewhat timidly exercised your French in an improvised milliner's shop. Who was it that acted the novel-reading mother and fly-away daughter when the house was robbed by a tramp, promptly brought back by an equally improvised police officer; and what two made those sketches of Bryant and Bayard Taylor a few months after both had died? Do you remember the recitations of "The Dead Warrior," "Through the Flood," "Buying a Present for the Priest," and "Tennessee's Partner"? How very hard of hearing was that little twelve-year-old grandmother; and how surprised we were when the brilliant girl who was to recite "The Diver," just gracefully came down and took her seat after the first line! Not so did she acquit herself in Porter's "Philosophy." Can you hear the dialogue-talk of those small boys who are young gentlemen now? — and very small-boy-y it was! Has E. discovered any more "Points on which all Men agree;" or J. mused since on "Unfinished Work?" L. has surely made her own life a part of "The Sunny Side of History," and F. cannot have found her discharge of true filial and wifely duty "Unpaid Toil." These compositions — we should have called them essays, but never did — stand in

memory as individual as their writers. One pictured for us "The Modern World without Chemistry." An enthusiast in Latin produced "A Letter of Titus to Vespasian," which the old emperor would doubtless have gladly received. "My Experience as a Sunday-school Teacher" had in it a characteristic reserve; "Seeing the Seven Elephants on a Rainy Night" and "The Punctuation-marks on their Travels" an equally characteristic humor. "What the Old Commodore sees," was a study of the Public Square, and "My Childish Diaries" made a mental photograph of us all in our tender years. That mother in the midst of her little flock does not write diaries now. "Newspaper Reporters" moved one who heard it read to give the essay a paragraph; "The Good Old Times" was slightly sarcastic, as its writer could be; "Back Streets" had no premonition of errands of mercy there in later years.

Very tender chords will be touched if we go far in retrospection. We shall see Belle Howe's waving hair over her drooping forehead, and hear her whisper in the last hour, "It is not hard to die." Howard Heisley will stand in boyish brightness so strong, it is difficult to believe that his grave was dug far in Arkansas when he was but sixteen. Florence Dibble's laughing eyes will look back in true-hearted trust, and Nellie Hutchins' sunny face beam on us as it were yesterday. Well shall we remember that May morning when little Laura Ely's white-trimmed desk told us that she who had sat in it two short weeks before would never be there

again ; and the sound of the refrain the children sang with tearful voices at her burial, does it not linger yet ?

Peaceful o'er thy quiet bed,  
Faith her shining wings shall spread ;  
Hope her cup of promise fill  
While the dews drop on the hill.  
Till morning break, sleep on, dear child !  
Through all the night watch angels bright.

Among our pupils who passed into immortal youth in these years was one whose active mind and heart had already rounded her life into completeness,— Mary P. Goodrich, a beloved child of a beloved father. As, one by one, these vanished faces and forms re-appear with those gone many a long summer and winter ago, forgotten save by the household circles, themselves fast going to their loved ones, faith cannot but speak of those unseen things, without whose reality such losses would be incurable wounds.

It is well, it is well ! In that summer-land,  
Redeemed, we shall hear the crowned harpers' song ;  
When we bow with them by the Pierced Right Hand,  
We shall know our beloved amid all the throng, —  
We shall know the light bound of their glancing feet,  
We shall know them well by their love-lit eyes,  
By their tireless ministry, childlike, sweet,  
In the Garden of God, in His Paradise.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE END.

DURING the years 1877-1878 influences which had been working to decide the future of the Academy became evident. A young and accomplished scholar, the brother of the celebrated Phillips Brooks, was in 1874 the rector of St. Paul's Church. He recognized the need in the community for a college preparatory school, and felt that the need was peremptory. Personal enthusiasm led him to the work of finding a suitable teacher; and while engaged in this errand, he lost his life. Seldom has such a day of mourning fallen on the city as when the tidings came that Frederick Brooks, crossing the Charles River by night, had been drowned. Most truly has the church kept him in loving remembrance; and the school which opened a few weeks later as the result of his efforts, had in its memorial name a title to the church's support. Its military department was deservedly popular, and it soon drew to itself the boys who perhaps would have been at the Academy, could we have given them equal advantages. Another cause contributed to remove many of the girls. The tide of population was setting decidedly to the East, and a large boarding and day school, with good teachers and attractive surroundings, was opened at the corner

of Case Avenue and Prospect Street. The decrease in attendance indicated that the work of the Academy in its peculiar line of training was no longer desired by a sufficient number to justify its continuance. Under these circumstances, in June of 1878 a proposition was received from Mr. Isaac Bridgman to take the school on his own responsibility, and a contract was entered into to that effect. Two days after it was signed, certain events led Mr. Bridgman to desire a release, which was granted. A thorough classical scholar and a Christian gentleman, he had been the associate of Dr. Taylor at Andover; afterward for nine years the principal of a boys' school at Syracuse; and he was subsequently connected with the Brooks School for two years. The teacher could only stand in her lot. If the school was to go on at all, it must be kept to its old standard at whatever cost, and the long-desired Classical Department was now attainable. Negotiations were entered into with Professor Bridgman, who assumed such a charge, receiving the rent of a room for the purpose, teaching meanwhile the Latin and Greek in the school. At the same time arrangements were made for opening a kindergarten under Mrs. Anna B. Ogden, of Wellington, Ohio. This lady had been one of the pioneers in this work in the State, and was every way fitted, by her enthusiasm and her comprehension of the true principles of kindergarten training, to do the best possible for little ones put under her care.

Once more the house was repaired and renovated, chimneys were built, and new water connections and

conveniences put in. The southwest recitation-room was fitted up with desks, and made cheerful for the boys ; and there Mr. Bridgman gathered the first year a dozen or more, who enjoyed as painstaking and thorough a training as ever fell to the share of young men in any school. In the northeast room was established the kindergarten. It was made cosey with white curtains, birds, plants, and the pretty kindergarten furniture ; while attention was called to it by advertising and circulars. Dr. Powell and Professor Smith were engaged for courses of lectures. Miss Sarah Andrews and Miss Bertha Keffer continued as assistant teachers. Miss Helen Briggs successfully taught the vocal music ; Mr. Henry Craig gave drawing lessons. Never had the house been so pleasant and comfortable, never was the average of scholarship and teaching higher ; still, the enrolment in both departments was but fifty, the academic still decreasing ; and its work was thenceforth with a number constantly growing less, — thirty-eight, thirty-one, twenty-two. Nothing of the standard either of admission or recitation was abated ; and the last pupil enrolled was as rigidly held to examination in arithmetic and geography, to abstracts and composition and Bible lesson, as if she had been one of fifty to enter. In the last three years the applications for the position of assistant teacher far out-numbered those in behalf of new scholars ; but the classes were as many as ever. A table was placed in the corner of the school-room, and recitations were heard there, — never quite so confidential as downstairs.

The kindergarten was conscientiously carried on through the year with eight children. The community might be brought to appreciate its advantages, and Mrs. Ogden transferred the school to 143 Prospect Street for a year longer. It was then abandoned, having trained a number of successful teachers. The Primary department was closed in 1879, and the younger pupils gathered in Miss Andrews's room. None of them will ever forget how bright and cheery it always was.

Meanwhile, the few girls were scattered about in the upper room, as bright in scholarship, as interesting in character as their sodality with those who had filled the long lines of vacant seats before them demanded. Six of them took high rank in schools to which they afterward went,—one at Farmington, one at Columbus, two at Painesville, one at Cincinnati, and one in this city. Those who clung to us shared our peculiar interest; the last fruit of the old tree was ripened to sweetness. Certain girls who came in the afternoon to take private lessons were a comfort. Literary exercises of these years were for the first time held in the evening,—gas having been brought in with the last repairs,—and they have left in mind especial features. Seldom have the "Hymn in the Vale of Chamounix," "The Chamber over the Gate," "The Death of Little Eva," been recited to more hushed audiences; or "Josiah Allen's Wife" in her ruffled cap and rattling knitting-needles, "Miss Maloney's Remarkable Irish Brogue," or "Tommy's New Clothes," made a more laughter-moving

appearance. The final colloquy, "Forming a Literary Society," was as amusing as any before. The girls who read to us, in these closing terms, "Compensation," "The Duty of Young Ladies in the Church," "Literary Men and Debt," "Cramming in Education," have since done honor to their training; none were ever more beloved. Mr. Bridgman's boys too brought their own element of oration and Shakspeare-acting to the evening entertainment. Our last graduate took her diploma after reading a historic study on "Poets' Wives," and we hear still the sound of her voice in her last recitation,—a hymn of Adelaide Proctor's; the school choir chanting the refrain in some sweet chords which Miss Briggs had arranged,—

"For God, in ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own."

Most true for her and for us!

In the summer of 1881 scarce a dozen were seated at wide intervals in the spacious school-room which had once been so full, and where now the voices rang hollow from the platform. At morning devotions, which Mr. Bridgman conducted, his pupils, who had occupied two rooms, came up from below and filled the front seats. Three from the Classical Department were about to enter Yale,—thoroughly prepared, as their examinations proved. Mrs. Bridgman was assisting in their instruction. School expenses and income from 1878 had balanced as closely as in the first term in the old Pavilion. The

unresting hand on the great dial plate of life was nigh to mark the end of thirty-three years in one of the grandest, the most solemn of human offices. That boding index, this empty room, had their interpretation to the watching soul.

A bright-eyed little boy had come up on the platform every morning to recite his arithmetic by himself. Both teacher and he were having their last hours in arithmetic; but how different the end to each! In a few short weeks, all that he promised of youth and manhood was quenched, and the bright eyes closed forever; the teacher was to be sounding the depths of that word, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." June 17, 1881, a few friends gathered in the afternoon for the term's closing exercises. After the boys' declamations, the piano was touched to strains of Chopin by one dear pupil who has continued to draw out its charm, and the review of the preceding year was given by another,—the last of a long series of such retrospects. Without ceremony and unnoticed, the hand which so far had guided was taken from the helm, and the school of which this is the story was ended.

Under Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, Miss Andrews assisting, the institution opened in September, 1881, and reached in 1883 an enrolment of nearly eighty. It moved on for six years, doing its work with a quiet, conscientious efficiency in harmony with its past record. In June, 1887, Mr. Bridgman relinquished his work here, and the once busy school-room held its throng of young life no more. For

two years it was deserted, and the building is now used for other purposes.

From its beginning to its end, the Academy in its successive stages not only spanned the growth of the city from a population of fifteen thousand to one hundred and seventy-five thousand, but a development in the science and art of education which has been a revolution. Between 1848 and 1881 much that was once regarded as necessary has been displaced,—nobody learns a grammar to recite now,—and much that was not dreamed of, as the study of the German language and the science of electricity, has become indispensable. More and more out of fashion is a large study-room under strict rules as to whispering and quiet: pupils prepare lessons at home. Quite antiquated are the old methods of teaching reading and spelling and arithmetic. New ways of adroitly slipping the knowledge of these things into a child are in vogue, which perhaps will in turn be superseded. Coming grandly to the front, where they belong, are kindergartening and manual training. Private schools are more and more connected in plan with colleges: a project of so making the Academy give a classical course parallel with that at Hudson through the Sophomore year was, we have seen, one of the many plans that failed. With the new books, the unfolding history of our own and other nations, the ever-rising standard of attainment, and the future exacting demands of the times in which they were to live, the pupils of the school by its whole spirit and

methods were made familiar. Against the mischievous practice of half learning a multitude of facts or processes without a clear idea of one of them, its entire course of training was a protest. Next to the parental character in its power of moulding the young, is the atmosphere of the school; and in looking back we can but see that with all the shortcomings of our own, there was in it the working to a right end. Our pupils are now able to judge what were the mistakes, the deficiencies, the ill-judged strictness in unimportant things, the injustice sometimes unwittingly done, even as we know them now, clear and irreparable. Would that all who have kept the memory of these things could know how we took all the blame to ourselves, long ago, of what seemed amiss in them! For now we know what we were doing,—little did we know it then!

In selecting from much that was written for you, what would to you best represent your past instruction, your teacher has chosen the compositions which follow. Each strikes a different note, which you will recognize. The "Allegory" was first read to a few of you at a family Christmas gathering. The story was prepared for a reunion of the class of 1870; the lecture addressed to you as grown women.

## THE FIVE CHILDREN IN THEIR WONDERFUL HOUSE.

ONCE upon a time there lived five children in a grand house made in a deep forest, where no one from outside could go to them. It was a strange forest, so vast it had never been quite explored; and if one travelled ever so far, he could never get a way out of it, but would at length come back to the very place from which he started. The children had lived there as long as they could remember with an old nurse so old you could not believe she had ever been young in her life, and a mysterious old woman she was.

He hangeth the earth upon nothing.—Job xxvi. 7.

Dame Nature.

Now the house was of a singular shape, for it was exactly round, like an immense pavilion, and the delicate, colored roof came down a perfect dome on every side, and this old woman was all the time making for it the most wonderful hangings and drapery, carpets of long plush in rich, blended hues, and curtains finer and softer than the costliest lace; yet no one could tell when she made them, much less how. If they watched ever so closely, they could never see her doing it, and only found out that these marvels were mostly made out of water. What became of them

The balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge.—Job xxxvii. 18.

was just as unaccountable. Of a sudden they appeared, and of a sudden they were going or gone; for no sooner were these lovely decorations before the sight than they began to vanish away. The waving, transparent screens of the walls and ceiling, and the tapestry of the inlaid floor, were constantly being re-formed in fresh patterns of endless variety,—renewed so silently and magic-like, it was plain that old woman was the most original and gifted artist that ever was known.

But she was very deaf,—so deaf that if the children shouted ever so loud she did not hear; yet, what was quite peculiar, she was continually speaking low to herself: night or day, she was never silent. What she said it was not easy to make out. Sometimes she appeared to be calling them to be merry and gay; now and then there were threatening tones: but for the most part her indistinct talk seemed to be of a Great King who had made the island-forest and set up their dwelling in it. Especially this was so when they tried to ask her about two glowing lamps that always hung high in their pavilion, and of a multitude of sparkling gems that glittered all over the dome, which, unlike everything else about them, remained unchanging and enduring. Whatever she was telling them, they came to believe this Great King lived a thousand leagues off, and would never know or care what they did. Perhaps because the same low tones murmured around them

The depth and  
the sea saith:  
It is not with  
me. — Job  
xxviii. 14.

The invisible  
things of Him  
being under-  
stood by the  
things that are  
made. — Rom.  
i. 20.

The firmament  
showeth His  
handiwork. —  
Ps. xix. 1.

when they went to sleep, and stole on their senses first in the morning, they doubted at length whether there was any meaning in them.

Although the children were not far from the same age, and belonged to the same family, the differences between them were striking

He hath made  
of one blood  
all nations. —  
Acts xvii. 26.

and inexplicable.

Rego Rex, a tall, handsome boy, was their leader. Out of every feature flashed his proud spirit, and every movement showed his strong will. The others never dared to dispute his wishes; still, under his haughty expression was a dissatisfied look that often deepened into melancholy.

The kings of  
the gentiles  
exercise lord-  
ship over them.  
— Luke xxii.  
25.

Behold, all was  
vanity. —  
Eccl. ii. 11.

Quite different was Dito Ops, the second brother. Rosy-faced and keen-eyed, finely formed and active, he was so well pleased with himself and all about him that he was commonly smiling and happy. Still, we shall see he had a high temper of his own. At first sight it would seem that the third brother, Ægens, could be no relation of the other two. His frame was large and bony, his arms were very strong, his head was shaggy, there were deep lines across his forehead, and he was lame.

The rich man's  
wealth is a  
high wall in  
his own con-  
ceit. — Prov.  
xviii. 11.

For the poor  
shall never  
cease out of the  
land. — Deut.  
xv. 11.

As for the sisters, no two could be more unlike. The beautiful, richly dressed Dulce Decora, with sparkling eyes and white fingers, went dancing and singing all the day long; while Clauda, shrinking and wretched-looking, had never a play day, and wore out her

Women that  
are at ease;  
careless daugh-  
ters. — Is.  
xxxii. 9.

hard, crooked hands with toil. We must now re-Bondwomen.— late how this came about. The old nurse, Gen. xxi. 10. who was indeed but an ancient handmaid of the Great King, gave the children only the simplest food and very little to wear; but she sent them out every morning into the island forest to search the region, and there they found the greatest abundance; for the Great King long before had The earth is filled it with rich and inexhaustible stores civ. 24. of whatever they could desire. At the same time he had concealed these gifts beneath the soil of the plains, in ravines and mountains, and in the waters, so that the children must look carefully and go far, searching early and late to find them. Thus they spent their days. It was most engrossing and exciting, for they were always coming upon Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening. — Ps. civ. 28. some new treasure, and always expecting richer and richer discoveries. Marvellous enough were the possessions they gathered; and if they had been just and kind to each other, how happy they might have been! This was far from being the case.

I gathered the peculiar treasures of kings. — Eccl. ii. 8.

He will take your fields, and your vine-yards, the best of them. — 1 Sam. viii. 14.

they had found.

This was not so hard for Dito Ops, because his

bright eyes quickly spied out anything of value, and his subtle hands grasped without cessation the best that was brought up from the forest recesses.

Sometimes it was a delicious banquet, set out in dishes of gold and silver; or sumptuous garments and equipage; and he never failed to discover a beautiful mansion just large enough for him, and plenty of decorations for it such as he fancied. It is true, none of these things endured but a little while, and they must continually be renewed. The rich viands disappeared immediately; the dishes and jewels dropped away in a short time and were lost; the beautiful garments were tarnished and worthless; and even the magnificent dwellings fell into ruins,—so that when it was night, and the day's work was done, there was little to carry back; and even that they found they must lay down when they reached the threshold of their room for rest.

But the days were so long and full of desire and effort that it seemed as though they would never end; and while the bright hours lasted, how eagerly the children sought for the coveted good things! Rego and Dito were often at variance; but they soon made an agreement concerning the others. Because Ægens had stronger arms than they, and yet could not run away, they would compel him to lift out and carry for them whatever was disagreeable and

The harp and  
the viol and  
wine are in  
their feasts. —  
Isa. v. 12.

Them that join  
house to house,  
that lay field to  
field. — Isa. v.  
8.

Riches make to  
themselves  
wings. — Prov.  
xxiii. 5.

When he dieth  
he shall carry  
nothing away.  
— Ps. xlix. 17.

Hear, O ye  
that swallow up  
the needy,  
even to make  
the poor of the  
land to fail. —  
Amos viii. 4.

burdensome. So they both fell upon him, and in spite of his struggles forced him to submit; and then invited their laughing sister, Dulce, to be their companion. They found for her a large, gay chariot and prancing steeds; and she rode about with them, while they devoted themselves to pleasing her. Very fascinating she made herself, contriving sports, and displaying all their gems and beautiful things so skilfully that they were more greedy than ever. Naturally she grew exacting, and would fly into a passion whenever she was crossed.

Meanwhile it fared constantly worse with their crippled brother. He went out earlier, and lingered

Jesebel. — 1 Kings xxi. longer than the others. He was never a moment resting, and his back grew bowed with bending to his task; but whether it was that his eyes were not so sharp, or that he was made so often to dig out some discovery for the rest, and his day thus wore away, certain it was, nothing

Your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat. — Amos v. 11. ever came to his hands for food but coarse bread and a few herbs. The dwellings he found were low cabins where he could scarcely stand upright. His garments were such as the others would not gather up; he was ragged and shivering. The hardest of all was, that if he ever found anything his brothers or Dulce wanted, they would seize it without scruple, and beat him if he resisted. Of course they were not always in such bad humor, and he kept hoping for better fortune; but as time wore on, and he saw

that his lameness grew worse, it is no wonder that he became discouraged, and used to creep gloomily along the wood-paths, thinking how he might evade the next demand,—in fact, he was always afraid that would be done to him which he had seen done to his sister Clauda. Hers was a sad secret. Plain to unsightliness she was, and spoke never without stammering; but she had in her possession a precious jewel in a casket, of which she carried the golden key. This Rego demanded, as he wished <sup>Her purity.</sup> no one to have locked treasures but himself, and easily forced it from her, while Dito stood by approving. Lest she should further resist his will, he fastened by main strength a chain around her right arm, and riveted it so strongly it could never be undone. At first it was not very long, and she tried to look about, passionately desiring to recover the lost jewel; but this never could be. The cruel Rego took pleasure in adding one link after another, till the chain was so heavy that she could search no longer. Then her sister proposed she should remain always <sup>Woman in slavery.</sup> near the chariot, resting her hands upon the wheels when they were still, taking what the brothers threw aside, and ceasing to follow the paths for herself. Clauda was too heart-broken to object, and she walked henceforward near the pleasure carriage, coming and going as she was bidden; and as she never spoke again, they believed she was dumb. Ægens was too burdened with labor to

The poor is separated from his neighbor.  
—Prov. xix. 4.

I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house.  
Eccle. ii. 7.

help or comfort her. If she lifted her eyes, she would often see him bent and weary under a weighty burden, while the others would be tossing flowers in a garden. Then she heard the sound her fetters made, and their weight hung doubly heavy on her limbs.

Dulce Decora was not always so innocently employed. She had found in a ruby cup she carried at her girdle a means of holding her irresistible power. Whenever she offered a draught from this, neither Rego nor Dito could withstand the temptation to sip.

Herodias.—  
Matt. xiv. 8.  
They have  
erred through  
wine.—Is.  
xxviii. 7.

It is not for  
kings to drink  
wine, nor for  
princes strong  
drink: lest they  
pervert judg-  
ment.—Prov.  
xxxi. 4, 5.

Under its delicious but evil spell they were stirred up to many quarrels, and to many cruel deeds which they would not otherwise have thought of doing, reckless if they could but enjoy this delight. Thus the two unfortunates were uncertain at all times what new trouble might be put upon them. It was in vain to try to make the old nurse understand what was going on. She did for each one precisely the same, busied herself with her handiwork, and seemed to heed nothing of their joys or sorrows.

Affairs had gone on in this way a while, when First struggles  
for civil lib-  
erty.  $\mathcal{A}$ gens, limping along one day, heartsore and despairing, saw in a rock crevice a diamond shining like a little sun. With his strong hands he scattered the stones and seized the prize; but as he drew it forth, its sparkle fell in the eyes of Rego, who was amusing himself with a bow and arrow in the vicinity. Instantly he sent a

shaft that struck in his brother's shoulder, and soon wrenched from the closed hand the jewel *Ægens* had long sought, and now for the first time beheld. Decora and Dito were not long in coming up. "What insolence is this?" they exclaimed, when they saw the priceless stone. No sooner was it exposed than its wounded owner clutched it again with desperation, and the struggle was renewed. Decora meanwhile caught hold of Claudia's chain, and *Ægens* struck out at all three.

While they were fighting in a furious way, a low, rolling sound came from a distance over the tree-tops like the echo of a solemn and powerful voice, and they heard the words, "Thou shalt not! Thou shalt not." Awe-struck, the children ceased from contention. Had they heard that sound before? They could hardly tell, but never was it so plain. Was it the voice of the Great King, they said to themselves as they went away in silence, leaving their brother faint and wounded, but holding the diamond still. Scarcely recovering himself, he buried it in the earth, and never afterward could he find the place. The proud brothers and sister did not quite forget what had come to their ears; but Rego Rex insisted that he alone fully understood the meaning of that warning, and professed to have heard it alone by himself. This made even Ops more afraid of him than ever. At this time he took two links from Claudia's chain, and gave her a long robe which

Ye shall do no  
unrighteous-  
ness. — Lev.  
xix. 15.

The idea lost  
to the world  
till A. D. 1500.

Royal and  
priestly power  
united.

partly covered her fetters from sight ; but her precious casket he did not restore, and she was as helpless as ever. Sometimes into her darkened and crushed spirit would come the thought, " If that was the voice of the Great King, surely he is not so far away. What if he should speak some day, and tell them to take off these bonds that hurt me, and, oh, to give me back my pearl again ! " But this half hope faded away, and she walked on, mute and abject, in the ruts of the chariot-wheels.

As the children grew older, they were more successful in their quest. They found new plains and hills and lakes, and took from them so many exquisite possessions, there was hardly room for them in the great tent, crowded with the fine little palaces and castles that Rego Rex and Dito Ops were continually setting up. Among other things they found some white images of themselves which diverted them much. Little of the abundance, however, fell to the share of the toiler. Only a small part of the time could he follow his own search, but must spend the long hours helping Rego and Dito to build great piles of stone, or lift gold and silver out of dark mines, or in sowing and reaping fine grain, the greater part of which was demanded of him because Rego claimed that all the ground where his own feet had ever walked, belonged to himself. *Ægens* was often so hungry and tired that he looked with desire to the time when the pitch dark fell and he could rest. In his heart the expectation of something better had

Egypt, Baby-  
lon, Tyre,  
Persia.

died out. There was only a sullen hatred of the three, whose success had made them more <sup>Rome and</sup> unjust. At times he would have killed <sup>Rome and</sup> *tyranny*. them if he could. Months went by in this way, till one night he and Clauda returned to their sleeping place very unhappy. It had been a bad day. Rego had often before accused *Ægens* of finding and secretly hiding that diamond, and made it an excuse for punishing him severely. This time he left the poor lame one covered with bruises, to crawl away as he could. Dito Ops was generally more disposed than Rex to do his brother a good turn, if it cost him no trouble ; but he was now enraged that the wilful boy had sailed away with Decora in a pleasure-boat by which Dito set great store. To console himself, he compelled Clauda to draw him in the chariot left behind ; and as she could not run fast enough to please him, he threw stones after her for sport. “ Oh ! ” she cried in her heart, “ is there any Great King, and does he know all this ? ” But there was no answer.

The next morning, when they woke, behold there was a boy as large as they, whom they had never seen before, ready to go out with them. Like *Ægens*, he was dressed in poor clothes, and his pale, meagre face had a mild expression ; but there was something in his looks which startled and awed them, only Dulce Decora regarded him scornfully out of her flashing eyes. “ Who are you,” said Rego, “ and whence do you come ? ” The child looked at them all with clear, penetrating sur-

Filled with all  
unrighteous-  
ness ; implac-  
able, unmerci-  
ful. —Rom. i.  
29, 31.

Jesus was born  
in Bethlehem.  
—Matt. ii. 1.

vey, and replied, in gentle tones that rang far off, "I am the Son of the Great King, and I have come that

We have one Father, even God. — John viii. 41. you may know and believe the truth." "We are the children of the Great King,"

said Rego, haughtily, "and need not that you should teach us the truth." With this he turned away.

The first thought of Dito was, "Will he demand that I should divide with him?" and he waited in alarmed curiosity for the stranger to speak; but the new child was silent, looking far away, as if

A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven. — Matt. xix. 23. he saw invisible things. Dito in haste gathered up his golden jewels, and with a look of indifferent contempt, prepared to ride away with Decora. Ægens had

already limped off. Afterward he remembered that there was strange, distant music in the air, and the sound of a voice. At the time he thought it could be nothing which concerned him; but Clauda had

And certain women which had been healed were with him. — Luke viii. 1, 2. lifted her melancholy eyes at the strange answer of the newly arrived, and fixed them on his face. Now she drew near, and put out her hard, crooked hands, as if

he had called her. Rego was already mounting his horse to follow Dulce, and directly he seized Clauda's chain and drew her with him. One could hear it tightening as they passed, and a deep, unfathomable look was in the new child's eyes as he gazed after them. Not long, and they were lost to sight in the great wood. A while after, as the stranger was walking through a thorny place, he came upon Ægens digging roots: for the poor boy had gone so

far with nothing to eat. He was bowed to the earth, and did not notice any one coming. The mysterious child stepped close to his side, and bending down, said softly, "Come with me, and I will give you bread, that you shall never hunger any more." Ægens looked up trembling. What could this mean? He gazed into the pitiful, loving face, and slowly took in the unknown accents that thrilled in his ears: "Behold, I bring you good tidings." Tears gathered in the dim, defiant eyes of the spirit-crushed listener, and the hardness in his heart melted away. "I will come," he said; and raising himself, he followed, scarce knowing why. His guide led the way through the tall briars, till shortly they saw spread out in a valley by a living spring a sweet and bountiful repast. Long did the hungry one remember it.

When they had finished partaking this, his new friend said, "The Great King, my Father, knows all that you need. Ask him daily for this bread." They stood still for a while, and the birds sang in the trees a beautiful song Ægens had never heard before. "Who is this?" he thought. "Never will I leave him again."

So the two went on, and the strange helper took the lame boy's hand into his own; and as Ægens leaned upon it he began to wonder, thinking how strong that hand was. Presently he was pouring out all the thoughts of his heart; the evil wishes, the hatred and re-

He that eateth  
of this bread  
shall live for-  
ever.—John  
vi. 58.

If any man  
open the door,  
I will come in  
and sup with  
him, and he  
with me.—  
Rev. iii. 20.

Lord, to whom  
shall we go?  
Thou hast the  
words of eter-  
nal life.—John  
vi. 68.

venge, the discontent and envy, were all laid open. His companion's face had in it only grief and compassion. By and by he said gently, "If one hate his brother, he cannot love me." A great sob shook *Ægens* from head to foot. One could hardly hear

We love Him, the half-stifled words he tried to speak.  
because He  
first loved us.  
— 1 John iv.  
19.

"I will love you; I will never hate again."

Who could describe the sweet message of comfort distilled into that wounded spirit as they toiled on over the steep, stony pass? To *Ægens* the way seemed short till it was noon, and they heard shouting and laughter in the distance. Looking across the valley, they saw that the two brothers had found some swift, graceful horses, and

Amphithe- were racing at the highest speed around a  
atres. ring, while *Dulce Decora*, in brilliant attire,

was inciting them on, waving gay streamers from the balcony. The place was dry and dusty in the hot sun, and they had sent *Clauda* to fetch jars of water from a spring. This they poured over the ground, that the revellers might be cooled and refreshed. As she was dragging her weary load over the rugged path, *Ægens* and his guide came near. Her heart leaped when she recognized the one she had seen in the morning; but she was afraid to look up till he said low to her, "I will bear your burden;" and he took it on his shoulders. As he did so he lifted one

He hath sent  
me to set at lib-  
erty them that  
are bruised. —  
Luke iv. 18.

end of her chain, and a long piece of it fell away into his hand. This was so unlooked for that she could not realize at first what he had done. With a cry of joy, she raised her arms up

high, and then knelt down and kissed the border of his garment, weeping so that she could not speak. Soon she heard him whisper, as he helped her to rise: "Be of good cheer; I shall be with you always, though in a little while you will not see me." Then he took from his own head a chaplet of leaves he was wearing, and placed it upon hers. Claudia perceived that it was studded with thorns. Wondering much, Ægens looked on, and when presently they came to a brook, he also filled a pitcher, and the three went along together.

Now the stranger began to say to them the words they did not understand till long afterward. He told them that the Great King lived just beyond where they could see, and that he knew all that was done in the island forest; all their troubles and their secret thoughts; The poor have the gospel preached unto them. — Matt. xi. 5. that truly this Great King was their father, and he himself was their elder brother. They could not comprehend how this boy like themselves could be so exalted, but they could not help believing when he said, "My Father loves me because I do always the things that please him;" and more especially when he said that the pure in heart and the merciful, and the loving and unselfish, were the blessed ones. Then they saw how they ought to be helpful to each other even when they were treated unjustly. It was most mysterious, the words, "I am going away now, I say unto you, Bless them which curse you. — Matt. v. 44. but I will come again and take you to my- John xiv. 8; Rev. xxi. 4.

self ; and you will never have any sorrow and pain there." What could that mean ? While he was speak-

Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. — Acts v. 41. ing, the road was no longer so rough ; and though on the race-grounds they had many strokes from the flying whips, they did not mind them so much, thinking of these new and amazing promises.

Through the mid-day they went to and fro together, carrying the heavy jars and watering the dusty arena. By and by Claudia turned to look back, and she saw that the prints of their companion's feet were marked with blood where they had come. Before she could ask the reason of this, they were near the gay racers, who were now preparing to regale themselves at a feast in an arbor decorated with silken standards and gilt eagles. It was close by the wayside ; but *Ægens* and Claudia stood a little way off, and saw and heard all that passed. *Rego* was standing. It appeared he had just come from a little shut-up temple where he had been, he said, to listen to some words of that dreadful utterance none of them had forgotten, — words that no one but himself could hear. He was dressed in a dazzling robe which he always wore at such times ; but the wonderful child did not seem afraid. Advancing, he said, "Let these two come and sit at your feast, poor. — Matt. xix. 21. for they are faint and weary." "Depart!" cried out *Dito* and *Decora* ; "we have nothing to do with you." But the loving pleader stood still, and continued in that gentle, commanding voice of his,

And the chief priests accused him. — Mark xv. 8.

Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor. — Matt. xix. 21.

“All that is here is my Father’s and mine. Give as it has been given to you.” At this Rego drew his sword and exclaimed, “It is false; you are no king’s son.” “You believe not because your deeds are evil,” replied the brave one in steadfast tones. Thereupon Rego struck a cruel blow, and the young martyr fell down, without sound or motion. Immediately this dreadful deed was accomplished, those who had wrought it perceived that the sky was darkened, and that the eagles had become alive and were swooping down upon them. They hastened to flee, the brothers having an added horror at the sight of Decora. As if a mask had fallen, they beheld, instead of her beautiful face, a ghastly visage with hollow eyes, and features all pallid and shrunken. She pursued them close as they tried to hurry out of her presence.

Ægens and Clauda were meanwhile bending over the form of the slain one, and tears of sorrow and despair were falling from their eyes. In the midst of their grief they were astonished to discover that underneath the poor garments they had seen, he wore the gold-embroidered robe of a royal prince, and on the hand where he had wound the chain, was the King’s signet-ring. Most heart-rending was it to find that all over his body were bruises and wounds besides the fatal one where the sword had pierced. Then they remembered that as they were on the sandy course, and it happened that one of the riders

The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand. — John iii. 35.

Jerusalem taken, A. D. 70.

She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth. — 1 Tim. v. 6.

The chastisement of our peace was upon him. — Isa. lxi. 5.

rushing by struck at them, he had stood always near it, and borne the heaviest himself. It began to dawn upon them what he meant in the saying, "I must lay down my life for you." Long they wept there, promising to love and help each other, and to forgive their brothers and sister, as he had taught them that eventful day. They broke some spicy boughs to lay over him, and were turning back to their toil, when suddenly there appeared a broad, upward track opening out of the forest, and in it, clear and shining in raiment of light, was he whom they were mourning. He put out his hands toward them and said, "Remember me;" and then vanished in the brightness. Amazed at this marvellous vision, Claudia whispered, "Did he not say, I go to prepare a place for you?" After this, everything was changed to them.

All the afternoon they were talking of him, comforting each other. Claudia still wore the chaplet,

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also abounding by Christ. — 2 Cor. 1. 5.

for even the thorns were dear to her; and she did not feel them so much while her brother kept close at her side as they toiled. Was it true that he stood more and more erect, and walked with a firmer tread? As it grew dark, they said over and over the precious words of that wonderful Friend, and whispered to themselves the last thing in the silent chamber: "To-day we have seen the Anointed, the Son of the Great King, and he is gone up on high; but he loved us unto death."

In every house they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ. — Acts v. 42.

The first time after this that *Ægens* and *Clauda* were alone together, what should they discover but the long-lost pearl, larger and more beautiful than ever. "Will you not help me to keep it?" she pleaded of her brother. And *Ægens* promised.

For a while neither *Rego* nor *Dito* realized what they had done, although they would not allow their former gay sister to lay aside the veil she had worn ever since that day; but the change in *Ægens* and *Clauda* soon began to excite surprise. Their poor brother worked early and late as ever, and mostly at their command; but he was often seen standing upright, a new look of hope in his eyes,—and though they did not wish to believe it, it was plain he grew less lame every day. Just the same, *Clauda* walked by the chariot; but words of silver speech were falling from her lips when she was with *Ægens*, and her face, ill-featured no longer, was glowing with a strange light from within. More than all, when *Dito* attempted to seize her chain, he found it broken. Of this *Rego* was soon informed. For the first time in her life she dared to lift her face and confront them all. "Yes," she said, "he took it away." "Then give up the pearl you have now." "He forbade it," she said quietly, looking at them. *Rego* raised his lash to strike her; but *Ægens* stepped between, and waited to receive the blow.

At once, as if all the trees of the forest were one great organ, came a burst of grand music; and

If the Son  
shall make you  
free, ye shall be  
free indeed.—  
John viii. 36.

He that hath  
this hope in  
him, purifieth  
himself, even as  
He is pure.—  
1 John iii. 3.

it rang out in the air all around them, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth,

The hope of  
the gospel,  
preached to  
every creature  
under heaven.  
—Col. i. 23. good will to men." And afterward a voice fell from the sky: "This is my well-beloved Son, hear him." At this

Rego turned pale, and Dito dropped the treasures of which his hands were full, while Decora crouched behind her veil; but *Ægens* recognized well the song he had heard that morning when he went so disconsolate to his toil, and little knew what that day would bring forth. "This indeed is the voice of the Great King," he said. As they paused, came the well-remembered tones of the one who had walked by their side, and their hearts stood still. "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be." "Can this be so?" the others thought; but they said nothing, only went away, leaving the two unharmed. After this they began to listen as *Ægens* and Claudia told the things they had seen, what the Prince had done for them, and the words he had spoken. Gradually, as the brothers attended and believed, sorrow and fear struck to their hearts. Even Decora's cup ceased to tempt them more. Especially were they touched to observe how tender the two changed ones were toward each other, and how *Philemon*. patient and willing to serve. One day Rego called Dito Ops to witness while he struck off from Claudia's arm the last link of her chain; but the scar remained. Not long afterward, when

she and *Ægens* were going to trace the steps where the Beloved One had walked, the two brothers said, "We know we are not worthy to stand afar off and see the least of them ; but let us go, we beg, with you, and scatter all our gold and jewels and spices along in the dust where the foot-prints are." So the four went, for *Decora* had hidden herself away ; and they marked the track of the bloody steps with their glittering gems and precious myrrh till they came to the spring where *Clauda* had filled her jars that day. And lo, in place of the scanty source they found an abundant, gushing fountain of crystal water leaping cool and fresh from the rock, and winding away among verdure and flowers down the valley. While the brothers were leaving their offerings in the blood-stained road, they were cut to the heart with shame and remorse, understanding how much they had offended and grieved the Great King, and how much he must have loved them to send his Son to suffer at their hands. Now they began to do in earnest what they thought the Prince would have commanded. *Rego Rex* no longer took from the others, but gave them a share of all he discovered ; and what astonished them much, if he found any sharp swords, he broke them in pieces, whereas he could formerly never have enough of them. Changed indeed he was. Walking one day by himself, he came upon that very diamond which he had been so

A pure river  
of water of  
life. — Rev.  
xxii. 1.

That they  
should repent,  
and do works  
meet for re-  
pentance. —  
Acts xxvi. 20.

The fruit of  
the Spirit is in  
all goodness  
and righteous-  
ness. — Eph.  
v. 9.

determined none but himself should own. As soon as he saw it, there flashed into his mind the many struggles of *Ægens* to find and hold it, and he saw Love, meekness. — Gal. v. 22, 23. all his own cruel selfishness. Wrapping it directly in a piece of parchment, he hastened where *Ægens* was ploughing; and grasping his brother's two hands, he put the sparkling stone between them. How bright were the eyes that Equal rights. beheld it when that parchment was unrolled, and *Ægens* understood that the long-desired, long-fought-for prize was his own, never again to be taken away. Ever after he wore it on his strong right arm, beaming so that one always knew where he was, even in the darkest place.

Dito Ops was no less transformed. When he told

Charge them that are rich, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate. — 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.

Rego of new-found gold and silver, they would contrive together how they could make the others happy with it. He now learned that the forests stretched wider than they had imagined, and *Ægens* helped him to bring out some swift-rolling chariots that sped along of themselves. By these they obtained an overwhelming abundance of all that could satisfy or delight. They would have been at a loss to know where to place them, only these grand and beautiful gifts disappeared as fast as ever. Not always did he think to stand still and thank the Great King for these choice discoveries, but he learned by degrees to do this of *Ægens*, whom he now kept constantly at his side. It became at length his greatest happiness to see his brother enjoy the pleasant houses and

boats and carriages that made the poor boy so glad and comfortable. When he saw any sign of the old discouraged look, he would take that time for a costly gift that was entirely unexpected. "This," he thought, "is what the Prince would have done."

Bear ye one another's burdens. — Gal. vi. 2.

As for Clauda, dressed always in shining white, and wearing the pearl, she was very happy, going where she would, searching for herself, though her brothers were careful it should be in pleasant places. One could not tell which of them loved her most. It was she to whom they came for advice, her words were so wise and true, — this poor sister they had so long thought to be dumb! If they were hurt, she bound up their wounds and soothed them so they forgot the pain. No wonder they turned to catch a look at her snowy garments when some hill or thicket hid her for a little, or that their eyes sought for her first in the morning, and last at the nightfall. But where was Dulce Decora?

Woman re-deemed and consecrated.

Not all at once did she lose her power. She invented new sports and spiced her baneful cup, and sometimes charmed her brothers to their old devotion. When they began to turn from her and refuse her draughts, she would vent her spite and anger on anything near. By and by she had no longer a chariot, and her ill-temper became malice; so the others were afraid to be with her, and she was left alone. Brooding over how she could make them forget the slain Prince

The works of the flesh are uncleanness, hatred, strife, envyings. — Gal. v. 19, 21.

and all he had said, she was walking by a bleak shore where the waves were coming in, and she saw written there on the sand these words: "Almost I would wear

Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? — Rom. vii. 24. my chain again, could you but find the fountain and be healed." For the first

time she thought, "Can I be made anew?"

Slowly she turned and looked toward the distant stream of which she had heard. Long she faltered and hesitated before the first step; then went slowly on, till she came in sight of the broad, silvery splash and spray. "What can it do for me?" she questioned, as she stood by the brink. Her eyes sought the path by the sparkling stream, and she could plainly see the dark red footsteps still. "Was that indeed the Son of the Great King, and will he come again? Where, then, shall I hide?" Trembling she knelt, and all the bad deeds of her days rolled over her like a black flood. She rent away her veil, and taking her cup from her girdle, she

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. — 1 John i. 7. dashed it in pieces upon the rock, and threw herself prostrate there. In the bitterness of her anguish she exclaimed, "Never

will I go from this spot till I am made anew!" Tears poured over her ghastly face as she rose, and searching out the footprints, rested not till she had placed her own in each, and felt the sharp

stones cut as she walked sobbing over them. Turning back, she washed her tear-stained face in the fountain; and as she bent over its purifying waves, lo! her flesh came again as it was when she was a little child.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven. — Ps. xxxi. 1.

How her glad feet hasted back along the path she had come !

Great was the rejoicing of the brothers and sister when they saw running to meet them from the way of the fountain their Dulce Decora, radiant with fair, smiling lips and gentle, affectionate words. When, weeping, she had entreated each to forgive her, she kissed Clauda, who embraced her in return. "Let me be the little handmaid to you all," she said, modestly. Could that be Decora ?

The Queen of  
Pleasure be-  
comes the  
Queen of Sa-  
cred Art.

Yes, it was. From that time she was watching how she could make everything brighter and lovelier for them. When Ægens was thirsty, she would bring him fresh fruits, or if his hands were chilled, would build a fire of twigs to warm them ; and about Clauda she would gracefully wrap the stainless scarfs she had found. Roses and violets seemed to spring in her steps. She was never weary arranging fresh garlands around their houses, and gathering bright tints and lovely forms to charm their eyes. Most she delighted in bestowing these on the dwellings of Ægens and Clauda ; and her smiling face would beam into their abodes, at all times bringing joy.

Often would she stand and hold the hands of Rego up as he thanked the Great King for the riches they were finding more and more abundant, or would sweetly charm away the lines of care that began to shadow Dito's face now that he was sharing the troubles of the rest ; so they loved her like the sun-beams. Even the old nurse seemed to smile as the maiden danced about her.

Not long after this happened to Decora, Rego and Dito went one morning exploring into a part of the island forest beyond a great lake. As they were passing along a gloomy valley, they heard <sup>Africa.</sup> a little wailing cry, and looking carefully, found a small, dark-skinned child that seemed to be living there alone and to be in trouble. In the old times they would not have inconvenienced themselves; but now their hearts were pitiful, and taking the tiny child's hand, they wrapped Rego's own mantle about it, and went back all the way leading it, till they came where Claudia was. A beautiful light shone in her eyes as she received it. "This indeed is a great gift from our Father," she said; "let us keep it, and teach it to love him." The little one put out its feeble hands and took hold of hers, no longer hard and crooked, but changed as much as her sweet mother face.

An earnest talk was held over the charge, which they at once adopted. The sisters attended it most watchfully, while Rego and Dito gave freely for its wants; but it had lived alone, and could not speak so as to be understood, and it was too weak for a long time to look about for itself. When they were sometimes discouraged that it was so helpless, Claudia would say, "If the Son of the Great King was willing to come and take my heavy chain, shall I not be glad to bear with and keep this neglected one?" Decora, guarding its feeble steps and telling it wonderful stories about the marvellous things they found, thought of that day at the fountain, and rejoiced

that she was counted worthy to be its nurse and to teach it the precious words she had herself learned there.

Less and less the five children, fast growing out of childhood, cared to find for themselves gorgeous houses or splendid garments and delicious feasts, but more and more that there should be no heavy burden for any to carry alone,—no solitary, weary journeys in difficult, craggy paths where they could not help each other.

At length there came a time when they were all so industrious and so kind and helpful that they could sit down together in the afternoon declining sun and rest. There, in some lovely nook or balcony of the great Pavilion, they could watch the beautiful, shifting drapery in all its gorgeous hues, and sing together in dulcet harmony the praises of their unseen Father and his well-beloved Son. They could tell over and over that amazing story which they understood more and more, and wait for the time when he, the Ascended, should come again as he promised ; then they thought they would bring him that little one, and see him smile in the ineffable brightness.

## HOW AN OLD SCHOOL-MASTER SUCCEEDED WITH HIS OWN CHILDREN.

IN my twenty-third year I was called to the post of principal in the Bordentown Collegiate and Scientific Institute ; and during the forty-two years since elapsed, I have labored as an educator. That the sole remedy for the world's evils lies in the right training of the young, is my cardinal belief ; to find out the best methods and make them known, has been my life-long ambition. For nineteen successive years large classes of students went out from the Institute, doing credit to the principles on which it was conducted ; and I have a measure of confidence that my efforts in some small degree forwarded the rapid strides in the science and art of education in the last half-century. Looking back on my own experience, I have seen no cause to yield an iota of the opinions I at first adopted, or to relinquish any method my judgment then approved. My continuous exertion to carry out these ideas in the training of my own family have been recently recalled in vivid panorama, and I have taken courage to write here hindrances and results so far as necessary to serve as a guide to others.

Ralph Erskine, the late lamented United States judge of this district, was my college chum, and ever after my intimate friend. His death has occasioned the looking over our correspondence,— rather fre-

quent, considering the vocations of each of us, and always confidential. Erskine had the odd habit of often returning my letter, with his answer on an enclosed sheet; and I have thus been brought face to face with the plans, the hopes, the efforts, for our children, some of which I would almost have denied under oath. But enough of preface.

I had been at the head of the Institute five years, when I married a lady associated as the principal of the female department for half that time. She had apparently a vigorous constitution; but I took care to assure myself of the sound physical character of two generations of her ancestors before offering her my hand. My own health has been uninterrupted. Her good sense commanded my esteem; her sweetness of temper and manifold accomplishments gave promise of a refined and happy domestic life,—a promise more than fulfilled. It is needless to say that our views on the subject of education were in perfect accord; and when our first child, a daughter, was given, we felt strong in our ability to control all the circumstances of its growth and development, and confident in the results of our efforts, put forth, as they would be, unitedly according to the wisest system. How many melancholy failures had we noticed on the part of parents to observe the plainest maxims of common-sense in the management of their children! They were buoys that marked our channel as we went sailing up to our desired haven. We agreed it was first in importance for body and mind that regular habits should be inwrought into the

beginning of action,—that food, toys, rest, should be given at constant intervals. Our house was to be governed accordingly. We met unexpected difficulties. Visitors, domestics, unavoidable social arrangements, interrupted. Erskine at that time suggested a clock-work battery, which might administer shocks at stated periods, and thus promote family punctuality. Only eternal vigilance could certify our progress. Still, we clung to the plan, keeping a record of each day's unfolding, and squaring, with tolerable exactness, the little life by our rule, till the second child, a boy, was born. He was a vivacious being, who kicked at our regulations, and screamed so lustily at irregular times that a large part of our infantile regimen was perforce abandoned. When, in the course of six years, the third and fourth were added to our flock, we looked back with despairing admiration to the period when we carried out an order of exercises: at six, milk; at seven, a bath; at seven-thirty, a romp; at eight, sleep; at ten, an airing; and so on through twelve hours. For a few weeks we would pull ourselves up over our own theory; it lay in our horizon always as the end we were striving for. The freedom from illness enjoyed by the older ones was our reward. But from some inexplicable cause our youngest suffered from attacks of croup, and ran the whole curriculum of childish maladies with great rapidity. In watching him through one dangerous crisis after another, the discipline was relaxed which should have formed in the next older ones habits of effi-

ciency. It was impossible to secure the prompt and thorough performance of the little daily tasks assigned to each, on which we relied for imprinting the all-important lessons of self-reliance and unselfishness. The duties of my profession were at that time arduous, and the energy and capability of my wife were taxed heavily in maintaining, on a limited income, our comfort and social standing. I see now that the months when she had scarce a night of unbroken rest with our sick children made a secret undermining of her fine constitution ; but it brings a sharp pang to reflect that we were both more anxious about many other things than this. Our expectation was, to guard with peculiar care the first forms of speech and behavior: it is in early childhood the gentleman or lady is moulded ; but in fact, the forming impressions in manners were made in our family largely by an affectionate Irish nurse, a devoted Catholic, who, we afterwards discovered, caused the children to be secretly baptized by the priest.

In spite of these drawbacks we flattered ourselves that our children were already displaying traits of excellence and powers of mind which would amply reward our assiduity. I must have been a proud and happy father, as my letters to Erskine are certainly not lacking in parental complacency. Two passages, however, have caught my attention, and I quote : " In my bachelor days I thought that a parent's principal business was to teach his children ; I now find it must be to provide them bread and but-

ter, and that there is not so much time left." Again I wrote: "What an alarming sign of the times is the fastidiousness of people! We live in a double house, and the landlord protests he cannot rent the other half. Objection,—too many children. Ours!" When the youngest was six years old, the Institute became the High School, my efforts to establish the graded system in the town having been successful; and I turned my attention to writing school-books. I had already published a set of charts for elementary object teaching, and a "Child's Book of Science" had met with so extensive a sale as to afford a comfortable income. Now, to my great satisfaction, I could give the personal supervision of my children's studies, which was of prime importance in our plans. The golden text of the immortal Froebel, "study should seem like play," and "play should be like study," was also ours. We would mingle instruction in every game, and season every task with story and illustration. Every bud of curiosity was to be carefully nursed; and now that the peculiarities of each were becoming evident, each should have the appropriate stimulus. Not till mind and body had acquired some stamina should they be shut in school-rooms. Home-training they should have,—far preferable to that among a great number, where all must be cut after one pattern. My large, pleasant study was made as attractive as possible, and there for two years we endeavored to realize our ideal. We taught the children orally, and from actual objects whenever possible. They were encouraged to in-

vestigate, to memorize, and to report whatever interested them, whether a brood of chickens or a tale of Plutarch's; and the ingenuity of my wife found means of adding fresh variety to each day's pursuits. In the evenings, I wrote the successive chapters of "Our World for Little Ones;" and the depth of their attention was my gauge of success. If they did not understand, I simplified; if they were listless, I arranged an attractive wood-cut, or threw in a spicy incident. It was a group to which I look back with a thrill of delight.

Estella, almost twelve, was a quiet, studious girl, going naturally to the bottom principle of things, never so happy as with her books. She had commenced Latin; I was determined on a full classical course for her, and she pored over her grammar and dictionaries, far enough from needing any device for keeping her to them. George, the next, was remarkably quick, versatile, full of life and spirit, fond of novelty, and eager to begin any subject proposed. But he must be held fast to it by outside influences, or he would have only indefinite and superficial ideas concerning the matter. Juliet, a year younger, had been always precocious, and was a child of striking beauty,—so often remarked by strangers that although the utmost discretion was exercised in the family, she early became conscious of her gift. At nine, she had developed a talent for music, and we looked forward to a career in that art for her. The youngest, Robert, was a born mimic, whose droll imitations were an exhaustless fund of amusement, and whose

talent of declamation seemed to foreshadow his future as a lawyer.

While the second year of this agreeable home school wore away, a doubt began to creep in whether a power of thinking was being evoked by our exertions to make knowledge — that is, *our* knowledge — attractive. Estella's was an innate thirst for new ideas ; but George and Juliet were as ready to have story and illustration poured into them, and as little disposed to steady attention, as ever. As for Robert, he would remember to a remarkable extent what was read to him ; but word-method and phonetic spelling for the whole time did not wean him to a desire to read by himself, only provided him with a store of caricatures. On the other hand, the toil imposed upon ourselves would, if undertaken for any other purpose, have seemed intolerable. Often far into the night the mother, especially, was at work repairing some garment torn in a botanical excursion, bringing up arrears of household affairs, or arranging some specimen for the object-lesson of the next day. Erskine, holding court here, spent a couple of evenings with us, but entered somewhat coldly, as I thought, into our enthusiasm. His first letter afterward was a characteristic scrawl on a half sheet : "Bosby, take care of your wife ; you 'll not get another like her." This missive set me to observing what I ought to have seen before. Just then appeared an "Illustrated Science for Children," which threatened to supersede my own work ; and my publishers warned me that I must re-write, or go out of the market.

The children then must go to school ; and the three eldest were entered. We expected on our part to guide whatever they were doing, and I have since had a suspicion that we were regarded by superintendent and teachers as nuisances of a pronounced type. Now there was an increasing stoop in Estella's shoulders, — she must be made to sit straight. George was doing his work too much by routine, — he should be stimulated to look into the reasons of his arithmetic rules ; moreover, the light in his seat came from the wrong side, and his eyes were suffering. Juliet was put forward too fast, — she must be kept back, and not encouraged in self-conceit. But what could the teachers do with their charges of seventy or eighty to instruct and govern, and with a myriad marks, reports, and examination-papers to make out and look over ? One might as reasonably remonstrate with a cotton factory as to its treatment of a particular pound of the raw material. This is plain now ; but my admiration of the superb system was not in the least damped by these accessories, nor, even if our means had permitted, would I have chosen any other training than that which I still regard as the very best to make good American citizens.

For nearly two years we went over with our children, in the evening, all their lessons for the next day. It was the only way we could be sure that George and Juliet learned principles instead of processes, grasped ideas as well as words. This nightly drill in the rudiments seemed to take something from the charm of our home circle, as our friends ceased

to drop in for a chat. It of necessity often devolved on my wife alone, and I should have employed a person for this duty, had she not begged me so earnestly to leave it to her. I have known many teachers, but never one so gifted in all respects as she, for she was abundant in her resources for waking up mind, and her love of doing it amounted to a passion. A short call from Ralph was followed by a second warning ; but I could not believe there was serious trouble in the condition of one who had never complained, and had borne every draft on strength without apparent injury. But if I had known the danger, it might not have been possible to avoid the stroke.

Estella had been two weeks in the High School, at the head of her class. I looked forward to her holding a college diploma, and even to a year abroad, should my book be successful ; when my wife was suddenly stricken down with nervous fever. From the first, the case was lingering and alarming. There was no alternative. The eldest daughter must now look after the younger children and guide the house. For a time I hoped the strong constitution would rally ; but it appeared the vital energy was exhausted, and after months of suffering, my wife passed away. From that moment to this an increasing sense of my loss forbids me to dwell upon it. I realized then how much I had depended on her.

It was the end of Estella's school life. Years afterward she opened again the Greek grammar and the algebra, closed the day her mother was attacked. There was no more solving of problems and constru-

ing of Xenophon, but the more difficult work of superintending the cooking, marketing, and washing ; of caring that the family order and happiness should not go to wreck under the strain of the mother's long illness, the overwhelming calamity of her death. Thanks to that mother, household duties were not strange. "A girl," she said, "should be taught first those things which as a woman she will certainly be called to do." Before our daughter was put to school she had learned much of the routine of house-keeping. She did that, as everything else, well even then. A cousin of my wife's came to aid in caring for her, and Estella took up the evening work with the other children. A year after their mother's death, George and Juliet passed their examination for the High School. Juliet was too young ; but brother and sister had gone on thus far side by side, and there must be some strong reason for separating them. It would be better that she should take some household lessons, pay especial attention to music, and have a course of reading. I had so decided, when I became aware that my motherless daughter of scarce fourteen was, evening after evening, entertaining a company of young gentlemen, boys of eighteen or twenty, whom I could not well forbid the house. It was a swift reversal of plan that sent her to school again. I knew that the course comprised in three years all that could well be done in four, and my wife and I had often discussed our purpose of lengthening the time of taking it, whenever our children should be so far advanced.

Not long, and I discovered that the race they had entered allowed neither pause nor slacking. Class influence overpowered every other. Not to do what the class did, and in the regulation time, was felt as a disgrace. To gain the power of controlling and fixing the attention had been the aim of all my teaching. My children now made daily recitations in three or four subjects, any one of which would have filled the measure of interest and enthusiasm when taken by itself. Besides, there was required reading, writing, a little spelling, singing, drawing, elocution, German, and gymnastics ; for the schools of our town were not to be outdone by any in their comprehensive advantages. Nightly the study table was loaded with books learned through in a term, and replaced by others equally ponderous. Algebra, geometry, history of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, physics, chemistry, rhetoric, physiology, English literature, geology, mental philosophy, logic, and astronomy, streamed like comets over the mental horizon, leaving trains of examination papers with averages of eighty to one hundred per cent behind them.

With some misgiving I observed that in difficult cases George was willing to take help from the quicker Juliet. At the end of the second year she had gained so much maturity that I felt secure against the former youthful besiegers ; so resolved that she should stop a year, and have opportunity for some mental digestion while she relieved Estella in the house duties. When I broached this proposition one

Sunday evening, as we gathered after tea for the most delightful family hour of the week, Juliet left the piano, and laying her head on my shoulder, burst into a fit of tears. "Father," she sobbed out, "I was afraid you would say that. If I cannot graduate with Tillie and Jette, I don't want to at all; there is n't a girl in the next class I care a bit for."

Tillie and Jette came the next day, and a shower of protests from principal and assistants. I could not convince Juliet it would be a detriment to finish her course at sixteen, and I found no ally among her teachers. It was a hard struggle to me to yield the point; my regret is now no less. The senior year was filled with one desire,—to get through,—growing more intense as the long surfeit of lessons drew to a close. Into the last month were crowded preparations for a grand class-day. Finally, in the presence of a great audience and to the music of a brass band, they finished; George's oration on the "Sublimity of the Molecular Theory" dividing public applause with Juliet's "Romanticism of the Middle Ages." In the opinion of their mates "they had done perfectly splendidly." If there was a lurking thought that this was not what we meant to do, I put it aside. My judgment could not be set in opposition to that of the entire community; I was willing to believe I had been mistaken in disapproving every step from first to last.

A pressing embarrassment had all the time been entangling me in meshes I could neither loose nor break. My letters during these years, and after,

are but a history of perplexities over my youngest boy. Robert was not ten when his mother was stricken; but our management to secure bodily vigor was successful, and he was tall and well grown for his age. The emergency caused him to be put to school. He blundered in easy reading, could declaim with effect, and imitate any living thing. A book was an object to be shunned. How was study to be made to seem like play to him? After a short trial at the first school, I found that the teacher held still to the old-fashioned method of spelling columns of words of whose meaning he had no idea, and was further obliging him to learn the multiplication-table by rote, exciting thereby his violent antipathy. That would never do,—he would have an incurable distaste for numbers; and I made a change. The next teacher punished him so severely for provoking the children to laughter that, afraid of some outbreak, I asked and obtained a second transfer. This move was into an ill-ventilated school-room, where he had a constant cold and headache. In terror of his early danger, I placed him in a private school, kept by an elderly lady, where he could remain in a neutral state, with no danger of anything particular being done with him till I could decide further. When the household was settled after our great sorrow, I perceived that it was time I should give him my personal attention. He was the most difficult pupil to manage I had ever seen. Possessed by the essence of mischief, the very Puck of the household, he found always a loophole of escape for what he did

not wish to do. His plausible excuses first amused, then annoyed, and at last alarmed me. It was impossible to be angry, and the outside world seemed in league with him. He contrived to be a factor in various schemes to which I could not but consent, but which effectually prevented any steady application. At one time it was a church sociable where he was to perform in a pantomime ; at another an "old-folks" concert of children, where he acted the part of Ben Franklin. It seemed again that he was needed in some private theatricals given by a literary society of which George and Juliet were members ; and a month was used in preparing for and attending the Dickens booth in a grand charitable bazaar. I saw no way of solving the problem confronting me. How can you make a boy learn when he will not ? As a last resort, I shut him up on bread and water till his lessons were learned : it had become a matter of compulsion. For three days I congratulated myself on success ; the fourth, he dropped ten feet to a roof, slid down a water-pipe, and returned to his room inside, laden with spoils from the pantry. "What shall I do with him?" I wrote in despair to Erskine. "Put him at any kind of work he will do," said he, "and give up the books. Let him out in a grocery store, or try him at sawing wood for so much a stick. This last was one time the salvation of Ralph Erskine, such as he is." It was worth trying.

Time and skirmishing brought together the saw-buck, the saw, the wood, and the boy. The con-

junction occurred one forenoon. At night he had disappeared with a minstrel troupe starring in town. He was pursued, and brought back repentant; but I felt I was at the end of my resources. "The boy is exactly like his great-uncle Robert," said my wife's cousin. "He was a natural comedian, went on the stage, took to drinking, and came to a miserable end." With my belief in hereditary tendencies, I could not keep this disagreeable piece of family history out of mind. My Robert must be saved; he was on my heart night and day. I could not send him from home. Though the loss of mother-love and authority was irreparable, I knew too well how she had felt as to separating boys and girls from parental guardianship in tender years, and I turned again to the public school. His examination showed that he must enter a grade younger than himself, but he might be stimulated to overtake his fellows.

Great was my disquiet at the continual chafing which soon became apparent. Being in classes of little girls and boys was just the mortification he could not bear. He grew sullen and moody,—no longer my fond, affectionate Robert. A wall of separation sprang up between us; and—I write with a pang none but a parent can know—till the boy's heart was a man's, in exile and danger, the felt dividing wall remained. Striving in all ways to win back his open-hearted confidence, my attention was called to a private military school just established in the town. The uniforms and titles of the boys caught Robert's fancy. I was anxious to gratify

him, but was ill able to afford the expense ; besides, I had been a public and decided opponent of exclusiveness in education. The master of the school called, and pleaded the eminent advantages of his institution. The military drill would be just the means to form those habits of attention and precision which my boy lacked, and application to study would follow as a matter of course. His persuasion carried the point, and Robert was soon transformed into a smart cadet in a blue uniform and brass buttons. With his common clothes he left off the study of common branches, and regimentals took the place of fundamentals. The course of classical preparation on which he now entered was to culminate in three years by admission to the North American University, where the graduates were mostly sent. He was soon sheltered from all criticism in his belief that he had mastered whatever the class had formally gone over ; and from it he was never dislodged. In the drill he became proficient, and rose to the rank of captain in the school battalion. His fine declamation made him a conspicuous figure at all exhibitions, and I was willing to believe the assurance of the master that he was making satisfactory progress ; trying to shut my eyes to the fact that he spent much less time at home in study than his brother and sister attending the public schools. He was apparently marching through his course by military rule, in which it was not safe to interfere ; though a poem copied for speaking addressed the "pail moon," and a letter which Estella got sight of was, for the family

credit, suppressed, having as many outrageous mistakes as it had lines. I was at the time in the second part of my great life-work, — “The Whole Science of Pedagogics,” — or I should not have allowed certain indications that boded ill to escape me. The three years of preparation extended to four, — not, as I was assured, that Captain Bosby was unprepared, but he was too young to be sent out a senior: which was evident.

Meanwhile George and Juliet, covered with bouquets and praises, and bearing their parchment-scroll, had come down from the High School platform. First was a long sigh of relief; both were worn out with study and confinement. Now they were through, — free, finished. For my son, it was the threshold of work. Would he see that? On the contrary, it appeared to be his opinion that to go away anywhere to college would be a waste of time. I suspect a call to a professorship at Harvard would just then not have surprised him. He would soon be cured of that vanity, I reflected; and in the next six months he read with me the additional Greek and Latin necessary to enter Dartmouth, where I myself had graduated. But it was up-hill work; he evidently did it only to please me. I began to question whether pouring into the mind the beginnings of such a medley of sciences had not destroyed its zest for any, as though the mind might be cloyed, like the body. Had it quenched the enthusiasm for knowing, which it had been the purpose of my life to kindle? Could he not be convinced that his shallow acquirements

were not all-sufficient? I remembered his delight in the experiments of the Child's Book of Science, and my ambition would have been satisfied had he made some scientific subject a specialty. But he was disinclined to the severe preliminaries. Trusting that a little time would bring the satiated appetite to its healthy tone, I obtained for him a situation as clerk in a book-store. While in school, both George and his sister had craved, in their scant time for reading, works of simple amusement, as a relief from the whirling grind of text-books; and it was not the least of my disappointments to find now that neither of them read anything but light fiction. George would in the store learn, at least in name, the wealth of English literature, and might be won to enter upon it. A reading-club among the High School alumni would be an auxiliary. By a vote of the club, Rawlinson's "Herodotus" was selected as the beginning of their course in history. Looking up points of geography and chronology were necessary for understanding the author, and neither the habit nor the love of investigation was among them. The reading-club eventually became a dancing sociable.

As George neared his majority he began to see his deficiencies; but now, in his own opinion, he was too old to enter as a Freshman,—he who had graduated at seventeen! My friend, just then appointed to his last high office, sympathized with me in the importance of the juncture, and gave George the opportunity to read law in his office with his own nephew,—a practitioner already rising to eminence. His generous

proposal was gladly accepted. With many hopes from such associations, I sent him out into the world. He had never failed in affectionate duty, and it was a sad day when he went from us. Now came the ordeal ; it was impossible to make this study anything but hard, persistent toil. Bravely he set himself to it, for my sake as well as his own, and tried by a strong effort of will to bring his powers into action on Blackstone's "Commentaries." Writing was a penance, he had practised it so little. The memory, trained to hold till examinations were over, must be put under new discipline. A weakness of the eyes, which had appeared in the last months of the High School, especially in the evening, now made itself felt. These causes combined to render his office-work more and more irksome, and antipathy to the law was not long in springing up. He began to ask my approbation of his going into some business, to relieve me of his support. Estella went by invitation to spend a little time in the judge's family, and added her sisterly persuasion to the Erskines' advice to persevere. It was in vain. After eight months of nominally reading law, he took an insurance agency ; and I gave up my last hope that he would be a professional or literary man. I could have obtained for him a situation as assistant principal in a public school ; but a failure on his part there would have wounded in too tender a part the author of the "Whole Science of Pedagogics." He soon after obtained, by fortunate influence, the position of general ticket-agent on a great consolidated road. His popu-

larity is wide, his integrity unquestioned. His good, sensible little wife is a niece of one of the directors, and an early friend of Estella's. I recall here a pleasant memento of my daughter's visit to the Erskines, already mentioned. "We have enjoyed her hugely," the judge wrote, "she is so natural; and she is the first young lady I ever saw who knew anything about the history of her own country. *I* drilled Mrs. Erskine."

The narrative turns now back to Juliet. For her I had made a definite plan, which I fancied was out of the reach of untoward interruption. She must now assume her portion of the household care, which had been borne for five years by her sister, and must take up the subject of music scientifically. This last she began with avidity; but I soon made the discovery that her repugnance to household duties was invincible. To my surprise, she had imbibed from her school-mates the idea that domestic work was incompatible with refinement. Her sister had been obliged to leave school, and was therefore disqualified for anything better than housekeeping. In the hurry of lessons Estella had taken care of Juliet's wardrobe, and there had been no time for the school-girl to learn the simple art of sewing. In chemistry, the course had left her incompetent to cook the plainest meal; in gymnastics, unable to sweep a room. But at this age she was wonderfully attractive, and was soon in the rush of society. However determined I might be that the sisters should share the burdens in such a way as to leave Estella at liberty to resume

the study she never ceased to long for, in fact Juliet was either at the piano, or entertaining a bevy of her young friends (who seemed to be at leisure at all hours), or dressing to go out. Only some strong measure would throw on her responsibility so that she must take it. Never had I needed my eldest daughter more; but I resolved on sending her to Boston for a year's study in the family of her mother's sister, for whom she was named, where every advantage of mental cultivation the city afforded would be open to her.

In the midst of the preparations for her departure, the music-teacher then instructing Juliet called one evening and requested a private interview. Never could amazement be greater than mine when, in a straightforward manner, he asked my consent to an engagement of marriage between himself and my child. He was twice her age, a New Yorker who had studied abroad and acquired considerable celebrity, a man of irreproachable morals, thoroughly in love. It was some time before I found words to answer him. I could not refuse, but asked him for delay, laid before him Juliet's inexperience, and my wishes for Estella. He was gentlemanly, and would have perhaps consented to a longer probation; but Juliet and her inseparable friend Tillie had bound themselves by a solemn promise, if ever both were at the same time engaged, to be married the same evening, and Tillie's lover was impatient. This girl was from a fashionable family, and the circumstances led on, contrary to both my feelings and principles, to

a great expense in wardrobe, decorations, and entertainment, and to the much more regretted months of extra labor for the self-sacrificing and capable sister. Of course the year in Boston was given up. At eighteen my Juliet became a wife, in the midst of so much bustle that I could hardly realize it. Many a time had her mother and myself wondered at the vanity which made such sacred family events the occasion for display, often incongruous enough afterward.

George was still at home, and Robert, in the military school, about to leave. My income was derived mostly from the sales of my books; but I gave Juliet five thousand dollars. Her suitor told me that he had supported his parents till the death of both shortly before, that he had four thousand dollars in securities, and could now rely on that amount yearly from his profession. They furnished a handsome suite of apartments in a fashionable boarding-house, and Juliet had the satisfaction of appearing frequently in the local papers as the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Eustace. Her husband had the true artistic temperament, and was a good deal engrossed in organizing and drilling an orchestra, — the first in the place. Juliet scarcely touched her instrument after her marriage. Life at the boarding-house was distasteful to Mr. Eustace; he frankly owned to me that he feared its influence on his young wife, and at his urgent solicitation, after the birth of a little girl, they went to housekeeping. Now there was need in the young mother of econom-

ical management and supervision in her house, of wise care of her child. Fond of the gayety and freedom from responsibility she had thus far enjoyed, it was difficult for her to adapt herself to her condition as the wife of a man who for success in his profession needed in his home a quiet retreat and absolute relief from household business. The family became a prey to unprincipled domestics, and every few days Estella was called in to meet some emergency. Social obligations incurred at Buckland Place made it necessary to give a party. On that occasion some valuable silver that had been wedding presents disappeared. Costly linen was lost in the wash, and expensive china mysteriously broken. Naturally, the more trouble Juliet had in housekeeping, the more she hated it. There was great danger that the love of the married pair would be chilled in domestic discomforts, and their all go to wreck in the continual losses consequent on the ignorance and indifference of the mistress. Estella saw the peril, and following the impulse of sisterly love, she persuaded me it was best that they should come home with their little one to live a while. Mr. Eustace was at first most unwilling: it was my task to bring him over. My son-in-law was a reserved, sensitive man, on whom the strain of his profession told plainly; and one result of Juliet's school-days now added a weight to the tension. From eleven to seventeen she had bent over books and music, with little exercise, till deep-seated maladies were fastened upon her. The advice and care of a physician were

now constantly necessary for her and her sickly child; and, I may add, they were necessary for several years.

The five thousand dollars had been exhausted in housekeeping and illness. Their establishment was broken up, and a part of our house was arranged for them. Robert was at the University; and in the atmosphere of peace and order which pervaded our home, Juliet learned at last to accept and fulfil the responsibilities of her lot. Why the disposition to do this had not been an inheritance from her mother, or if it were, why it had been so put out of sight in her education, are questions I have never been able to answer. Three years spent with us wrought a great change. Their child grew a plump, rosy creature,—the delight of its father and the pet of the household. Juliet, brought to take care of herself, steadily improved in health and, I was glad to see, began to appreciate her sister. Having repaired damages in several respects, the sixth year of their married life found Juliet, her husband, and Estella about to locate in a distant city, where Mr. Eustace had been called to take charge of a Conservatory of Music.

I scarcely know how to write the painful experiences mingled with our family life the last year they were with us. Robert, as I have said, was at the time of his sister's marriage in the military school. In face, figure, and voice he so much resembled his mother that my heart was drawn to him with peculiar tenderness. His chosen friends at the

school were boys from wealthy families, growing up in the lavish use of money, — the very sort of associates we had always deprecated and been determined to avoid. His requests for funds were far in excess of his allowance, and outran my own personal expenses at the time of my marriage. He must have what the other boys had, in dress-parades, public receptions, and drills. He became fastidious as to the cut of his coat, the color of his gloves and ties, and affected a pose which made George dub him "the field-marshall." This vanity was of no great significance, except that nothing in his home training could have originated or fostered it. The comicalities which had once been so amusing for us were now bestowed entirely on his companions, with whom the master told me he was immensely popular. How much he had to do with a series of practical jokes on a singular old gentleman of the town which called attention to "the cadets" at this time, I never knew. Robert's appearance of irreproachable innocence was so new that I could not help suspecting him. I soon had proof of a more serious matter. Called one evening at an unusual hour into the street, I saw my son smoking a cigar with the familiar air of an old fumer. There flashed on my memory an episode of my teaching days, when I had seen two members of the Borden-town Institute committing what we regarded as a flagrant breach of rules. How sternly I had rebuked them, even to the threat of expulsion, if the offence was repeated! That night I called Robert to my

study, and tried to make him see that it was dishonorable to use money, given him for necessary expenses, to buy a gratification which he knew I considered harmful. I set before him the evil consequences, physical and moral, of a habit so easily formed, which would lead him captive for life. I told him much of his mother, of her love and self-devotion over his early years, of her high hopes for the youth and manhood she had not lived to see. He seemed touched, but had, I think, braced himself for the interview. Estella told me long afterward that he had smoked for some time, and that his fear I should find it out was one cause of his reserve. The example of his extravagant young associates had proved more influential than parental love. About the time of his quitting the school I learned a fact that caused me terror. More than once the assistant-principal had taken wine at public entertainments. All the assurances of the master, doubtless sincere on his part, that Robert was constantly improving, could not quiet my apprehensions, and I did not share the expressed surprise of his teachers that he went to the University loaded with conditions. Shortly after his departure, Juliet, with her husband and child, became inmates of our house, and we could only keep hold of Robert by constant letters and our anxious prayers. We did not see him till the end of the year, when he came home for vacation, tall, stylish in dress, and striking in appearance. With a sinking of heart I observed that he avoided any opportunity for private talk; but he

dropped enough about University boat-races and the doings of a Dramatic Club to indicate that his interest was not concentrated on his studies. Gradually he became an independent member of the household, having a private key, coming in late, and being absent from the family meals ; Estella on the watch that he should be served at his own convenience. Every evening he had an engagement,—most frequently with some of his old comrades and two students of the University spending their vacation with friends in town. The last week of his stay Estella came one morning with a tremor in her voice to say that empty champagne bottles had been taken from his room. I could endure this suspense no longer, and went that night to his chamber after his midnight return. He was smoking, but laid aside his cigar as I entered ; and there was something of the old boyish cordiality in his voice as he offered me a chair. I cannot detail the interview. He said, in answer to my questions, that he had never bet at a horse-race, and only once at cards ; but he had won somewhat at the boat-races, and had bought his own cigars. "I respect your scruples concerning champagne," he said, "and I have drunk none at home ; though you must be aware that wine and cigars are the ordinary entertainment of young fellows together. Times have changed since you were at Dartmouth. A university man who is not a good fellow about these things is tabooed. The bottles which I suppose you know about, were provided by the rest of the fellows to treat one of us going to be married. I am sorry

Estella found them. She is a good girl, but women can never understand how it is with young men."

"There is no safety," I said, "but in letting it entirely alone;" and I begged him to promise me that he would not take part in any carousals of that sort.

"You may be sure," he replied, "that I shall never do anything to disgrace my family. I should be humiliated to make a promise not to do so."

He was outwardly respectful; but from that hour I carried day and night the pang which is sharper than a serpent's tooth. From a half imitation of what I had said, among a group of incautious young men in a public concert-hall, I learned that he had acted the whole scene over, to the uproarious merriment of his club.

The recollection of the next two years is like a terrible dream. Letters to my old friend ceased. Robert, keeping just within the line of passable recitations, was careful not to bring himself into conflict with the college authorities; and they did not concern themselves with conduct outside of college rules. The number whose sterling principles enabled them to resist all temptations and prepare themselves for a useful and honorable career was too small to exert a predominant influence; but would that my son had been among them! Neglect of religious observances, tobacco, wine, cards, betting, theatre-going, against all I had protested with tongue and pen, against all his mother would have spoken from her grave,— and our Robert was free from

none of them! Time, reflection, responsibilities of manhood, might wean him from that downward road; but I could not know this, could only hope it. Twice I was on the point of removing him; but what reason could be given that would not injure him? And what could he do? That going on the stage lay as a possibility in the future. At length the university course was finished. A fine, tall, well-developed figure, a pleasing address (his mother's way), the gift of popularity, a jovial set of friends,—these he had, and the power of amusing.

When he had been at home a few weeks, my first efforts were to find out if he had any preference or plans for a career; but he waived all approach to confidence. I was positively afraid to investigate how he obtained the funds he was spending, but learned afterward he had received bonuses from the Dramatic Club. Very soon I found myself, with a startled feeling that I was losing my identity, watching in dread for his return at night, ejaculating my thankfulness when there was no sign of irregularity. Estella had never lost heart or faith in her brother, keeping as close to him as he would let her, never reproaching or advising, simply loving. The misery in her face and her efforts to brighten our gloomy house are among the cutting memories of that time. There came a night when my son was brought to our door intoxicated, and we sat, silent and sleepless, by the parlor fire till morning.

It was late in the day when he left his room. An appetizing meal was ready for him, Estella waiting;

but he came directly to the study, where I had spent the hours wrestling with such grief as a man knows but once. He looked up, as he entered, to the life-like portrait of his mother that hung there, and, his lips drawn with a strong effort, said, "I want a few words with you," — a pause which I did not break. "Will you help me to go into the regular army?" This had never come to my mind, and I could not answer for some moments. Of what use to remind him now of hopes and plans that had been buried under mountains of anxiety lest he should become an outcast? Was this his way of telling me that he saw his danger from his reckless companions, and was determined to break away from them and from us all? I have come to think so, and to believe that the resolution he announced that day, almost defiantly, was the one effort of all that was noble in him. "Yes," I said at last, "I will." There was something unnatural in the tone, for Robert looked up as if startled, and a gleam of the old childish affection crossed his face for an instant, and then he was gone. Not another word passed. I took measures directly to obtain for him a commission. The Secretary of War was willing to do Judge Erskine a favor, and by means that are familiar in our politics, Robert was given the rank of second lieutenant in a company of regular infantry. With a heart full of forebodings, of pent-up tenderness that found no way of expression, I accompanied him to the city, and watched his form disappear as the transport sailed away. For eight years he has been in one

wild out-post or another, in Indian battles, or guarding the Mexican frontier. Long, long it was that the few letters from him were only brief bulletins telling us nothing we wanted to know. Through Erskine came, the third year, an encouraging word from Robert's superior officer, evidently an answer to an inquiry: "Lieutenant Bosby is working hard at mathematics. He is one of the straightest men out here, and very popular with his company." Little by little he opened his heart, and after one of his old companions had fallen into the hands of public justice, he disclosed the cause of his studied reserve.

"In spite of myself," he wrote, "I was W.'s confidant from the first at that school. I don't blame him, but I was always carrying secrets of his, and was on guard lest they should be found out. You will never know how near I came to following his wretched course."

Two years ago came a letter, which I have since taken daily from its worn envelope and read. The words are ever before me: "Only your patient goodness, which I was mean enough to ridicule; only Estella's sisterly affection, which, like a fool, I took as a matter of course,—had any influence over me. But you were as nothing against the wiles of temptation. It may be the presence of the guardian angel of the house, whom I can just remember, kept me from absolute criminality. I hope some day to see your face and ask your forgiveness; but the endless furlough may come to one of us ere then.

At last I can say that the deadly thirst is quenched. . . . I can give you nothing back for your disappointment in me, nothing for your endured pain. Every one of those gray hairs in your picture reproaches me. Will you—can you—take your Robert to your heart again, and remember his wrong-doing no more, as here, in my tent on the plains, I write, may God forgive me and bless my father!"

I am now living with the cousin already mentioned, and two old domestics in the house where my children grew up. This paper would be incomplete did it not sketch the development of my beloved eldest daughter, whose education was so suddenly interrupted. Not till after Juliet's marriage had she any opportunity for literary self-culture. Then she found time to take up again the studies she had laid aside in her girlhood. She read with me the college preparatory course, Homer, and many of the Greek plays, and subsequently applied herself to French and German, finding these a resource through all those years of trouble she will never speak of. Taking advantage of every fragment of her broken time, she made herself familiar with early English literature. I remember she learned by heart several of Shakspeare's plays while waiting for the family to assemble at tea. Her reading was much in the line of English and American history; she is the only woman I have ever known who could talk politics intelligently. The discipline she would have gained by a course in mathematics, she seemed to have gained by arranging in system the endless details of her

household, by planning the labor of hired servants, and securing its performance. I had dismissed every thought of parting from her. When George was in the railroad office, Juliet in her Western home, and Robert on the frontier, she made, for a brief period, a kind of Indian summer in my life. Then came a letter from Erskine in two lines: "Hal is going to ask you for Estella. Can you give her up to him? Sorry, but he won't hear to reason." Hal was the nephew who had been his law-partner, now settled in the West. It had been an attachment known only to themselves from that visit. Within a year after Robert's departure, there was a quiet morning wedding in our house, and she who had been its light and stay through the widowed years went out of it a wife. Her husband is now in the Senate of the great State of his adoption, and there is not a sweeter, a wiser, a more helpful woman in that State Capitol than my, than *his*, Estella. What she would have been had not my plans been irrevocably crossed, had not the years of her young ladyhood been spent in the exacting duties of daughter, sister, and housekeeper, I can only imagine; but there is one I know who would not have the least thing about her other than it is.

Since finishing this account, I have seen quoted in a leading educational journal some sentences from that book of mine: "The parent has in his hand the future character of his child, and the mistakes of each generation are chargeable to the preceding one. . . . Children can as well be made self-reliant,

just, and moral, as the contrary, provided the training is begun early enough, and is carried out in the right manner." *O me insipiens!* Who is sufficient for these things?

#### ADDENDA.

Five years ago, I laid the above sheets among my private papers, but will now subjoin part of a letter recently received from Juliet:—

"Robert's furlough was indeed short; and how gray hair has changed him! He looks older than any of us now. But, my dear father, you can be proud of him, for he has earned his promotion. It made my heart ache to hear him allude once or twice to his lost youth. He could not talk of his parting with you or Estella, and would just start up and leave the room when we spoke of anything that brought up the old days. Shall we ever see him again?

"I must tell you that our Agnes has been out of school the last year, learning certain domestic accomplishments on which I set great store. I am determined she shall not graduate till she is twenty at least. My husband works hard, and I am taking every care of him, while he is always anxious about me at the least sign of my old trouble. Our physician here says he has no doubt that our little Rob's nervousness is an inheritance from— Well, I will say,—a diploma to a sixteen-year-old girl. Now, my dear old papa, you have your revenge."

I will add one other record here which I should never make elsewhere. From Estella's husband I have received a paper found in a secret drawer in the judge's office. It is a letter written to him by the young lady who afterward became my wife,—evidently in reply to one from him asking the privilege of a correspondence with her; and is dated in the first year of her connection with the Institute. It modestly and firmly declines the honor.

## THE COMING MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

TIME was when chimneys were not. In the one shelter of cave or mud-plastered hut, the household fire sent its smoke-wreaths of soot continually up under such roof as there might be. Hence the large common hall of a Greek or Roman house, the core of the dwelling, was the "atrium,"—a word memorial of the place once blackened by the pitchy fumes daily and nightly ascending within. This was the woman's early home. In the evolution of civilized life the atrium might become marble-paved or set about with the glowing forms of the Greek chisel; yet its name was to the mistress a history of the gloomy hearth by which untold generations of her ancestors had ministered. By such a one she pulled laboriously warp and woof, for before the chimney was the distaff. On a century-eaten sepulchral stone of the early Roman republic is inscribed a woman's epitaph: "In wisdom, in chastity, in gentleness,"—thus run the words cut so long ago; and then "lanicicio diligentia,"—in diligence of working in wool was she the delight of him who laid her there, and would fain commemorate her virtues down the ages.

The legend in which Rome enshrined its loftiest ideal of womanhood is the legend of the matron who sat spinning among her maidens in the evening, and in the morning summoned her husband from the camp and let out her heart's blood in his presence,

— the dishonored but eternally unsullied Lucretia. Women will proudly tell that tale to the end of time, though modern life furnishes no parallel to the laws and usages under which the Roman maiden grew up and became a matron. The younger sisters were often strangled at birth or exposed on an island in the Tiber, with the chance of being saved, to be reared as prostitutes. Over her the father exercised his power of life and death ; she had legally no existence. In event of his decease she was, with her widowed mother, transferred to the ownership of her eldest brother. Her marriage was arranged by her male guardian without consulting her, and she then passed to the possession, the clan, the gods of her husband so absolutely that she retained no shadow of hold in her father's house, although she received her share of inheritance with her brothers. That he sold the portion of his sisters was counted among the enormities of Caligula.

The Roman husband regarded his children as his property, not in union with his wife, but solely. He could divorce her for any cause or no cause, giving account to none ; yet she was the head of his indoor establishment, the household slaves were hers to punish or to command. She sat with her husband at table, even when other men were present, and kept a high standard of purity. Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion ; as for Cæsar himself, that was another matter. This marked feature of the Roman commonwealth must be kept in mind when we draw lessons from its history. To touch wine was abso-

lutely forbidden to her. Those who celebrated the Mysteries of the Bona Dea commemorated a wife whom, according to legend, her husband scourged to death for this crime.

Out of these conditions came the Portias and Julias and Agrippinas, noble and touching figures which have drawn the admiration of succeeding generations. We, whose heritage is the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, read with kindling hearts the story of the Roman Arria, living at that time. Her husband had been condemned by the Emperor Claudius to die by his own hand. With sweet, calm words she soothed and strengthened him, then thrust the sharp rapier in her side, and, drawing it forth, said with a smile in the quick agony of death, "My Pætus, it hurts not!" (*Pœte, non dolet!*)

In the wonderful civilization across the Adriatic one well-attested fact is an unexplained enigma. The mothers of the Greek poets, statesmen, philosophers, orators, were ignorant beings, secluded in the solitude of their own apartments. Not for them were the public festivals, the poems of Homer, the dramas of Æschylus, the teachings of Socrates. How it was that the Greek women lost their privileges of the old Homeric days we do not know. It remains true that a people rose to unrivalled eminence in intellect while it sternly repressed the intellectual development of its mothers. Had this anything to do with the Hellenic political downfall? Their occupations were menial and servile. They never went out without attendants in the character of spies upon their conduct.

“It is the highest merit of a woman,” said the historian of the Peloponnesian war, “to have nothing said of her, either good or bad.” The pages of Plutarch abundantly prove that the greatest of the Athenians asked in a wife only beauty for the continuance of the State, as the Spartans regarded her simply as the breeder of warlike men. When Hercules was to expiate by fit punishment the murder of Iphitus, the gods decreed him to spin for the space of three years in the garb of a female slave. This humiliation fully atoned for shedding innocent blood. It was not the matrons of Greece, but the *heteræ*, the unmarried companions of men, openly recognized and admired, who were famous for literary talents. Such were Aspasia and Sappho; such the friends and models of the great painters and sculptors.

A suggestive glimpse into the state of society is given by that philosophical dialogue with an immoral woman in her own house, taken part in by no less a personage than Socrates. Between this and the one recorded in the fourth chapter of John’s Gospel, how strange a contrast!

The legal freedom of women touched its high-water mark in the decrees of Augustus and of the Antonines. It soon receded; and only the French Revolution, seventeen hundred years later, made the daughter of the Latin race once again a sharer of her father’s property. Meanwhile other peoples in Northern and Southern Europe were coming forth to play the imposing drama in which we are taking a part. The German of two thousand years ago, unshorn, and

wearing an iron ring on his neck, gave his one wife, upon marriage, oxen, a bridled horse, a sword, a spear, and a shield. She was to stand by his side, an equal in labor and danger. The dissolute Celt bestowed upon his mate bracelets and a golden necklace, lasting fidelity to each other scarcely expected between them. In the status of English-speaking women, all the historic elements just alluded to are mingled ; but the Roman and Teutonic are altogether predominant. We may at least thank God there is in it nothing Oriental. The hopeless degradation of women in the vast, varied, and populous nations of the East, uninterrupted from the dawn of history till now, is one of the awful facts that stagger faith in the goodness of an Almighty Ruler. Our sisters of Turkey, India, China, Persia, Egypt, stretch out to us shackled hands, and turn to us eyes, the outlook of fettered souls, in which there is not even a recollection of justice.

In English law the Roman idea of possession, of the absolute merging of the wife in the husband, is plain enough ; and in the mind of every common Englishman has always lain the belief in his right to chastise his wife. Arrest, punishment for it, is a new innovation. It is not twenty-five years since all the wife's personal property became her husband's absolutely upon marriage, and her real estate also to the extent that he could sell his life interest in it, unless express agreement to the contrary was previously made. She could make no will which would be valid without his consent ; enter into

no separate business ; her children ceased legally to be hers at the age of seven. An eminent writer in the "Fortnightly" confesses that "the laws regulating marriage and divorce are dictated by the brutal instincts of three fourths of Englishmen toward women." These are his words. Very much of the letter and spirit of this legislation was transferred into the American code, and wrought great injustice, till it was, in State after State, reformed within thirty years.

Up to the present decade the German woman of all classes has been entirely devoted to household occupation, her ambition bounded by her *Wirthschaft*. To her, with few exceptions, higher education has been unknown. Wives and daughters of the poor toil in the field by the side or in the place of the oxen presented as a bridal gift to their progenitors. In all the German Empire no women are employed in the public schools as instructors. Yet that purity is a fundamental virtue among women in Germany, England, and America, is doubtless an inheritance from the old Teutons, who even as barbarians were chaste, and regarded their women as sacred.

Grandly tragic do the wives of these "barbarians" step out first into the light of history. After the bloody battle in Southern Gaul where thousands upon thousands had gone down under the legions of Caius Marius, there was left a remnant of women who had fought with bare arms in the fierce conflict. The rest had strangled themselves and their children in the rout of defeat. "Let us,"

they pleaded in proud despair, “be at least the slaves of the Vestal Virgins, and preserve our honor.” In the eyes of the cruel general they read no mercy; and that night they all perished by their own hands. Such were our fore-mothers.

Woman has been set in her position of honor by the Christianity of our days; but the Mediæval Church, from the rise of monachism, bound its iron superstition upon the souls of man and woman alike, and its tyranny fell with the more crushing weight upon the weakest.

Fathers and monks filled their writings with invectives against her as the sum of evil and moral defilement. She is “too impure to touch the Eucharist,” — a being to be fled from by all who would be holy.

The tortures unto death, by fire and water, of thousands upon thousands of aged helpless women for the crime of witchcraft, — a crime which the Church invented, — sweep away all claim to her championship of womanhood as long as they lasted.

When Protestant Christianity began to shed its beneficent light upon the new awakened modern world, woman stood revealed like a fresh creation from the hand of God. It has been necessary to go far back to the buried civilizations on which we have builded, to gain an intelligent view of the place where we stand. Is it not to the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race, holding fast the heritage of Roman law and order, and of German love of freedom, that we are to look for the highest evolution of womanhood?

Is it too much to say that, among the developments of Christian and democratic institutions on American soil, none has been more new, more unexpected, more astonishing than the influence on the character and position of our own sex? Since the opening of the second quarter of the century, in the lifetime of some of us, when the first opportunities for thorough education were opened to her, one legal restriction after another has been swept away.

For the first time in all the ages, the women of a country may enter any paths of learning or endeavor upon which a man may enter. At the same time, a Christian society holds her strictly amenable to the highest standard of unsullied character, and scarcely less so to the peculiar womanly qualities of household efficiency and devotion.

An American woman is not only expected to be the intelligent companion of intelligent men, but to give the charm of beauty and grace to the social circle, and, most of all, to be the self-sacrificing, irreproachable wife and mother. It is an ideal of the present, and awaits its impersonation as yet in poetry or drama. We may search for it as vainly in Tennyson or Browning as in Shakspeare. Yet we have all seen it, living. It is an ideal which multitudes of American young women have set before themselves, and which they are enthusiastically striving to realize. Their sisters in England, under the hindrance of a longer inequality, are stirred with a like emulation; and there are evident signs that the women of Germany are feeling the spirit of the new age.

Into this era of an altogether phenomenal condition of half the race, you find yourself introduced. The advancing forces of freedom and science have brought us to this point, and their inevitable tendency is plain. But one conclusion is possible. When the last remnant of heathen and mediæval law is lifted, there will arise into intellectual union and power myriads of hitherto unreckoned forces, doubling for good or ill the moral enginery of the race. What is to be the result? It is a question worthy to be propounded by that Sphinx which has looked across the desert for forty centuries.

Casting our eyes over the tumultuous sea, we may discern whither some of the irresistible currents are tending, though the set of their mingled might is beyond our ken.

First, women are to know more and more. Their powers of mind are to be exercised and stretched in every direction. The time is coming when they will impartially investigate, will be able to look on all sides of a question, and their thoughts be just and concentrated. There will be no shutting them out of research in medicine, law, politics, finance, any more than out of education. They will bring to the concerns of common life a trained judgment; and this must, in the end, work a revolution in pursuits and opinions which cannot be foretold.

Second, age in nations brings always a preponderance in numbers of the female sex. It is stated as a fact that in India and China, where the destruction of girl infants is very common, there is no decrease

relatively in the numbers of women. Wars have accounted for this partly; but there is, at present, no indication that wars are to cease.

Third, in our own country, and increasingly in England, the early education of the masses is being almost entirely placed in her hands. The controlling, overwhelming majority of the next generation will be those who have received their entire school instruction from the lips of women.

Fourth, the avenues of employment, outside of household labor, which have been opened by the progress of social refinement and the arts, are crowded with those who by nature should be taken care of, but who are forced to support themselves. In mills, factories, shops, stores, and offices, the female employees are becoming an immense army. What this means in the future may well give us pause as we look at the next point.

Fifth, organized and united action for any end among women has never, till our day, been attempted. When we see how successfully certain branches of benevolent work have been undertaken, and how much ability for concentrated effort has been developed, we recognize the forming of a powerful engine in her hands.

Sixth, untrammelled laws of inheritance must more and more frequently make her the heiress of great estates, which she will administer in her own right. At present, the amount of taxable property belonging absolutely to women is very large. Instances of enormous wealth among them are by no means rare.

Seventh, women form the vast majority of membership in all Christian churches, and present accessions are largely from them,— one of the most significant and momentous phases of the close of the nineteenth century.

If we observe the trend of these facts, we shall see that as causes they must act with accumulating energy in the future. Not less and less, but more and more women are to be liberally educated. Infanticide will soon cease the world over. It is not likely that men will re-enter the relinquished profession of elementary teaching. Is there to be a less number of women obliged to support themselves? Would we might hope it! Once awakened, the instinct of organizing is not likely to be lost, and the Christian Church has gathered to itself in every community nearly all women who care unselfishly for the sins and sorrows of humanity. We believe that is its divinely appointed mission for the future. So long as woman was kept in ignorance or quasi-servitude, her influence must be in a narrow circle. It could only be massed and directed against evil when she looked with level eyes into the face of man, and drew her strength from the same sources, intellectual and spiritual, from which he has drawn his. It is plain that the moral influence of woman is taking, under our eyes, a new and tremendous meaning.

What need is there that it be pure, as it is certain to be strong! One fact confronts us, from which we would gladly turn our eyes; but leave it out we cannot. If a reign of righteousness is ever to come on

the earth, there is a class of women, numbering hundreds of thousands, that must cease to exist. O lost sisters of ours! over whom we might weep tears of blood, is there enough of the sweet waters of charity and virtue in the hearts of all the good women in the world to wash away the foul blot you make in this Christian land? How and where will the right moral force be born which will draw into the paths of purity the unwary feet ere they turn into the road of death? If it is ever to arise, will it not be when the united, majestic dignity of pure womanhood everywhere shall shine forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," to smite with equal condemnation the two who sin, and stretch out the hand of pity to the repentant, when they repent, and not before? Unless this conquest is somewhere in the future, all intellectual or artistic triumphs, all advance of woman, will but delay the final catastrophe of our civilization.

Victor Hugo has drawn in Fantine a woman brought to a bad life by the gradual crush of misery; but the first fault was, in her as in the overwhelming majority of cases, vanity, — a passionate love of finery, — and low moral training. We are brought immediately to a second no less perplexing and threatening problem.

How shall poor girls and women have opportunity to acquire skill in some employment that will support them in comfort? It is certain that multitudes of them will have no chance of marrying good, industrious husbands who will provide for them. This

will be true as long as the present drinking habits among working-men continue. As the direct result of these habits, hordes of women and children are thrust on the community for support by public charity, in one form or another. On the other hand, the tidy, industrious girl, plain and sensible in dress, making the most of every penny, fit in habits and character to brighten a poor man's home, are they so very common? Who is to teach them, by precept and example, but their own sex?

From those monumental stones over the Roman matron comes a word to us. Noble, beautiful, rich, they were "workers in wool." This does not mean embroiderers in worsted. Will the lovely, folded hands in many an American home ever take hold of some useful work? To make household labor honorable would go far toward redeeming poverty from temptation to vice. But who set a stigma upon it? Not men. In what way the moral power of the sex can be brought to bear upon these two evils is a subject now being pondered in many a heart.

True it is that every one worthy to join the forming host of workers for the right will, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, bring every thought to the inspection of him in whose sight the very heavens are unclean, and will put on as "God's elect a heart of humility and meekness." Thus radiant, armed with knowledge and winning in love, standing together in alliance, may not the women of the future be a conquering wing of that army which is one day to triumph in Armageddon?

We may mark the signs of organization as pointing out what may yet be done. It is scarce twenty years since the beginning of the Ladies Board of Home and Foreign Missions of New York. Out of it, directly or indirectly, have grown societies for the support of missions among the women of the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches, mostly formed since 1879. Women sent out and supported by these societies are to-day bearing the Gospel words of comfort and blessing into the skin-hung wigwams of the Indian, the wretched cabin of the black freedmen in a third of our Union, over the sea in the shut-up zenanas of India, and among the disheartened, mourning women of China. Increasingly perfect organization, wider knowledge of the necessities of the race, and broader self-sacrifice in giving, justify the hope that these societies have but just begun their beneficent career. Another example is found in the Women's Christian Associations. The first of these, the Ladies' Christian Union, was formed in New York in 1858; the other fifty-six date since 1859. The ninth Biennial International Convention was held two years ago at New York city. The tenth met this year in Baltimore.

It is to the work of holding out sisterly help and sympathy to self-supporting girls, especially to the destitute and tempted, that these associations mainly devote themselves; though not a few institutions for the aged, for widows and friendless children, as well as for the morally lost, are owned and controlled by them. So wisely have they managed their funds that

timely hints have been given to legislators in their often wasteful and harmful management of State charities. They have at least turned the reflection of law-makers to the wisdom of prevention,—a dogma of common-sense it would be surprising they had not all along acted upon, if any folly of government could be surprising.

These associations, widely scattered through the Union and the British Provinces, have clasped hands with each other, and met in friendly counsel to learn of each other; and thus a golden network of Christian love and sympathy has been thrown over bands of women hitherto entire strangers. These two organizations were professedly modelled after those originated by men; the third on the list was most striking in its unique commencement. If we imagine a small number of men of diverse classes, feeling themselves deeply aggrieved by certain persons in a particular employment, to meet together and make these persons a subject of prayer, and then, forming a long procession, to go to the obnoxious places of business and there sing hymns and beg the managers to cease plying that vocation,—if we *can* imagine such a proceeding, we can form an idea of the intensely feminine origin of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. This Union, now the most widely extended of any woman's society, is striking out its ramifications into every State, and uniting with kindred associations in England, Germany, and Australia. It enjoys the distinction of having provoked an organized opposition,—the Liquor Dealers' Protective Union.

Is there not heroism in this gathering of women against the most gigantic and the most prolific evil of our days, entrenched behind love of greed and cravings of appetite? Rising, and growing in power to inflict suffering, laying its hand on the helm of government, the good have been paralyzed before its threats; and the union of women, helpless before the law, but determined to stand together for the hope of humanity, is the most striking illustration ever seen of what Milton calls the "irresistible might of weakness."

One other recent organization has also the object of modifying law, and was the outcome of a slow-gathering sense of justice toward the savage race we have done so much to corrupt and exterminate. Shut upon a scanty and sterile reservation, one Indian tribe in the Northwest underwent, a few winters ago, privations and sufferings which stirred in the hearts of many the deepest grief and indignation. Their crops failed; the soldiers at the fort had nothing to spare; the promised provisions came not till the Missouri was frozen, and the Rocky Mountains impassable. Hunger, sickness, no food, no medicine. In the agony of starvation, Indian mothers of young daughters bent to the last dreadful necessity. In the next year was formed the Women's National Indian Rights Association. Its work has so far been in the way of distributing information, which is sorely needed.

These various associations, with others which might be named, and the changes they have already wrought,

are revelations of a fresh force whose strength cannot yet be estimated. Should they now cease to exist; their homes, schools, retreats, and sheltering asylums be closed; their missionaries be recalled; no woman's voice be heard to plead for the darkened ones in heathen lands, or the destitute in our own; no woman speak from the editorial chair for the protection of home from the curse of rum,—would not the hearts of good men sink as if a strong ally had failed them?

Yet how few, comparatively, among even intelligent women, recognize the stealthily increasing enemies of our future happiness and prosperity, against whom only the union of all the good under the Lord of Hosts can prevail! We have gained some degree of self-respect. We no longer listen with complacency to the remarks of that nice man who, at the end of the banquet, responds to the toast of "The Ladies." Neither are we disturbed when a religious weekly remarks on the "sanctified spinsters with their hand-bags" at the meeting of the American Board, or the editor of a big daily gives a small yelp on the age and beauty of some conspicuous woman reformer. But, without the Burlington "Hawk-Eye," we can see how the average American woman looks to the average American man. She is a being who sometimes bangs her hair till her eyes are put out, and sometimes pulls it up as if to give an enemy a good hold on top of her head. As a girl, she sits in the parlor with jewelled fingers while her mother toils over the kitchen stove, and plays tennis finely

but can never clean a room. She devours quantities of ice-cream and bon-bons, and gets through an incredible number of novels. She wears hats that shut out the front view of all behind her, and takes every civility as a matter of course. When married, all her powers of insinuation are expended for a new-spring bonnet or a little finer dress than her most intimate friend possesses, and she looks devoutly over her book at church, that she may observe the wardrobe of her acquaintances. To fill up her time she may paint crockery or embroider toilet-sets, but is usually getting ready for a journey. She is sometimes zealous in church matters, but this does not interfere with her carrying out small plans of concentrated selfishness at home; and the law of her sentimental benevolences is past finding out.

Are there any features that we recognize in these portraits reflected from the mud-puddle of newspaper literature? There must be great transformation before such women as these will take part in making the world better. Materialism, the being bound just "to have a good time," brings its clogs to spiritual elevation, especially to women, as it is her place commonly to spend, while the man earns. Refinements, artistic cultivation, become so easily self-indulgence. Whoever has studied ancient art knows why the audience that heard Paul on Mars Hill went away untouched. Whoever has stood in the Coliseum, filling its massive tiers in imagination with Roman men and women turning down the white imperial hands to signal the death of the gladiator, under-

stands why Rome was left to the sack of Goth and Vandal. If the American woman lives for pleasure, what will the American man do? The demoralization of the turf will never be made less by the crowds of ladies upon the Grand Stand, nor the dishonesty of stock-gambling be mitigated because women play its exciting game.

Who, then, are the sister-bands that will gather side by side in the not distant future, speaking words of reason aglow with feeling against the evils, the vices of our time? Not the world of fashion. Women whose aims in life are bounded by their own personal adornment are really urging humanity to its lowest level. It might as well cry for help into ears of wax. But there is a multitude doing their mother and daughter and sister work in retired homes; patient and faithful ones, scarce looking beyond their own firesides, yet feeling already the lifting wave of the rising tide which is to bring them together.

There is a multitude more, barely conquering a foothold in life by honorable occupation, who have learned only too well how vicious lives of men and women have shut out from them all hope of protection and a home. And yet another multitude is wearing underneath the woman's modern robe and cloak a wounded heart where rankles a dying love. Not to any human face can she draw it forth, only in solitude look up and say, "My God, it hurts!" Whatever woman's influence may be, or however it is exerted, the unalterable condition of her sex places

her happiness in the power of husband, brother, son, in a degree theirs cannot depend upon her. No advancement of hers, no legal measures or status, can in the least affect this liability. The stronger, the wiser, the purer, the more tender she is, so much the more keenly along the nerves of her being will run the thrills of her lacerated affections.

Is not the time coming when many of these last three classes, grasping the facts which social science is now unfolding, and more than ever led by the finger of a truth-loving God, shall join hand to hand all over our country and in other lands, and, heart touching heart, be ready to receive the divine impulse to duty, as we have seen the lights of some vast Exposition flash into instantaneous brilliance at the touch of an electric wire? None the less will they be womanly. Not by affectation of manly tastes, or insistence upon so-called equality, will their word have most effect. Modesty, gentleness, unobtrusive winsomeness, — these have been mighty in narrow and isolated spheres, and they will lose none of their swaying power as long as men love sweet violets, or the sheen of silver moonlight on soft lapping waves.

Twenty-five years ago, in the late winter, there rose on our Monument Square a huge structure, erected through the influence and efforts of the women of Ohio. They decorated it with banners and garlands, and filled it with their handiwork, with music and spectacle; and there gathered in thousands with the rallying cry, "For our sick and wounded soldiers at the front." They collected one hundred

thousand dollars from railroad magnate and day-laborer, from sewing-girls and domestics, from farmers' wives, teachers, society belles.

In this same March the white women of the South were giving up from their homes the last necessaries, and sending the darlings of their hearts — the young striplings left alive of all the house — to be shot down at Spottsylvania and Nashville and Five Forks, and to surrender at Appomattox. Women of the North, in crowded city and prairie homestead, were pouring out lavish supplies to the Soldiers' Aid and the Sanitary Commission. Women of the South were making their last garments into bandages for the wounded, both alike inspiring with enthusiasm thousands on thousands of men arrayed in conflict for directly opposite principles. Time and time again has patriotism among a free people incited every wife, sister, and daughter to day and night toil upon rampart and trench, or to the more cruel sacrifice of giving sword or musket to the best beloved, and saying, "Go; and, if it must be, farewell! God help me to care for the children!"

Will not so united a spirit some day be evoked against the wickednesses which, unresisted, will surely overwhelm us and our country,—drunkenness, impurity, dishonesty, breach of trust, governmental corruption?

How would a true conception of woman's duty and power in the war against evil obliterate all narrow social distinctions, all purblind prejudices of sect, all petty feminine piques and rivalries!

Enlisted in such a cause, we should welcome to our ranks even the weakest and least attractive who stood faithfully in her lot. Very fast the time approaches when we must take sides ; whoever is neutral will be a traitor.

The young women of our time who are improving to the utmost every power of mind given them, training every faculty to its highest reach, guarding, as the life of the soul, its purity, and adorning themselves with that meek and gentle spirit so precious in the eyes of God, will, in the union that must come, wield a moral influence beyond any ever brought to bear upon a generation. First, on the ignorant, the frivolous, the self-indulgent of their own sex, the great number who now murder righteousness, and seem to know not what they do ; and, secondly, on the mass of men, upon whom their gathered moral power would descend in sweet, irresistible majesty, like Raphael's conquering Archangel Michael on the prostrate dragon of Evil.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THEN.

WERE there no naughty children in that school? No days when the spirit of mischief was omnipresent, and would not be cast out? And for some inscrutable reason, was it not often Monday? Yes. Do we not remember how the balance between order and disorder hung very even, and how sometimes a trusted hand pushed it down the wrong way? Was there never a clique of three or four banded together to make all the trouble possible; and the changing of seats, the private and public talks, the sad heart-wrestlings over them, appeared utterly useless, till the teacher doubted whether there would ever be happy days again? Perhaps, yes; even in the dear old school in the Grove. And what good women among the malcontents, what ardent, priceless friendships among the loyal, grew out of it, then and since! Were there ever any who always whispered and always forgot to report it; any making the smoothest promises and most innocent excuses, whom we could never leave alone a moment without misgiving? Of course; but we have forgotten all their names. Nobody was ever expelled but a big boy who carried off our books and sold them,—very likely a good man now; and every bill, except one, in the whole time was paid. Still, was there not always a girl who "hated" the teacher, and could never be

pleased with anything that personage did? Certainly; but we could not blame her for that! As to the uninteresting, disagreeable ones, ah! we never had any of them, unless a very few of the kind who were too good to speak to any but their particular set,—and really we could not tell, now, which of them it used to be. There were troubles that cut deep and lasted long. It was when some sudden revelation of childish depravity made us heartsick and helpless. Then we read over and over the first chapter of Isaiah and the fifty-first Psalm, till the words became our own, just as our dear pupils who are teachers now have doubtless done, and, it may be, some who are parents also. May God have added His blessing!

But are there no sunken wrecks in that sea over which you look in this setting sun, marking the glistening sails that skim the horizon far and near? Ah! more than one; and over lost manhood and purity, winds and waves make moan forever in our ears. Why were we not better ourselves?—that is the mournful undertone. Yes, even in little things. The scholars will remember many a time when the teacher said what she would have given much to take back, but never could. As for the times when the children passed notes to each other, or ran in the hall, or played in recitation, or disturbed the silent school-room when no teacher was present, or did not learn their lessons or write their compositions,—they were woven as shades into the bright tissue whose weaving was a discipline; and that is what school and life are for.

## AFTERWARD.

To every teacher falls an inheritance of peculiar and priceless value. That profession deals continually with the young and light-hearted, with human nature in its freshest and most delightful aspect; and because the bright procession is ever renewed and ever passing on, it bears no more the mark of time than the sparkling river by whose banks we gambol in childhood, and "pass to hoary age and die," while it rejoices in eternal prime. So our scholars can never be old to us. After thirty-five years one may come from a far distant city and say she is a grandmother,—the fresh-faced, chubby child is all we see. Her presence only makes the image of long ago more vivid,—our Mary. Or, a nearer one, whose children have become men and women, can in no wise be set among the middle-aged, like other people who have grown children, but who were never knit to us by that magic tie. Just from the door has passed one who came to bring her baby, that we might rejoice over it together. She is a school-girl still, and the puzzled, somewhat awed expression of a little six-year-old who looks up at "mamma's teacher," strikes us both as something uncalled for.

What a wonderful gallery of portraits is that where the thoughts wander in looking back! What faces and movements and voices are evoked by many a hoarded relic,—a book-mark worked by childish

fingers ; volume after volume on these shelves, each inscribed with some beloved name ; a withered rose from a bridal wreath ; a light curl severed from its mates, now beneath the mould.

A box stands always at hand, full of cards and mementos of gifts, such and so many, because this is a *Cleveland* school we are writing of. On top are lying two letters, each conveying as a present the value of a thousand dollars. Neither of the writers had ever any children in the school. Scarcely do we dare to read these letters now, so full of generous, manly estimate. Had some one foretold them to the teacher when she was a child, what a fairy-tale it would have been ! Here is a short note left at the door with a hundred-dollar bill. We knew who had done that before the note was read. The next has a label, "This accompanied a gift of five hundred and twenty-eight dollars at Mr. Witt's, July, 1872, through Mrs. Harris." Forty-seven names are within. So the pictures brought from Europe had some frames, and the rooms were furnished. The next brings up a Christmas time,—the last spent in the old scenes, when the heart was a little heavy. As the children were dismissed, a boy gave us, with a roguish look, a package that might have been a box of jack-knives. When the wrap was unrolled, there was such a gracious note as only his mother could have written, and a velvet purse with two hundred and fifty golden dollars, from thirteen friends. "Sixty-five dollars from the Art Club ;" "sixty-four from a mother who thought the teacher needed an outing ;"

seventy-five from a tried friend after the graduation of his granddaughter; "fifty," "twenty-five," "ten," over and over lie here,—tokens of love and gratitude that warmed the heart and strengthened the hands in many a chill, discouraged hour. Nor have they yet ceased. This little purse, stuffed with twenty dollars, nestled in a bag of oranges brought to the room not a year ago.

And then the flowers! Scores and scores of days and nights have the teacher's hired rooms been filled with roses and carnations, violets and lilies, heliotrope and geraniums; anemones and trilliums from the groves, and rare exotics from the conservatory,—the place overflowing with bloom and fragrance more than eye or sense could hold. Ah! is it not even so at this moment,—every blossom a sweet reminder of loving thoughts that have followed faithfully their old teacher through all the years? Those flowers are not dead. One day in the budding spring, when the image of a lilac-bush by a distant New England farmhouse was stirring longings of early days, the teacher said: "Will some one bring me a bunch of lilac to-morrow?" and in the morning her desk was heaped high and all around with the purple blooms, whose fragrance has never passed away through these many springs.

The letters, the daguerreotypes, the photographs of forty years, what thousand nerves of interest do they touch! The girls have told of their travels, their reading, their schools and missionary societies, their days of discipline in sickness, their life, it may

be "from a wheeled chair," their broadening outlook over the world, their growing love and peace in the gospel of the Son of God. They have wished the teacher to share their happiness in the wedding, and their sorrow in bereavement; they have told her of their girls and their boys, and it has come to pass that among these letters are some where the mother wrote down for us the last words of her darling and ours.

One box more inviolably guarded than all is filled with little notes,—openings into the childish heart in its hours of most sacred confidence. They are to be read only in the prayer time of the soul.

The more common relics are gathered in another place. Here is a newspaper criticism on the catalogue,—better, because it was just, and had a good effect. "In one hundred and twenty-eight names, fifty-three end in *ie*." Dashes of the old merriment and mischief lie among these yellow papers. "I whispered to John in the arithmetic class. Amen," wrote an irreverent small boy; and the monograph has drifted down many a year. One little girl is "very sorry she must be absent from her lessons; but the doctor forbids." She will one day take pen with womanly chivalry to turn aside an arrow of political enmity from the first lady of the land. There are business notes from the last President of the Board of Trustees, bubbling with the humor that not all the multitude of his great responsibilities ever smothered.

The teacher's "Afterward" has many surprises.

Is that the almost bashful boy who is masterfully controlling a Mission Sunday-school; and is it that other one, seemingly so indifferent to good, who is going to lead the prayer-meeting to-night? A once retiring, unappreciated little child will be met in a Press Club: she writes for the newspapers. One pretty girl, whom we judged rather giddy, is now an active, benevolent worker in the capital of a neighbouring State; another an efficient member of a Hospital Board nearer home. Often our hearts kindle at their brave efforts to earn a livelihood; at their filial duty towards feeble and exacting age; at their heroic endurance of calamity brought by the sin of some kin in blood. Are there hours of depression? Into the chamber of solitude a face like the morning will come, and make it brighter than sunlight; or the noble wife of some noble man, both centres of blessed household and social influences, will speak so lovingly and gratefully of her school days that we wonder so little should have gained so much, and mark how fully from the bud has come "the perfect flower of womanhood."

Has their future, which looked so bright, darkened into a struggle with broken health, with poverty, or into the sore disappointment of leaning on a broken reed? One can follow them still with prayer that He who knows all may give them the strength of His own infinite fatherly love, and that they may find it by drawing near to Him. Every hour of the day strikes some electric bell that rings far or near, sounding sweet notes of young, happy days in the

old school-room, waking echoes of achievement, of fortitude, of Christian graces, that fill life with unwritten sonatas. In their joys and successes there is always one to rejoice with the whole heart; and if there is a tinge of glorying when we say, "That is one of our scholars," it vanishes at the quick reflection, "Oh, if we had done more and better for them!" For the teacher's life was emptied of self-exaltation in the very beginning.

There is nothing peculiar in all this experience. It is but a sketch of what every teacher knows, and many on a much more extended scale. Perhaps these conditions are mostly of the past now. The intelligent world has come to see that none but endowed institutions can be permanent, or do the most effective work in education. Our school was one of a class whose type must disappear.

To all who loved it, wherever they are, these records are committed. With those who have finished their course and fallen asleep, we shall one by one be numbered. May it be found for each of us that something of light, self-conquest, and New Testament charity was carried through this life and into the higher from the training of that beloved Cleveland School in "The Pavilion," "The Grove," the early "Seminary," on "The Point," and at "The Brick Academy!"

THE END.











